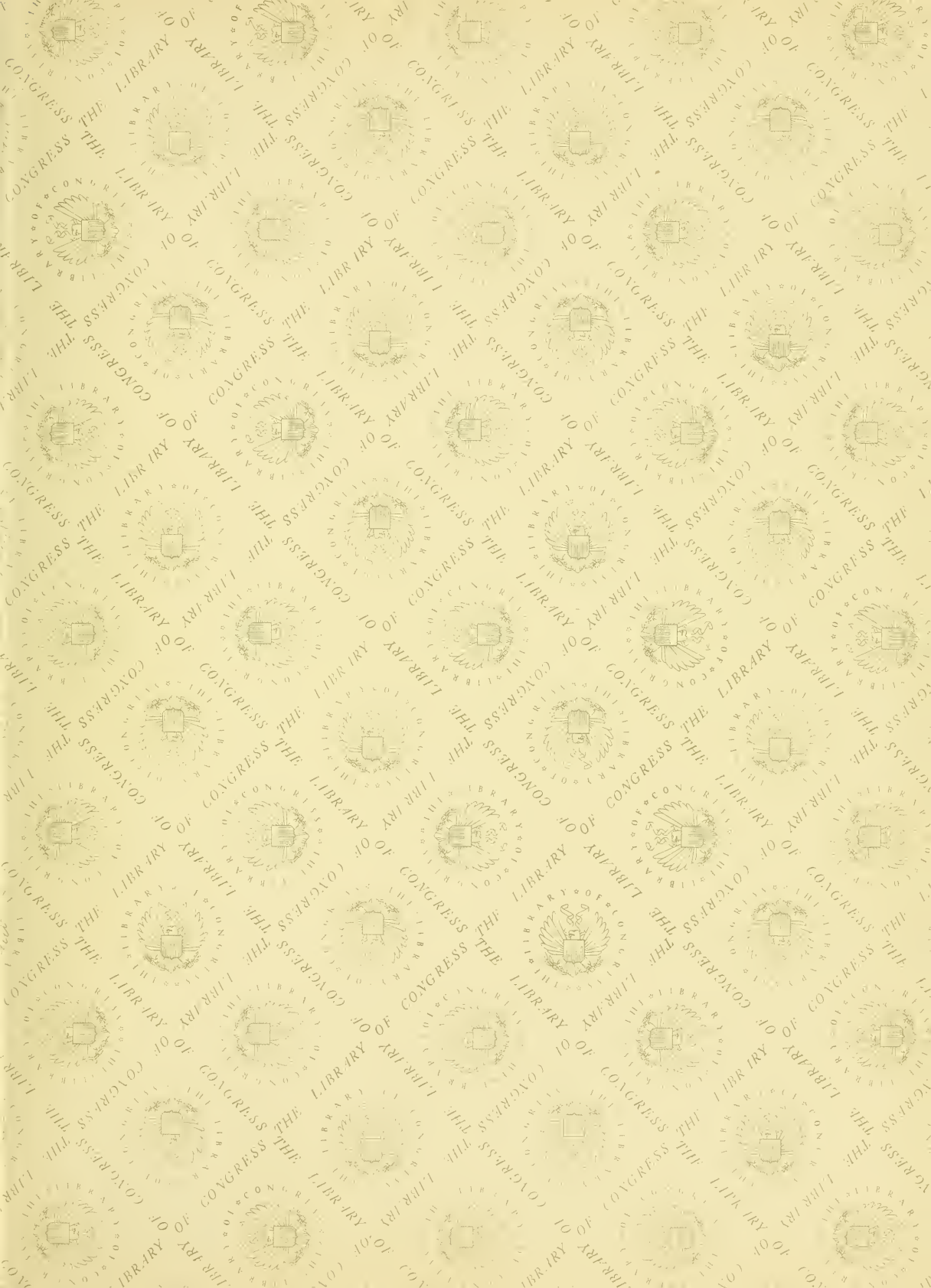




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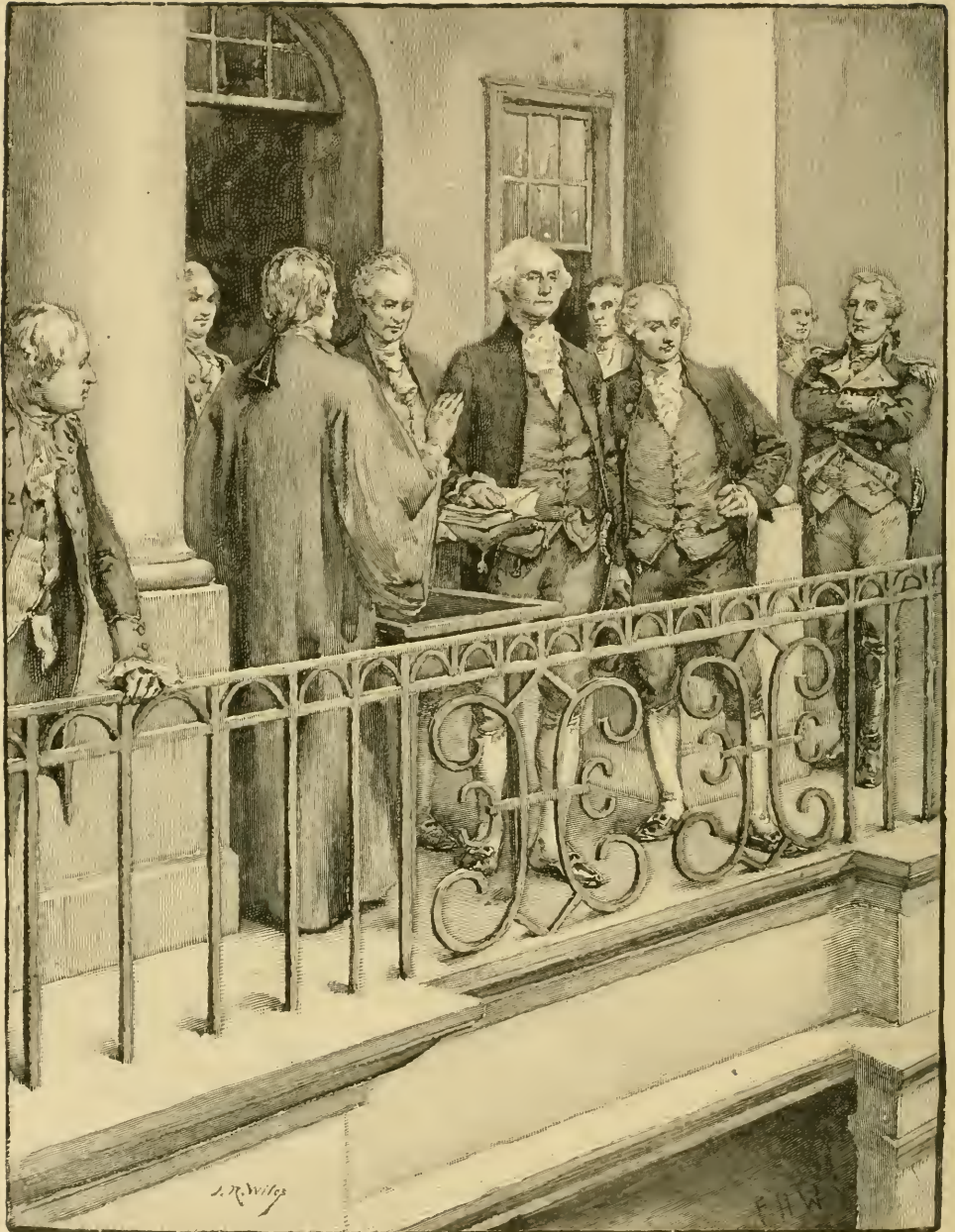
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WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
APRIL 30, 1789, ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE CENTURY BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

SHOWING HOW A PARTY OF BOYS AND GIRLS
WHO KNEW HOW TO USE THEIR EYES AND EARS
FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT OF
THE UNITED STATES

BY

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC BOYS," "HISTORIC GIRLS,"
"THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC., ETC.

WITH PICTURES OF SOME OF THE PEOPLE AND PLACES
THAT HAVE MADE AMERICA FAMOUS



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INTRODUCTION

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT-GENERAL, NATIONAL
SOCIETY, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

15 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, July, 1894.



THE Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is an association composed of lineal descendants of ancestors who assisted in achieving the nation's independence, either in the civil or military service, during the War of the American Revolution. It aims to encourage the study of Revolutionary history, to erect suitable memorials, to celebrate the anniversaries of prominent events of the war, and to inspire among its members and the community at large a more profound reverence for the principles of the government founded by our forefathers. In its endeavor to inculcate in the minds of the youth of the land a more exalted patriotism, it has supplied schools with American flags, organized patriotic celebrations, and prepared bronze medals of appropriate design to be given to the pupils as prizes for compositions upon Revolutionary history. It has also offered to our principal colleges gold and silver medals to be awarded annually to the writers of the best essays upon the principles fought for in the American Revolution and has distributed many patriotic addresses. It believes, with Bolingbroke, that "the love of country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature," and that it can be largely stimulated by proper teachings.

Much regret has been felt from the fact that there has been no book published heretofore in which the principles contended for in the American Revolution, and a description of the institutions of the Government, have been set forth in a sufficiently interesting form to make the study attractive to children. The society recently suggested to The Century Company the advisability of preparing such a book. This work has now been produced, and it is presented in a form which commends itself highly to the society, and has received its cordial approval.

It is proper to state that the society has no business relations with the publishers of the book, and no pecuniary interest whatever in the publication. The services rendered by the officers of the society in furthering the project have been entirely gratuitous.

HORACE PORTER,

President-General.

THE author wishes to make due and grateful acknowledgment for information, suggestion, and aid in the preparation of this book, to Ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, Ex-Congressman Bowman of Boston, Mr. S. M. Hamilton of the State Department, Washington, and other interested friends.



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TRUMBULL'S PICTURE, "THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE."

THE STORY OF THE GOVERNMENT

CHAPTER I

THE GOVERNMENT

Jack and Marian wish to see the world—Mr. Dunlap's views—Uncle Tom's directions—A personally conducted party—The visit to Washington—A talk about the United States: What they are and how they came to be.



WHEN Jack and Marian Dunlap and their cousin Albert Upham returned from the World's Fair at Chicago, they were full of the desire to keep on sight-seeing. They had been amazed at the bigness and industry of the world. They had seen things from every country under the sun. Now they were anxious to see, for themselves, the countries and cities

from which all these strange and beautiful and wonderful things had come.

"Father," said Jack to Mr. Dunlap, as they sat one evening in their New York home talking things over, "won't you let us go to Europe with you when you make your next trip?"

"Oh, yes! That would be perfectly splendid; would n't it, Bert?" cried Marian. "Can't we go, Papa?"

But Mr. Dunlap had peculiar views.

"See Europe and welcome, my dears," he replied. "I shall be delighted to take you — when the time comes. It has not come yet, though; you must know your own country first. Every time I go abroad I meet so many un-American Americans that I am determined to have my young folks decently furnished with a stock of home information. Why, on my last trip to Europe, I met a Bostonian who had never climbed Bunker Hill Monument, a New-Yorker who had never seen Niagara Falls, and a Philadelphian who could not tell the difference between Carpenters' Hall and Independence Hall. What is the difference?"

Jack looked at Bert, and Bert looked at Marian. Then Jack, who knew his father's love for springing "catches" on them, jumped at a brilliant conclusion.



A PILGRIM FATHER IN HIS ARMOR.

"There is n't any difference," he said.

But that time Jack made a mistake. His father looked at him queerly.

"And you talk of seeing Europe!" he exclaimed.

Then he went on without offering any explanation —

"Yes; and once I met in Europe an American congressman who could not quote from the Constitution of the United States without looking at it, an American ex-governor who thought that a Pilgrim was the same as a Puritan, and an American doctor of divinity who did not remember how the Declaration of Independence begins."

"I can beat him there!" cried Bert; "it begins: 'When in the course of human events —' what human events, Uncle Edward?"

"Ah! there you are!" Mr. Dunlap exclaimed; "just what I intend you shall find out for yourselves! It is human events that have made America. I am going to send you on a tour of investigation. Then, when you know the hows and whys of America, we will talk of seeing Europe."

The boys had no objection. What boys ever did object to sight-seeing—even when it had "a moral tagged on," as Jack said? As for Marian, she, of course, was delighted. And she said so.

"How I wish Christine could go too," she said.

Now, Christine Bacon was Marian's "dearest friend"—all girls have such an inseparable.

Mr. Dunlap sat silent awhile. Then he said, "Perhaps the plan could be arranged. I'll talk with Uncle Tom."

"Uncle Tom" was Mr. Dunlap's brother. He knew everything, so the children believed. He had been everywhere. He was thirty-five; "as lovely as he was learned," Marian declared; a boy with the boys and girls he delighted to talk with; just the one to "run things," Jack and Bert asserted. And just now Uncle Tom had plenty of time at his disposal.

Mr. Dunlap and his brother talked it over. When they had agreed on the preliminaries, the children were admitted to the conference.

"The secret session is over," said Uncle Tom, opening the door of Mr. Dunlap's library. "The public will now be admitted."

"What's a secret session, Uncle Tom?" Marian asked.

"A secret session?" he answered. "Well, I'll tell you—in Washington."

"In Washington!" exclaimed Jack. "Oh, then we can go?"

"It has been so determined in secret session," said Uncle Tom.

A triple cheer went up from the "public." Then Marian pleaded for Christine, and the boys wished that Christine's New England cousin, Roger Densmore, might go. They had spent several summers with him on the Maine coast, and voted him to be just the best fellow in the world for such a trip.

"He's a perfect little gentleman," declared Marian; "and just as bright as he is good."

"The more the merrier," said Uncle Tom; "I'm agreeable if your father is."

"If their fathers and mothers are willing, I am," Mr. Dunlap said.

"It makes me think of the trip to Hampton Beach that Shillaber wrote about," laughed Uncle Tom. "Don't you remember, Jack?—"

‘Then Johnny and Mally
 And Bobby and Sally
 And little Joe Alley, less stocking or shoe,
 Set up such a clatter
 That, to settle the matter,
 The kind Mr. Sled says they may go too.’”

“Well, if Roger is ‘little Joe Alley,’” said Marian, “he won’t go without stocking or shoe. He ’s a regular dude when it comes to clothes.”

“He ’s no dude!” Jack declared, stoutly. “He ’s as good as they make ’em.”

At last everything was settled. All the parents were willing. And so it came to pass that on a bright spring morning Uncle Tom and his “personally conducted party of juvenile tourists,” as he called his charges, peered from their train-window, anxious for the first glimpse at “their Mecca”; and, as the midnight-express from New York puffed across the eastern branch of the Potomac, they caught the glorious gleam of the splendid dome of the Capitol, looming up in all its majesty and whiteness.

For Mr. Dunlap had said to his brother: “Take them, first, to the center of things, Tom. Go to Washington. Let them see why our government was made, how it was made, and how it is run.”

So to Washington the “tourists” went; a delighted, happy, and most congenial party of three boys and two girls,—all wide-awake, all anxious to see and to hear whatever there was to be seen and heard, and all of them as full of fun, but as easily kept “in the traces,” as any five young folks just in their teens that could be picked out in New York or Boston.

Marian and Christine gave a girlish shriek of satisfaction as Uncle Tom pointed out the crown of the capital.

“How beautiful it is!” said Bert, his eyes fastened on that superb dome. “You can see it above everything. Why, it makes one proud to be an American.”

“That ’s the way it ought to affect you, Bert,” said Uncle Tom. “If you have all of you come to Washington in that spirit, you will see things to the best advantage. Nothing is perfect—not even patriotism. But I think we do the best we can with our opportunities, and, while I don’t like to hear Americans boasting, I do like them to look with pride upon their possessions and feel a thrill of pleasure over their institutions. The American who does n’t like America and is forever comparing it slightly with other countries ought to be banished to an island in the sea and made to read Dr. Hale’s ‘Man Without a Country’ until that inspiring story teaches him to appreciate what it is to have a country.”

“That ’s all fine talk,” Jack said, as the travelers left their train and passed through the station with a glance of interest and pity at “Garfield’s star,” of which they all knew the tragic story,—“that ’s all fine talk, Uncle Tom; but—what is it to have a country? It is n’t for us to pick and



THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL—AS SEEN FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

choose. We ’re born here, you know, and that settles it. Who makes a country?”

“There you are, at the very beginning of things!” Uncle Tom exclaimed, as they took a street-car to their hotel. “And here, in Washington, is the very place to commence our investigations, as your father wisely said. Let ’s talk it over while we are getting breakfast and resting. Then, after you all know how the American government came to be, we can sally out and see how it is run.

“Do you know, boys and girls,” said Uncle Tom, thoughtfully, between

a sip of coffee and a bite of steak, "that splendid dome yonder was built here because a certain German boy had a grandmother?"



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN DISCUSSED THE SITUATION."

"Uncle Tom! that coffee has gone to your head," said Marian.

"Many years ago," Mr. Dunlap continued, without noticing the puzzled expression of his five young friends, "there lived on a pleasant island in the sea a king who had a grandmother."

"Oh, here, Uncle Tom!" exclaimed Jack, laying down his knife and fork; "what are you giving us? We are not children, and you are not—Scheherazade nor the Brothers Grimm."

"I am telling this story, Master Jack," said Uncle Tom. "It's not a fairy tale; it is a fact. There was just such a king, and he did have a grandmother."

"Let up, Jack," Roger protested. "He knows what he's about."

"Now, this grandmother," continued Uncle Tom, "was second cousin to a princess whose father had run away from his throne and whose sister had married the man who made him run away. These two became king and queen of the island. And, when they died, the sister who was a princess became queen. Then she died; and the people of the island would not have the son of the king who ran away for their king, but declared that the crown belonged to the princess's second cousin—the grandmother—of my story, and who did not live on the island at all. But before she could take the crown she died; and her son, who was a little one-for-a-cent sort of prince, went over and became king of the island. When he died, his son and then his grandson succeeded as kings of the island. The last of these three 'foreigners' was the king who had the grandmother—only she was a great-grandmother, and died long before the king of my story was born. But this is how he came to be king of the island."

"For further particulars see Mr. Macaulay and Thackeray's 'Four Georges,'" said Bert, with just a little of the superior air of the boy who knows it all.

"Good for you, Bert," said Uncle Tom; "I see you read my historical puzzle correctly. Yes; the king with the grandmother was George the Third, king of England. And by such means did this German boy come to be an English king. Of course, too, you know that it was in the reign of George the Third that these United States were born."

"Out of the colonies," said Roger, "that James who ran away, and William and Mary who came from Holland, and Anne the princess, and the first two Georges from Germany, had all the say about when their English subjects came over here to settle."

"Just so," assented Uncle Tom. "But those colonies had their beginnings even further back. When Columbus the admiral came sailing over the sea, his little cockle-shells of ships brought in them the seeds of a great idea. Those seeds were the desire for liberty and the dream of self-government. They had been trying to sprout in Europe ever since the days we call 'the dark ages.'"

"But Columbus and his fellows were Spaniards," said Jack.

"They were Spaniards, and they settled far to the south," said Uncle Tom: "but, don't you see, it was Columbus who opened a new chapter in the world's history. He gave to the world the knowledge of a new land, in which the men and women who followed in his wake saw the very opportunity the world had been waiting for so long—the possibility of making their dreams of liberty and progress come true."

"But you can't say that those first settlers came here with any such great ideas, can you, Uncle Tom?" Jack objected. "I always thought they came just for adventure or for the sake of making money."

"That's so," Uncle Tom admitted; "but, don't you see, as they began to settle down here and to make homes for their wives and children, hewing down the great forests and building their rough little houses of logs or stone, the colonists became neighbors, then the neighbors became friends, the friends became fellow-countrymen."

"Well?" said Marian. The boys and girls were beginning to get interested in this line of argument.

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "still more ships came. New families sought homes; and all along a narrow strip of sea-shore, stretching from Maine to Georgia, little knots of settlements sprang up, in which boys and girls grew to be men and women, loving the land in which they had their homes. But, because they were so far away from the kings and courts to which they yielded respect as their rulers, they came gradually to think and act for themselves; they began to wonder why, if they were able to live and labor here, they really ought to be subjects of, or pay tribute to, those crowned masters across three thousand miles of sea, who did not seem to care especially for them or take any interest in them, beyond the money they could collect from them, or the trade they could control for English markets and English manufactures."

"But the colonists were making money too, were they not?" queried Roger.

"They were in a certain way," replied Uncle Tom, "but not in the right way. No man who minds his own business likes to have any one come in and tell him just how to mind it. England drained off in tribute and monopolies a certain portion of the colonists' money without so much as saying 'by your leave.' The Americans did not consider this fair. They began to think; and when people begin to think, they soon begin to act. This action, in America, came over a question of taxation. People who pay taxes generally feel privileged to grumble over the way the tax money is spent, especially if they think the money could be spent to better advantage for the benefit of those who pay the taxes."



A COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

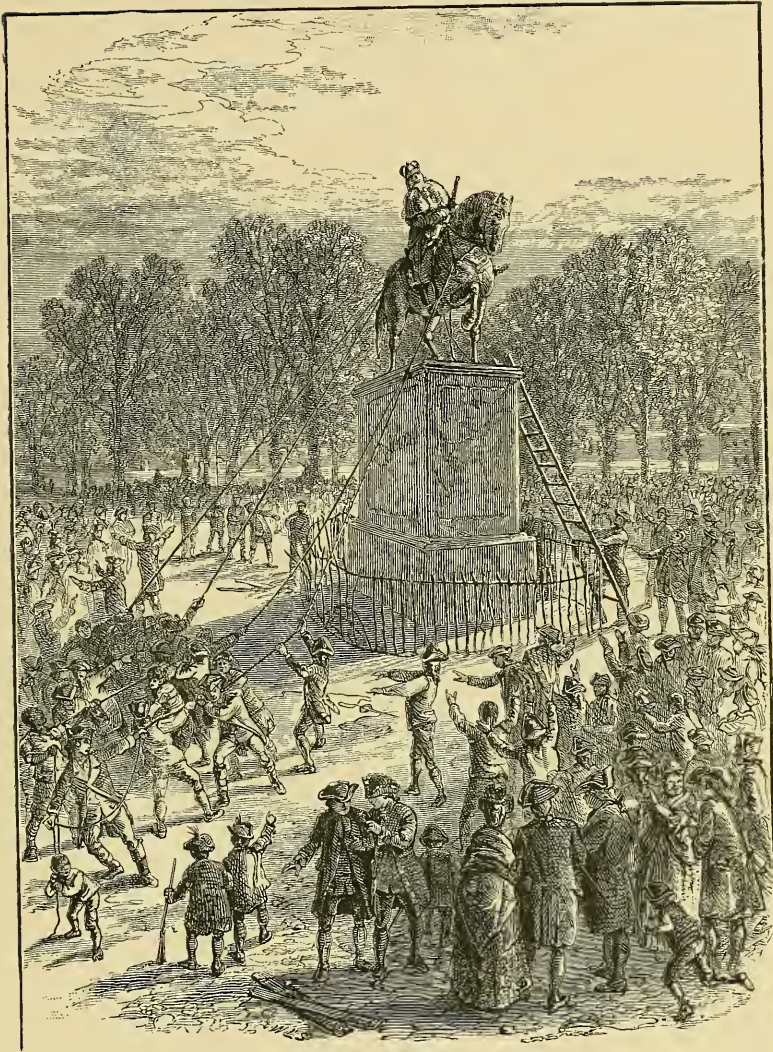
"Right you are," said Jack. "I've heard my father get as mad as a hornet over what he calls 'the injustice to the taxpayers.'"

"Well," said Uncle Tom, nodding assent to Jack's interjection, "the colonists soon became hornets in the same way. The people in America who



"NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION!"

paid taxes to England began to talk things over. Ladies and gentlemen discussed the situation as they took their summer airings 'on the Mall' or met at 'rout' or in church. Farmers talked it over at seed-planting and harvest, or at the assemblies of neighbors in the tavern or the town-meeting. They all said that they did not so much object to paying the taxes if they could only have 'the say' as to how those taxes should be used. 'Give us a voice in this matter!' they demanded. But the people of England objected to this. The king of England sent over to act as 'governors' of the colonies men who were mostly good-for-nothings—broken-down noblemen anxious to make money, or favorites of the king whom he wished to do something for. So the people, even when they did try to have something to say for themselves and attempted to make laws for their own protection, found the king or his 'governors' ready to step in and say, 'You cannot do this,' or 'You shall not do that,' until finally they grew tired of it all; they became more and more outspoken in talk and action, and finally raised the cry: 'No taxation without representation!'



THE LAST OF THE KING WHO HAD A GRANDMOTHER.
(PULLING DOWN THE STATUE OF GEORGE III., NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1776.)

“Good for them!” exclaimed Jack.

“Out of this demand,” continued Uncle Tom, “came what is called the American Revolution. And out of the American Revolution came, as you know, after seven years of war, the United States of America.”

“Hooray! let the eagle scream!” murmured enthusiastic Jack, in an audible “stage-whisper.”

“Of that American Revolution,” said Uncle Tom, warming to his subject, “what boy or girl in America is not proud to-day?”

“Hear, hear!” said the boys and girls.

“Every one of them knows its story.”

"We do, we do!" from his auditors.

"It is," Uncle Tom went on, "a record of the protests of patriots, the struggles of armies, the doings of heroes. The thirteen colonies of the English crown, fringing the western shores of the north Atlantic, deemed themselves ill-treated by the king and Parliament of England. They banded together for appeal, and for resistance. They proclaimed themselves forever free from English authority, and then combined for mutual protection and defense under the title of the United States of America."

"I tell you, that was a pretty plucky thing to do, though, was n't it?" Bert exclaimed; and Christine asked, "How many people were there in the colonies then, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Oh, between two and three millions," said Uncle Tom; "less than the combined inhabitants of New York and Brooklyn to-day. And of these, you must remember, very many were timid—afraid to speak out; loyal to the king, right or wrong; anxious to leave well-enough alone. So the people who protested and acted were but a part of the 'provincials,' as their English rulers called them. Well, the Revolution ended in success. The Americans had gained what they fought for. They were free. What would they do now? the world began to wonder."

"Do?" cried Jack. "Why, set up shop for themselves and go ahead."

"Not so easy, that," Uncle Tom returned. "You can't keep shop successfully unless the partners all pull together; and this was not yet certain. There had, of course, been a sort of acting together during the war. The colonies had placed the direction of their common interests in the hands of a body of men known as the Continental Congress. Congress means—"

"Come, Bert, air your Latin," Jack interjected, as Uncle Tom paused.

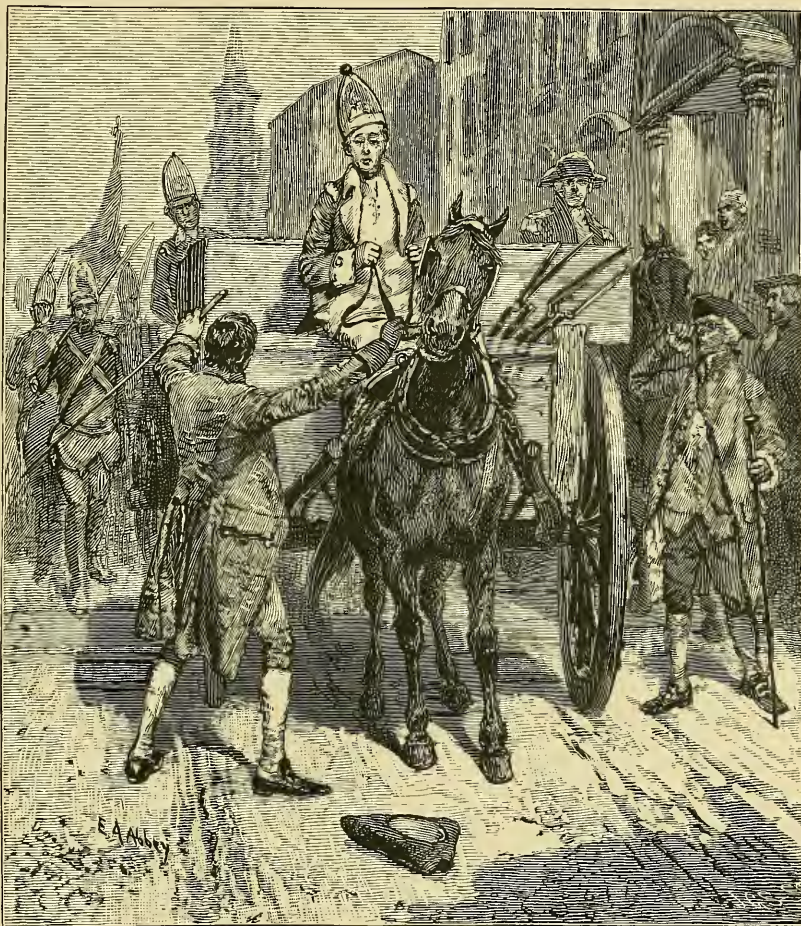
"*Con* and *gradior*, to walk or step together," Bert replied promptly.

"Exactly, Congress is a coming or meeting together. The Continental Congress was a meeting together for deliberation and action of a certain number of delegates representing the thirteen small and sparsely settled colonies along the Atlantic border,—the 'continent' it was proudly called. This Continental Congress (sometimes and perhaps more accurately called the Congress of the Confederation) announced in its Articles of Confederation, proclaimed in 1777, that the thirteen united colonies, thereafter to be known as the United States of America, entered, by those articles, into a league of friendship with one another for defense, liberty, and welfare."

"That was n't much of a government then, was it?" said Roger.

"Government? No," Uncle Tom exclaimed in answer. "It was just as they called it: 'a league of friendship,'—a lot of boys catching hold of hands and standing shoulder to shoulder to ward off a 'rush.' The Continental

Congress was all right for a time of war; but it was not a government. It could neither raise money by taxes, nor recruit an army for defense. The Continental Congress had, therefore, no real authority; it could only recommend things to the three million of people it represented — and then stop.



A PROTEST OF PATRIOTS — THE SONS OF LIBERTY SEIZING BRITISH ARMS.

It could *do* nothing. So, you see, it had very little reason for existence after the liberty, to secure which it had been created, was attained."

"That 's news to me," said Marian. "I always thought the Continental Congress did it all — from Lexington to Lincoln."

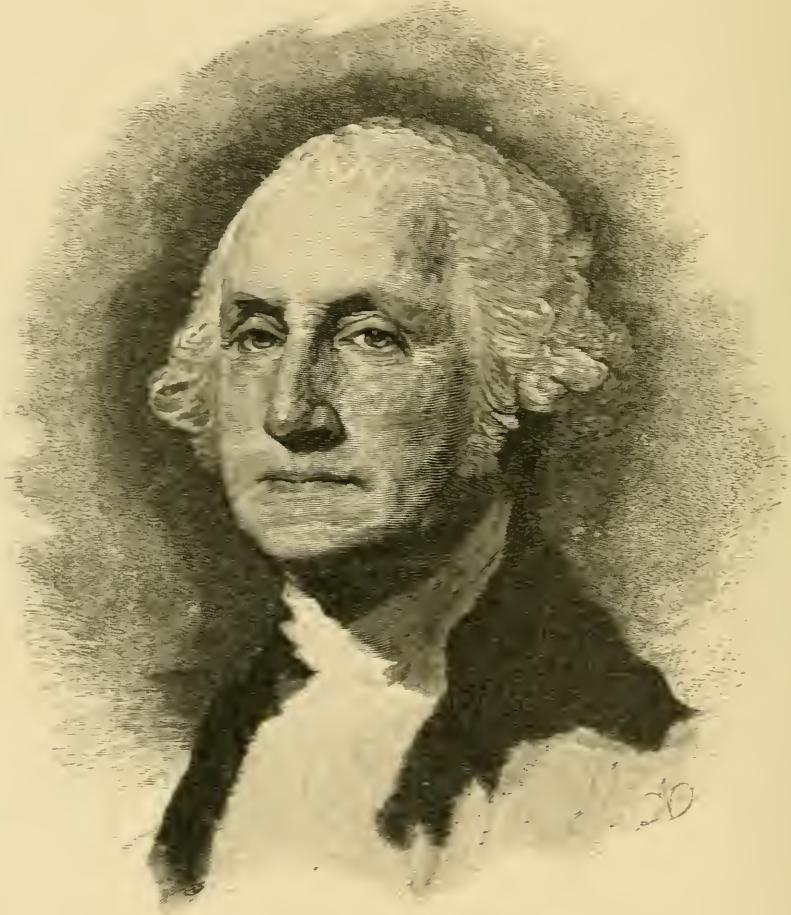
"So did I," echoed Roger.

"Live and learn, girls and boys," laughed Uncle Tom. "Well; the war was over. The thirteen colonies — States, as they called themselves — were free. But liberty without union is strength without wisdom. It is like boys

off for a holiday, anxious to play base-ball, but not able to decide how to make up the nines."

"We've been there, have n't we, fellows?" cried Jack: "and of all exasperating things—!" here Jack stopped, at a loss for words to express the exasperation.

"Quarreling arose between sections: the larger States put annoying re-



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.
(THE GILBERT STUART PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.)

strictions upon the commerce of their smaller neighbors; resistance to necessary measures—by men who thought that to be free meant free to do as they pleased—threatened bloodshed; and first one and then another State announced its intention to secede, or withdraw from the Confederation."

"Well, that was pleasant, was n't it?" said Bert.

"Came near upsetting their whole kettle of fish, did n't they?" commented Roger.

"It was indeed a time of severe trial for the friends of union and of liberty," said Uncle Tom. "It was a time of which more than one historian has said that 'it was fuller of hazard than the period of war.'"

"How did they settle it?" asked Marian.

"The men of America had struggled hard for freedom," said Uncle Tom, "and what men have sternly striven for they will not lose if they can help it. The wisest heads in America saw that their acting Congress with its Articles of Confederation was no longer of service. They saw that something must be done, and at once. They believed in taking counsel together; and so it came to pass that, on the fourteenth of May, 1787, there gathered, in the city of Philadelphia, delegates from the thirteen States. They were able, clear-headed, patriotic, and moderate men. They were men who had their opinions, but were willing to compromise. In other words, they were men who knew that, sometimes, it is stupid to be stubborn, wise to be yielding —"

"Albert, my son, do you hear that?" Jack interrupted; "take a lesson, I beg of you, from that noble forty-five."

"Well, I like that!" cried Bert, so surprised that his glasses nearly fell off. "Of all the fellows who need it most, you 're —"

"Order, order! gentlemen," said Uncle Tom. "You are not speaking to the question. Personalities are barred out. As I was saying, the men of this Constitutional Convention of 1787 were men with purpose, and men with patriotism. They were known as the Federal Convention, and over their deliberations George Washington presided as chairman."

"One, two, three!" cried Jack, the irrepressible. "First in war, first in peace —"

"Come, come, Jack, do behave yourself," cautioned Mr. Dunlap, laughing in spite of himself, for he knew Jack's exuberant spirits. "No better choice could have been made for a presiding officer. George Washington was the one man, above all others, whom the people trusted. He was the nation's hero — its protector, its defender, its counselor in peace, its leader in war. 'If he is chairman of the Convention,' people said, 'everything will be all right.'"

"Just think of going in to a meeting and seeing Washington preside!" said Roger; "I'm afraid the Philadelphia boys, in 1787, did n't appreciate their opportunities."

"Even if they had known as much as you do now, Roger," Uncle Tom remarked, "they could not have gone. The Convention sat with closed doors. Everything was done in secret. But it would have been worth

'hooking in' to see; for, besides Washington, there sat in that Convention other famous Americans—Benjamin Franklin, and Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison, and Robert Morris. Indeed, the Federal Convention of 1787 has been called one of the most remarkable deliberative bodies known to history. It met to take counsel as to the best means of making permanent the Union which resistance to oppression had created, and to draw up, for the three millions of freemen it represented, an agreement under which they could live together in peace and unity. This agreement we know to-day as the Constitution of the United States—the greatest of the state papers of the world, 'the title deed of American liberty,' as it has been called."

"And that to-day is the law of the land, is it?" said Bert. "Is n't it wonderful how things grow out of almost nothing?"

Whereupon Jack, who loved to quote poetry, gave a text from Tennyson:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

"That 's so, Jack," said Uncle Tom, rising. "And now, as the waiter evidently thinks we 're going to hold his table until dinner-time, and as our next step is to see and examine into the Constitution, let us go over to the State Department and hunt up the precious original itself."

"Nothing like being right in the start, is there, Roger, my boy," said Jack, nudging his friend from Boston. "I call this a bang-up object-lesson in government, don't you?"

And away they all hied to the State Department, to see the Constitution itself.

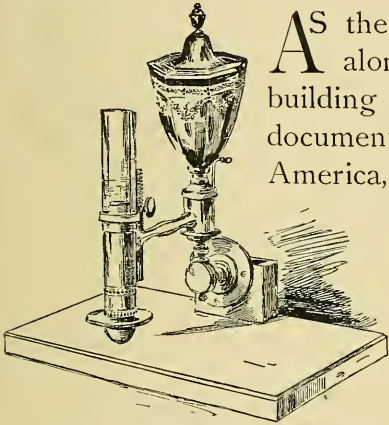


WHERE THE CONVENTION MET.—PHILADELPHIA IN THE EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER II

THE CONSTITUTION

Uncle Tom's "tourists" see the precious document—How it was made and adopted— They learn how it is the "corner-stone" of the Government.



A LAMP THAT ONCE BELONGED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

AS the personally conducted "investigators" walked along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the splendid building in which they expected to find the original document of the Constitution of the United States of America, Jack, who, in spite of his heedlessness did really give thought to matters that interested him, said:

"Well, say, Uncle Tom, I don't see how these forty-five men managed to agree on such a great and wonderful document as you say the Constitution is. What if they were not stubborn; suppose they were ready to compromise? I don't see how they could get on without some squabbling."

"Good gracious, Jack! they did n't," Uncle Tom exclaimed. "I would not have you for a moment imagine that so important a paper as this Constitution was made up without dispute or accepted without opposition. And you must n't think either that 'the fathers who framed it,' as we now speak of them, were something more than mortal, like the fabled demigods of Greece. They were simply wise and zealous men, influenced only by love of country and a desire to secure the greatest good for the people they represented. They tried to argue and arrange things calmly. But before they got through their work two of the members 'got mad,' as you girls say, and withdrew from the Convention—they were from New York, I am sorry to say; four others—one from Maryland, two from Virginia, and one from Massachusetts—refused to sign the Constitution after it was drawn up. For days and months—four months, in fact—the members of the Conven-

tion discussed, objected, modified, amended, and resolved. With certain concessions here and certain yieldings there, with hope that the people would accept, and fear lest they should reject the seven divisions or articles of the paper as put together, the Constitution was finally agreed to; and, on Sep-



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON.—ON THE WAY TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

tember 17, 1787, the Convention dissolved, presenting the result of its deliberations to the several States for adoption or rejection, as the people should decide."

"The States did adopt it, of course," said Bert.

"Of course they did," said Jack, turning to his cousin a little impatiently; "how else could we have the Constitution?"

"They did adopt it," said Uncle Tom, "but not immediately, and it must be confessed things looked a little shaky sometimes. Discussion ran high in all the States; but, within a year, eleven of the thirteen States had 'ratified' or accepted the document, and, on September 13, 1788, the Constitution of the United States of America was declared to be the law of the land."

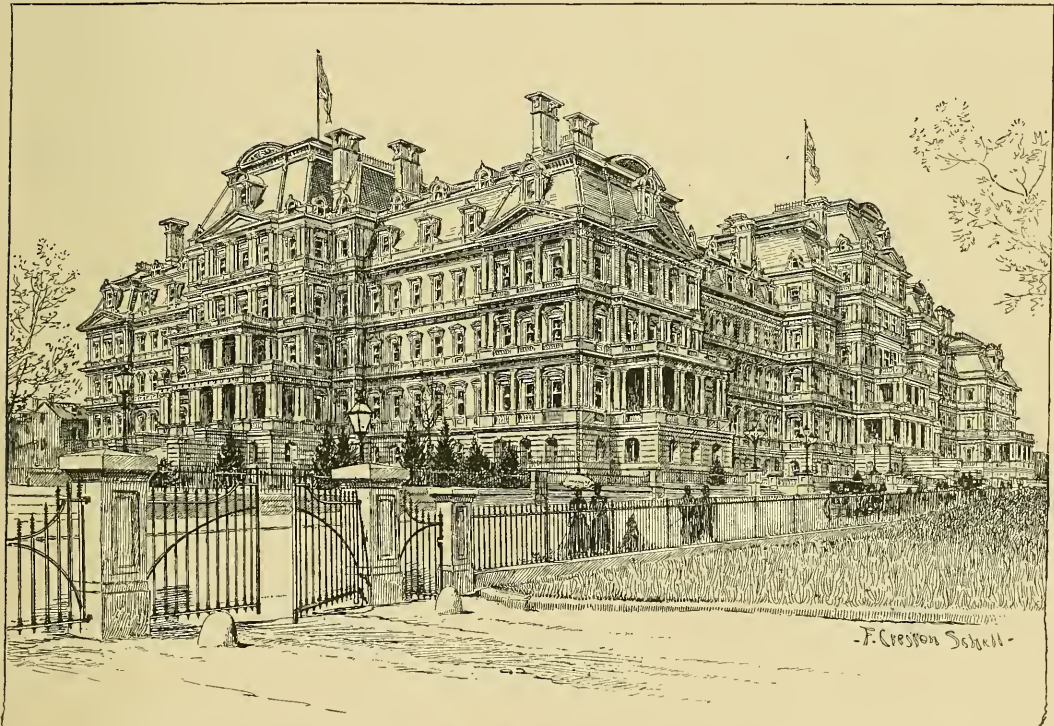
"So you see, my young and beloved hearers," said Uncle Tom, as they all stood at the entrance of the great building known as the State Department, "the Constitution of the United States was, really, the work of the people of the United States, who, through their chosen representatives, sought thus to found, upon the ruins of an overthrown tyranny and a dis-

carded confederation, an enduring government that should be—as the greatest of modern Americans expressed it seventy-five years later—‘of the people, by the people, for the people.’”

“That was Lincoln, in his second inaugural address, was it not?” asked Roger.

“Lincoln,” Uncle Tom replied; “but in his Gettysburg speech—not his inaugural. It was one of the greatest, though one of the shortest speeches ever made by man. And now for the Constitution.”

Mr. Dunlap and his young people passed along the corridor and, taking the elevator, rose to the third floor of the big building. Here they found the pleasant room known as the Library of the State Department. Uncle Tom made known his wishes, and a courteous official, taking the party in



THE BUILDING OF THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS.

charge, led them across the hallway to one of the smaller rooms in the section devoted to the Bureau of Indexes and Archives. Their conductor unlocked the doors of a long wooden cabinet and disclosed therein, neatly framed in five distinct sections,—beginning with the “preamble” and ending with the signatures,—the precious paper now famous throughout the world as the Constitution of the United States.

The boys and girls could not restrain a feeling of pride and satisfaction at sight of this immortal document. Even Jack's irrepressible spirits were visibly restrained as he looked upon it.

"It is worth coming all the way to Washington to see just that, is n't it?" he said. "Who wrote it?" he asked.

"If you mean the actual handwriting," replied the interested custodian, "I really cannot say. I have thought that possibly it might have been written — engrossed, we say — by William Jackson, who, as you see by his signature, was Secretary of the Convention and 'attested' the document."

"But see, sir," said critical Bert, "the body of the document is much better written than this signature of Jackson's."

"Yes, I do see," the custodian replied. "I don't know that the question of the actual penman ever occurred to us here. Perhaps the document may have been engrossed by one of the assistant secretaries or some other now forgotten penman. For that's the way it is, even to-day, boys and girls. Here in the State Department we unknown fellows take time and care to write out some important paper and make a beautiful piece of penmanship of it. Then some famous secretary, who probably writes that horrible hand which they say is a sign of genius, just scrawls his name at the end of the paper and posterity gives him all the praise, while we, as you boys say, are 'not in it.'"

"But the Constitution is n't at all like old-fashioned penmanship," said Roger. "It is beautifully written. And how well it has kept!"

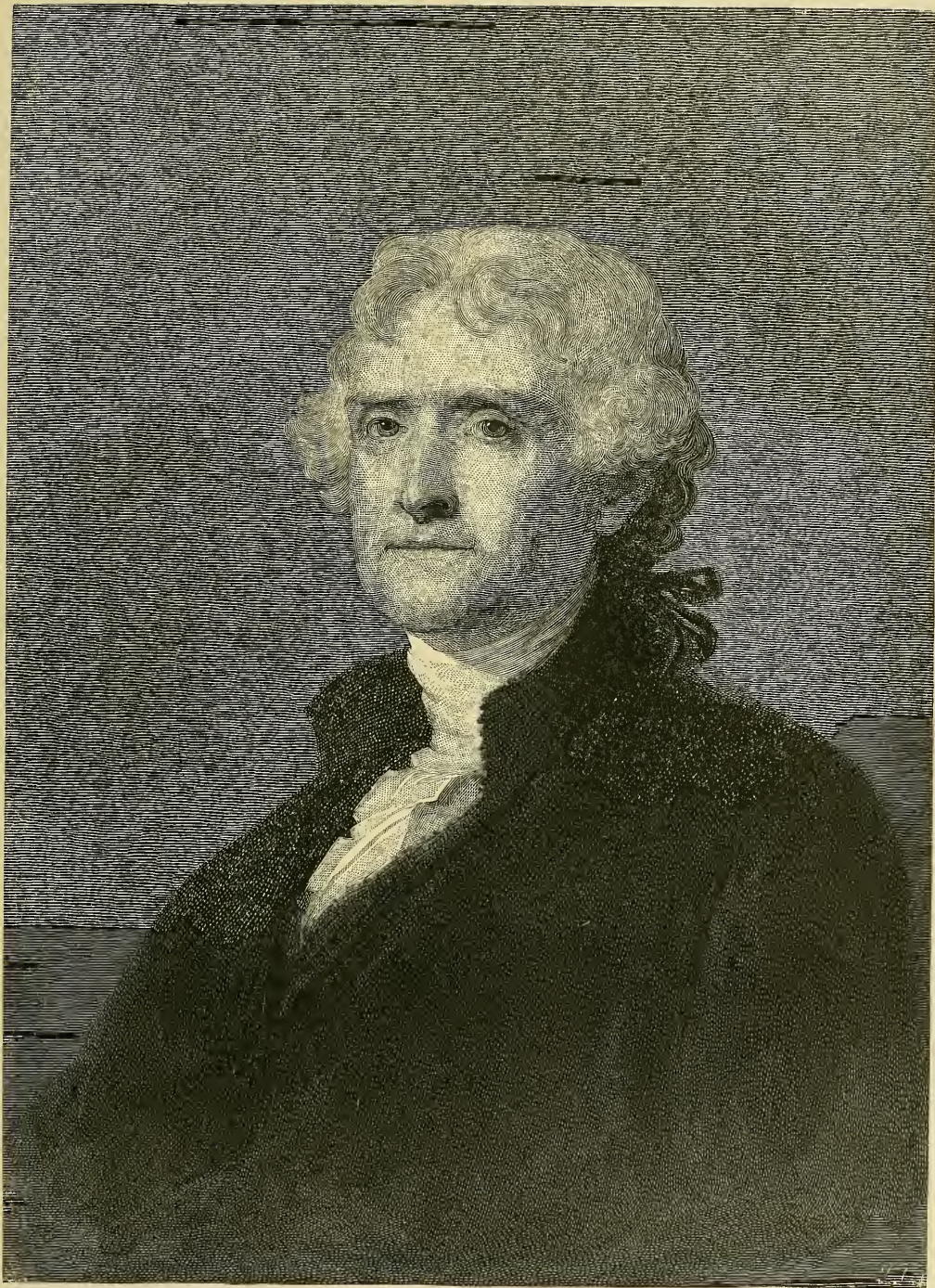
"Yes; it has kept better than other famous papers we have charge of here," the custodian replied. "Folks think we keep the original Declaration of Independence over there in the library. We do, but no one can see it. The one shown is a facsimile."

"Dear me, though; can't we ever see the Declaration?" Marian asked.

"I am afraid not," replied the custodian. "It used to be publicly displayed, and was, in fact, carelessly kept. As a result the ink faded in the strong light, and at last, to save it, the Declaration was withdrawn forever from view. It is now screwed down flat between two heavy boards and is locked inside that big steel safe you saw near the library door. No one can see it now. With it, too, is the original of Washington's commission as commander-in-chief of the army, which has also, to save it, been in the same way shut forever from public view."

"Is n't that too bad though?" said Christine. "But never mind, we can say we saw it—what is it? — its sarcophagus."

"But about the Constitution," asked Bert, returning to the topic in hand. "We know who did or who did n't write it. Now, who made it up? Who composed it?"



Th. Jefferson

"Well, that, too, is difficult to say," the custodian replied. "Opinions, I believe, differ as to the honor; it lies between Alexander Hamilton and James Madison."

"I am inclined to call it a joint composition," said Uncle Tom. "The Constitution was the result of the deliberation and suggestion of the forty-five men who composed the Federal Convention—"

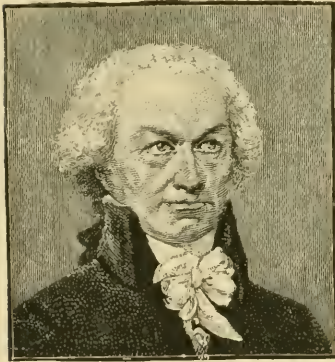
"Minus those who 'got mad' and ran off, and those who refused to sign, I suppose," Jack put in.

"Well, perhaps," said Uncle Tom; "although we must admit their share in the deliberations and discussions."

"Especially the discussions," said Roger.

"I should, I think, agree in this question of responsibility, with Mr. Curtis," continued Uncle Tom. "He was a wise old 'dry-as-dust' who wrote a history of the Constitution, and he declares it to be 'the result of the mutual concession to each other for the sake of that union which all knew to be their only hope of strength and safety.' I should say, in reply to Christine's question, that they all composed it."

"As to the actual fact," said the custodian, "I believe it is stated that when the Convention had formulated a system—made up of provisos, suggestions, clauses, and memoranda—the matter was given into the hands of a committee of detail, to be put into form and shape, so that the Convention could act upon it. That committee consisted of Rutledge of South Carolina, Randolph of Virginia—"



OLIVER ELLSWORTH, OF CONNECTICUT.

"Who—excuse me, sir—refused to sign," said Mr. Dunlap, "because he objected to the power the Constitution gave to the President and the Senate, and to the indefinite boundaries between national and State authority."

"I believe that was so, sir," the custodian assented. "Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham of Massachusetts, Ellsworth of Connecticut, and Wilson of Pennsylvania. This committee presented a constitution of twenty-three articles. This document—the original one—has seven articles. So you can see how much pruning and condensing the Convention did."

"I suppose we must, however, give most of the credit for the real framing of the Constitution," said Mr. Dunlap, "to James Madison of Virginia, who has been called 'the father of the Constitution,' because he was the author of the resolution that led to the invitation for the Convention that compiled and adopted the Constitution—"

"The Madison who was President?" broke in Marian.

William Jackson
Secretary.

Delaware:

Geo. Read
Gunning Bedford junr
John Dickinson
Richard Bassett
Jacob Broome

Maryland:

James McHenry
Daniel of The Scraper
Dant Carroll

Virginia:

John Blair -
James Madison Jr.

North Carolina:

Wm. Blount
Rich^d Dobbs Spaight.
A. Williamson

South Carolina:

J. Rutledge
Charles Cotesworth Pinckney
Charles Pinckney
Pissu Ditti: s

Georgia:

William Few
Abr. Baldwin

John Jay
and Deputy from Virginia

New Hampshire:

John Langdon
Nicholas Gilman

Massachusetts:

Nathaniel Gorham
Rufus King

Connecticut:

W^m. Sam^l. Johnson
Roger Sherman

New-York:

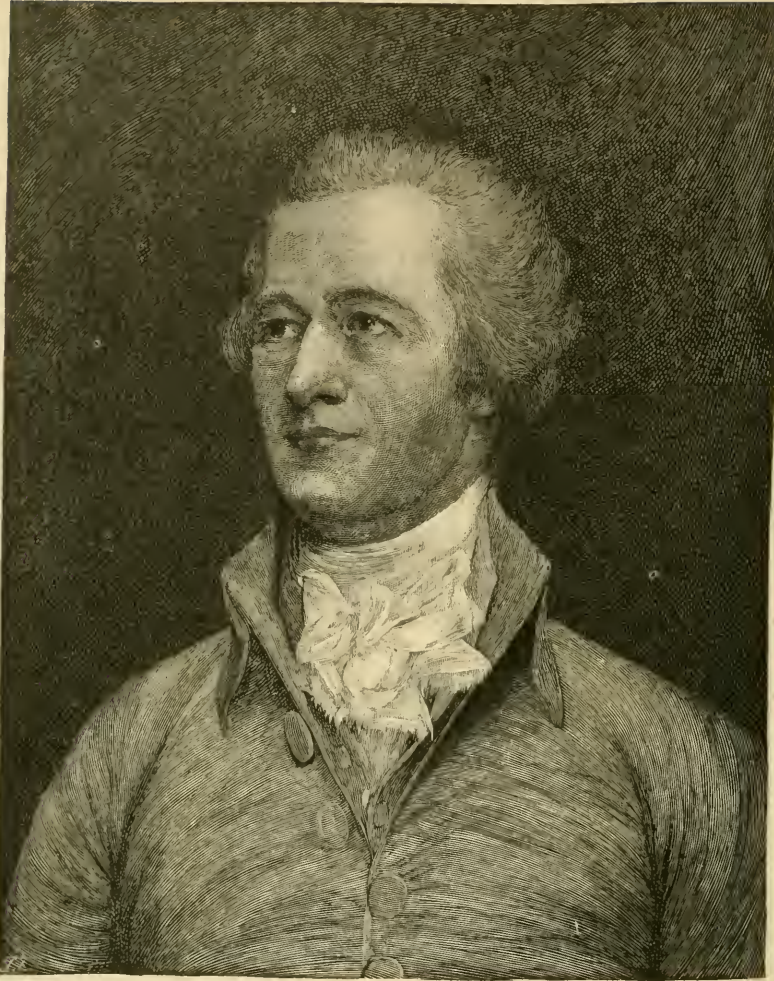
Alexander Hamilton

New Jersey:

W^m. Livingston
David Brearley
W^m. Paterson
Jonas Dayton

Pennsylvania:

B. Franklin
Thomas Mifflin
Robt. Morris
Geo. Clymer
Tho: FitzSimons
Tard Ingersoll
James Wilson.
G. M. Wood



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

“Yes—fourth President of the United States; he succeeded Jefferson,” Uncle Tom replied. “I say we must give most of the credit to him, and to Alexander Hamilton of New York.”

“There was a man, boys!” the custodian exclaimed. “I always say that the story of Alexander Hamilton is one to make young men proud of their youth. Think of it: an orator and patriot at seventeen, a hero before his twenty-first birthday, a statesman at twenty-three! I believe he was one of the first Americans to suggest the government we now enjoy. Why, when he was but twenty-three he wrote a remarkable letter to a friend who was in the Continental Congress—that was in 1780—in which he outlined many of the provisions that, later, found place in this very document you are looking upon.”

“The gentleman is right, boys,” Uncle Tom said. “Why, this young Hamilton—he was almost the youngest member of that grave Federal Convention—was so clearly its motive spirit that the famous historian Guizot declared there was not, in the Constitution of the United States, ‘an element of order, of force, of duration, which Hamilton did not powerfully contribute to introduce into it and to cause to predominate.’”

“Gracious!” exclaimed Roger; “why was n’t he ever President?”

Both gentlemen smiled at the boy’s peculiar homage to greatness.

“Why were not other great men, Roger?” Mr. Dunlap said. “Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Sumner? Greatness does not always mean popular acceptance.”

“Did you say he was the youngest signer of the Constitution?” asked Bert.

“Not the youngest; one of the youngest signers,” said the custodian. “The youngest signer was, I believe, Nicholas Gilman of New Hampshire. He was thirty-two.”

“There’s his signature,” said Marian; “second from the top, under Washington’s name. Pretty good writer, too, was n’t he? Who was the oldest signer?”

“A gentleman you have both heard of, I reckon,” said the custodian. “He knew how to fly kites.”

“Benjamin Franklin!” cried the three boys in a breath; and Christine said, “There’s his name, heading the Pennsylvania signers. He wrote well for an old man, did n’t he? How old was he, sir?”

“Eighty-one,” the custodian replied.

“There’s a funny name—that one there, from Maryland,” exclaimed Roger. “What is it? Don? no, Dan—I thought it was a Spanish don at first—Dan of S. Thos. Jenifer! What under the sun does that mean?”

“Daniel Jenifer, of St. Thomas Parish, Maryland,” explained the custodian. “That was his curious way of putting his residence, or his estate, in with his name.”

“But I tell you,” said Bert enthusiastically, “there’s the best signature of them all—the cleanest, the clearest, the strongest, and the best”; and he pointed to the name that led all others on the document: “George Washington, Presiding, and Deputy from Virginia.”

The custodian nodded his head with the pride of a loyal American, and Mr. Dunlap said, “We all know that signature, don’t we? Do you remember the story about this very one you are looking at? It is said that Washington, who was the first to sign,—as you can see by the position of his signature,—stood by the table, held up the pen and said, solemnly,

‘Should the States reject this excellent Constitution they will probably never sign another in peace. The next will be drawn in blood’ ”



B. Franklin

“They say, too,” said the custodian, “that Franklin watched his associates signing the Constitution, and, pointing to the picture of the sun, half up, painted on the wall behind the President’s chair, said, ‘I’ve been so

full of hopes and fears during the Convention that whenever I looked at that sun behind the President, I could not say whether it was rising or setting. Now I do know; it is a rising and not a setting sun.' ”

“ Good for B. Franklin ! ” cried Jack, saluting the signature ; and Uncle Tom said, “ Well, whether Hamilton or Madison was the ‘ father ’ of the Constitution, whether it was because of Franklin’s wise presence, or Washington’s guiding hand, they builded, as Emerson tells us, ‘ wiser than they knew.’ This Constitution has stood for more than a hundred years, and yet, in spite of our nation’s unexampled growth, in the midst of the demands of the world’s most wonderful century, the work of the fathers has stood so unchangeably the law of the land, that to this document here before us only fifteen amendments or alterations have been deemed necessary ; and of these fifteen, ten were made within a year after its adoption.”

Then he said, “ Come, boys and girls ” ; and to the custodian’s courteous inquiry whether they would not like to see some of the other treasures of the Archives Bureau, Uncle Tom replied, “ We may trouble you again, but not to-day, thank you. We are building the Government *ab ovo*.”

“ *Ab ovo* ? What is that, Mr. Latin Expert ? ” Jack whispered to Bert.

“ *Ab ovo* ? Why, from the egg,” Bert replied ; “ that is, from the very beginning.”

“ From the egg, eh ? ” said Jack. “ Then I suppose that Constitution we have just seen was the egg that hatched the — American eagle ! I wonder if they used an incubator ? ”

And Mr. Dunlap, who overheard the remark, said, “ No, Jack ; it was hatched by natural methods. There has been no forcing process with these United States.” They walked up Executive Avenue — separating “ the President’s ground ” from the State, War, and Navy Building — and turned into Pennsylvania Avenue.

“ Now, where do we go ? ” Marian asked ; “ to the Capitol ? ”

“ No,” Uncle Tom replied ; “ to the White House. Let me tell you why.”

“ Because the President is the man who has charge of the eagle, I suppose,” said Jack, following out his simile.

“ Well, in a measure, yes,” replied Mr. Dunlap, laughing, as the party appropriated two of the seats in Lafayette Square and, from the shade of its great trees, looked over at the President’s mansion across the broad avenue.

“ That document you have just seen,” he continued, “ was, as you know, the foundation of our Government. Although, as Mr. Gladstone, the Englishman, declares, it is ‘ the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man,’ it was not really an inspiration nor a new idea. It was put into form at a given time ; but its ideas were the out-



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES WAS FRAMED AND SIGNED IN 1787.
HERE, TOO, THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED IN 1776.

growth of ages of thought and endeavor. I have read somewhere that Magna Charta, the Acts of the Long Parliament (in Cromwell's time), the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States constitute the record of an evolution. Do you know what that means?"

"Why," said Bert, "a regular progress of development or growth, does it not?"

"Exactly," his uncle replied. "The Constitution of the United States had its roots in the past, wherever men have labored for liberty, or struggled for justice, government, and law. It is, I believe, unique in this: it is, or was, the only *written* constitution framed for the government of a nation and signed by those who made it. The English Constitution, upon which ours is largely based, is not a written document. It is made up of laws, customs, and traditions, opinions and decrees, but not in a permanent form, nor put into a signed document, as is our Constitution. The acceptance of this written constitution made America a nation. Above all laws, above all officers, above all measures, stands the Constitution. To it our States, our people, must yield obedience. It is a compact between brothers; but by it they must abide. It is the law of the land."

"But the Constitution did not do away with the State governments," said Roger. "How could it be supreme?"

"It was to be supreme in great things," Mr. Dunlap replied; "it was, as it distinctly said in its preface, or 'preamble,' to provide for the common

defense, promote the general welfare, insure domestic tranquillity. Little matters and local affairs it did not touch. There the States were their own masters. But in whatever affected *all* citizens, the National Government was to be supreme."

"Kind of mixed up, is n't it?" Marian queried.

"By no means, my dear," said Uncle Tom. "See here. The thirteen Colonies, or States, were, after the Revolution, like thirteen stout twigs—good for switches to drive away a surly dog or whip an unruly boy, but of no service to one another, acting separately. We tie these thirteen switches together with a stout band, and behold! we have a broom to sweep away obstructions from our door and keep our house in order. That band is the Constitution. It is union. It makes, as the Germans say, a *staatenbund* into a *bundesstaat*. Can either of you brush that into English with what you know of German?"

"A *staatenbund*—a band of states," began Roger.

"Into a *bundesstaat*—a banded state," Christine concluded.

"That is good, is n't it?" exclaimed Bert. "I tell you those Germans do know how to put things into words better than we do."

"That 's it," said Mr. Dunlap; "and this is what the Constitution, or the rope that made the 'banded state,' does: it provides for a National Government, to run the affairs of the nation, divided into three departments—the legislative, which makes the laws; the judicial, which explains the laws; and the executive, which enforces the laws. It puts the power to enforce the



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

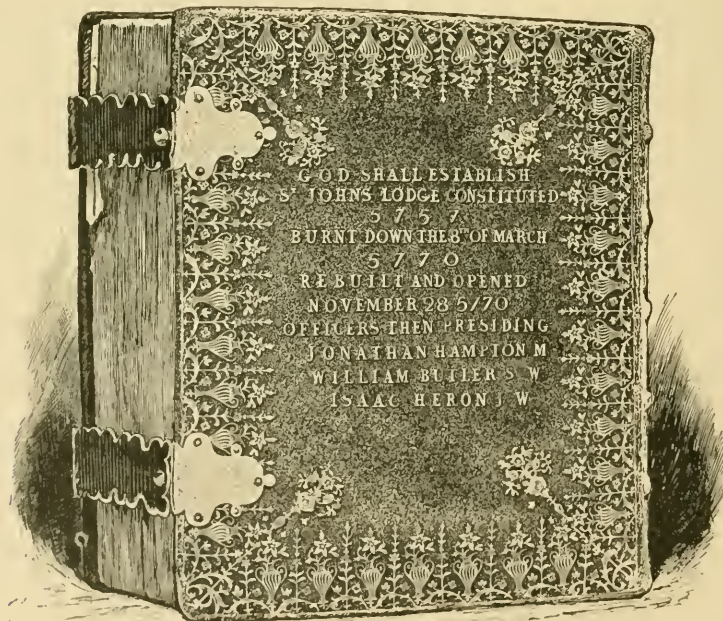
laws in a single man—the President; it gives the power to make the laws to a body of men divided into two sections—the Congress; it places the power of explaining the laws with a few men—the Supreme Court. These three departments work together for a common end—government. The Constitution says how these men shall be elected or appointed, and how they shall act; and there it stops. It is strong because it says so little. It is the root of law, and has lasted because it is so simple.”

“That 's a fact; it does n't say so very much, does it?” said Christine.

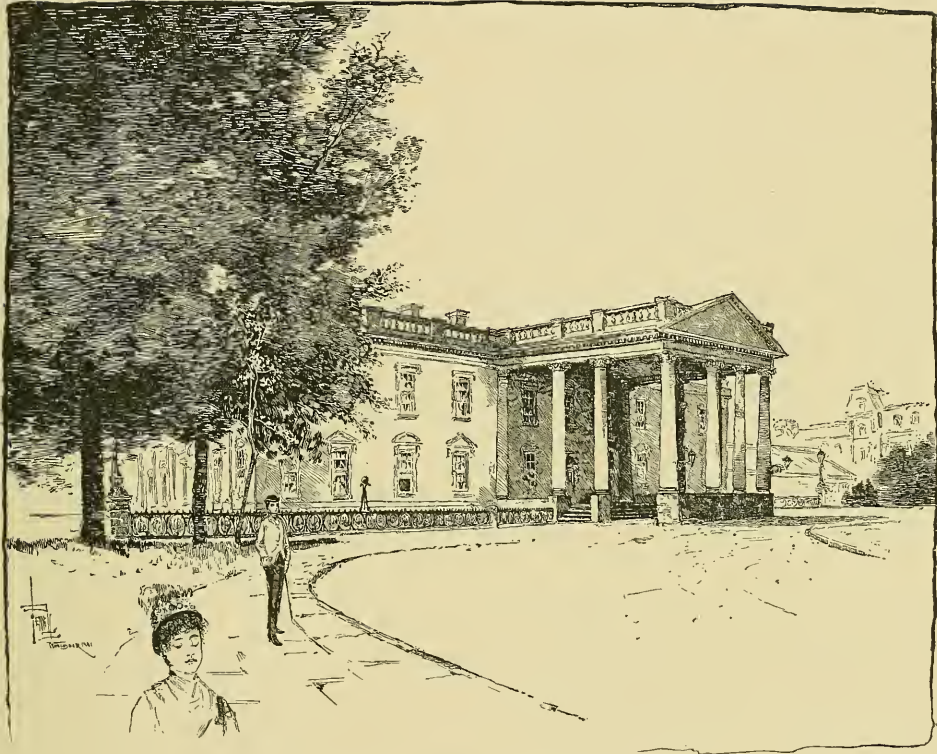
“No; but what it says, it means,” replied Roger.

“And what it means, it does,” said Mr. Dunlap. “Now, it remains for us to see how it does it, and for that reason we 'll study up the President first. He is the head man of the nation, the single representative of the people's will; the man whose hand is on the tiller to steer the ship of State. Let us go across to the White House; that, you see, is the wheel-house of the ship.”

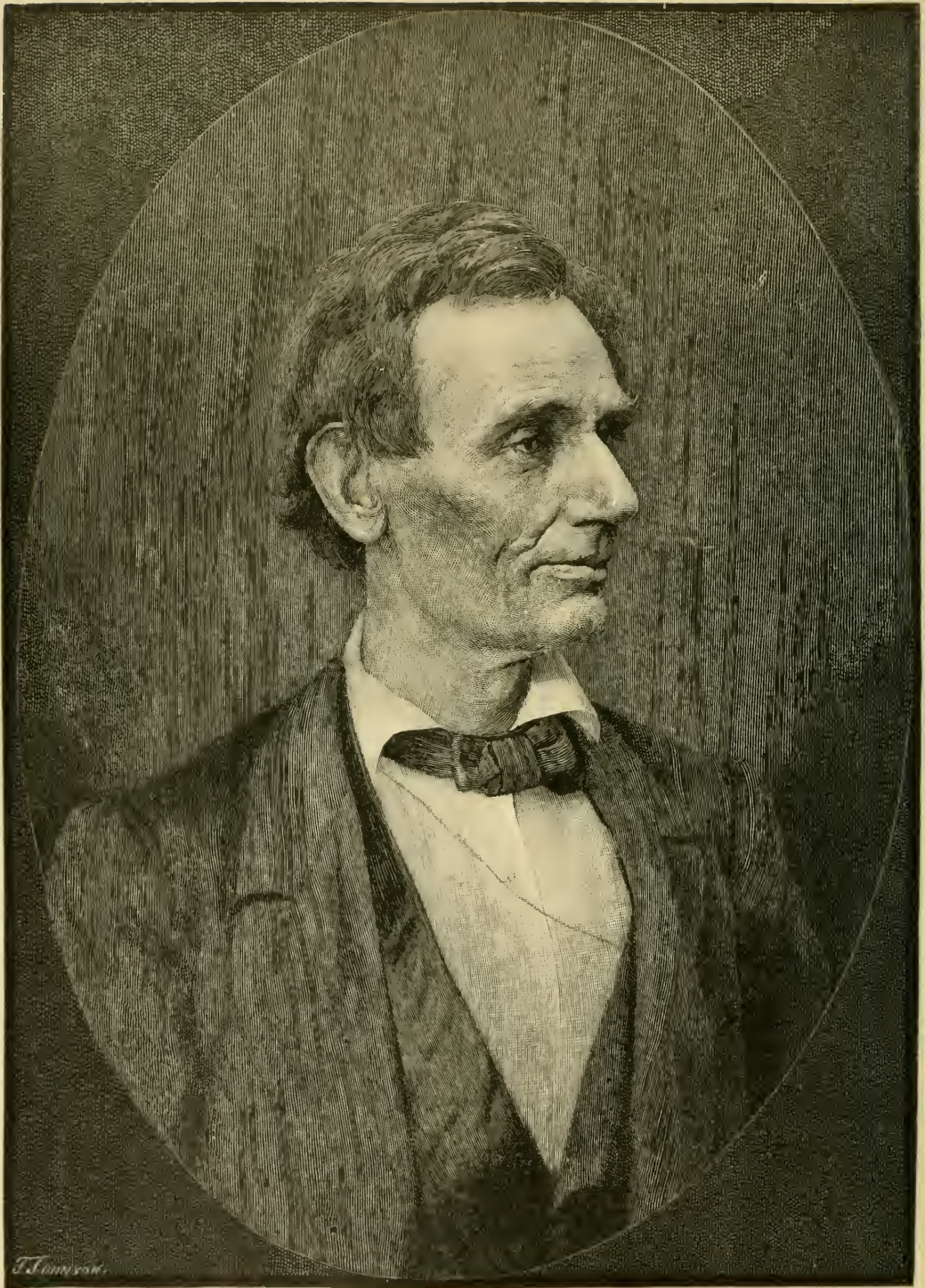
“I hope they don't have a sign up there: ‘No talking to the man at the wheel!’” said Jack. And, all together, they crossed Pennsylvania Avenue and entered “the President's grounds,” walking up the broad semicircular driveway, shaded by noble trees. They paused a moment in the great portico, flanked by Ionic columns, and then, through the open doorway, they passed into the home of the President—the Executive Mansion.



THE BIBLE UPON WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH AS PRESIDENT.
(Copyright, 1889, by St. John's Lodge No. 1, New York City.)



THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM THE FRONT.



PHOTOGRAPHED ABOUT 1860 BY HESLER, CHICAGO.

FROM THE ORIGINAL NEGATIVE OWNED BY GEORGE D. AYRES, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

A. Lincoln

CHAPTER III

THE PRESIDENT

The boys and girls have an introduction to the President—The White House—Uncle Tom tells its history—How the presidential office was determined upon—The duties of the Chief Executive—At the Reception.



IT was eleven in the morning, and the President was "at home." Uncle Tom sent in his card, with a letter of introduction and explanation given him by a friend of the President and of himself, and, as a result, the "tourists" had a special interview with the nation's Chief Executive.

The young people were ushered into the presence of the President of the United States in the spacious egg-shaped room on the second floor of the White House, sometimes called the Library, and used as the President's Reception Room.

It was a richly furnished apartment—its windows hung with silk curtains, its mahogany furniture upholstered in red leather. The sides of the room were lined with long, low book-cases crowded with volumes, some of which dated back, in the time of selection, to President Fillmore's day. Between the windows stood the President's desk, made, so Uncle Tom informed them afterward, from the timbers of the ship *Resolute*, sent in search of the lost arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, and afterward presented to the President of the United States by the Queen of England.

The President rose to receive them.

"Mr. Dunlap, I am happy to meet you," he said; "and these, I presume, are the young investigators."

Uncle Tom introduced his party, one by one.

"And so you are studying the Government of the United States from the real article and not from books? A good idea," said the President.

"Yes, sir," said ready Jack. "We think it's great. And we begin with you—next to the Constitution—as the nation's chief."

"Its chief working-man, perhaps, my boy," said the President, smiling.

"After all, ladies and gentlemen," he added, bowing, "it is more than a form of words to say that I am only your humble servant—the servant of the people. I am what one of the gentlemen who occupied this house years ago called himself—'an old public functionary.'"

"That was President Buchanan, was it not, sir?" asked Bert.

"Yes," the President replied; "a man who held office in most perplexing times. I have to work pretty hard myself, boys, but I don't think I should care to exchange places with him."

"But you could n't, Mr. President," Marian declared; "you 're not old, to begin with."

The President smiled upon the giver of this unconscious compliment.

"Perhaps it would be better if I were, my dear," he said. "One of our own American poets, you know, said 'age is opportunity,' did n't he?"

"Yes, sir," said Christine; "I think it was Longfellow; my cousin lives near where he did," and she designated Roger with a wave of her hand.

"Ah, from the Hub, my boy?" inquired the President; and Bert confessed that he hailed from the vicinity of the gilded dome and Memorial Hall.

"Well," said the President, "Boston was one of the centers of America's opportunities; and opportunity, after all, is what each one of us must seize and make the most of, if we wish to show the world what there is in us—no matter whether we are overworked Presidents or a wide-awake group of young investigators. Make the most of your opportunities, boys and girls. You have a magnificent chance, in this America of ours, to turn them into good and lasting work. Do you stay in Washington long, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Long enough to let these young folks see as much as possible, Mr. President," Uncle Tom replied.

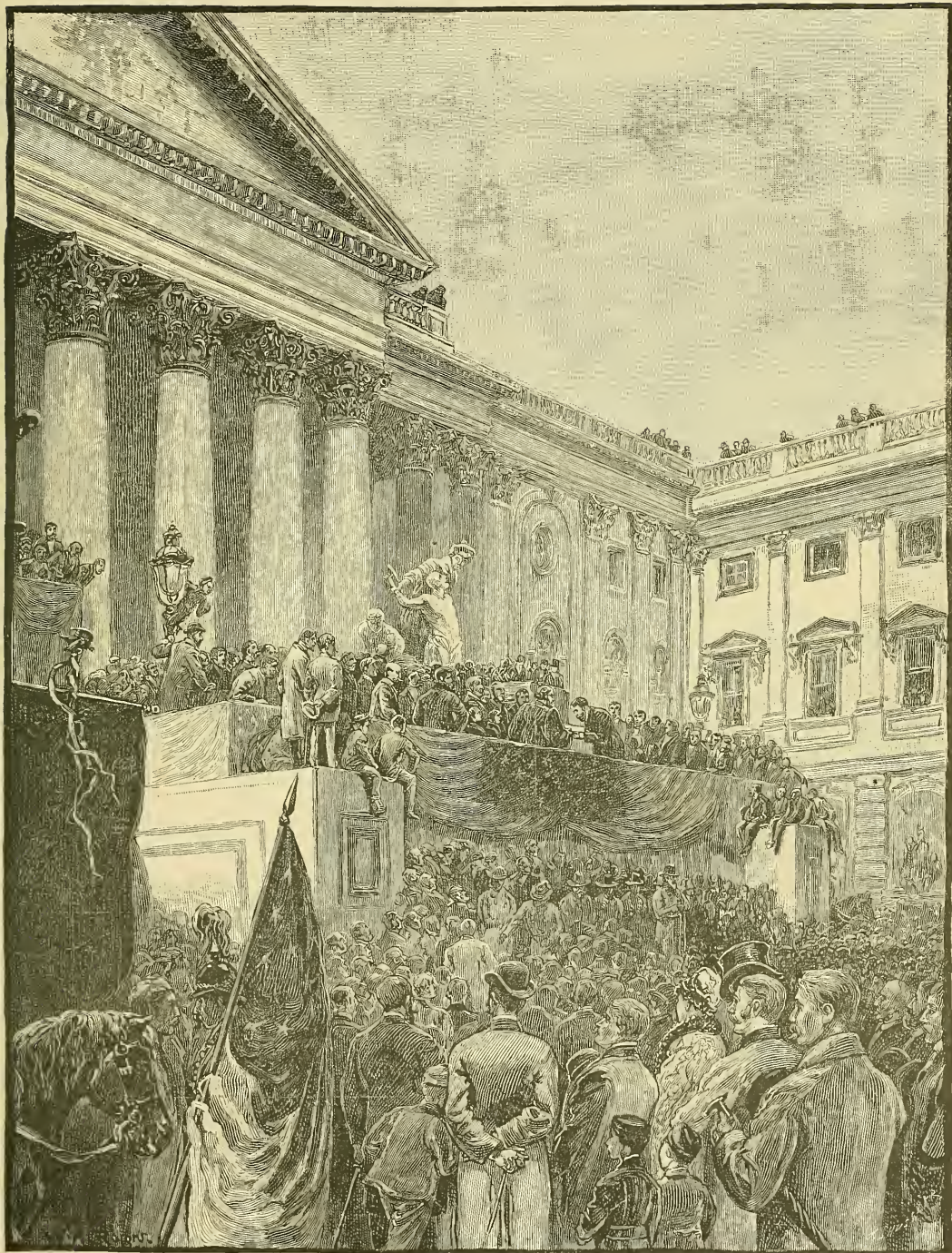
"That is wise," said the President. "They are sure to see what is best here, and never notice what is questionable or faulty. That is the glorious privilege of youth. I shall hope to see you again before you go."

Uncle Tom, realizing that this was a hint for dismissal, and aware that an eager crowd of applicants were awaiting their turn, motioned to Jack; and the boys and girls, shaking the President's extended hand, received his friendly good-byes.

"This evening is one of the extra reception nights," he said. "As a rule, our public receptions are on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, but to-night there is a special one. Why not let your boys and girls join the crowd, and study it, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Thank you, Mr. President; they will be glad to, I know," said Uncle Tom. And then he and his "tourists" withdrew.

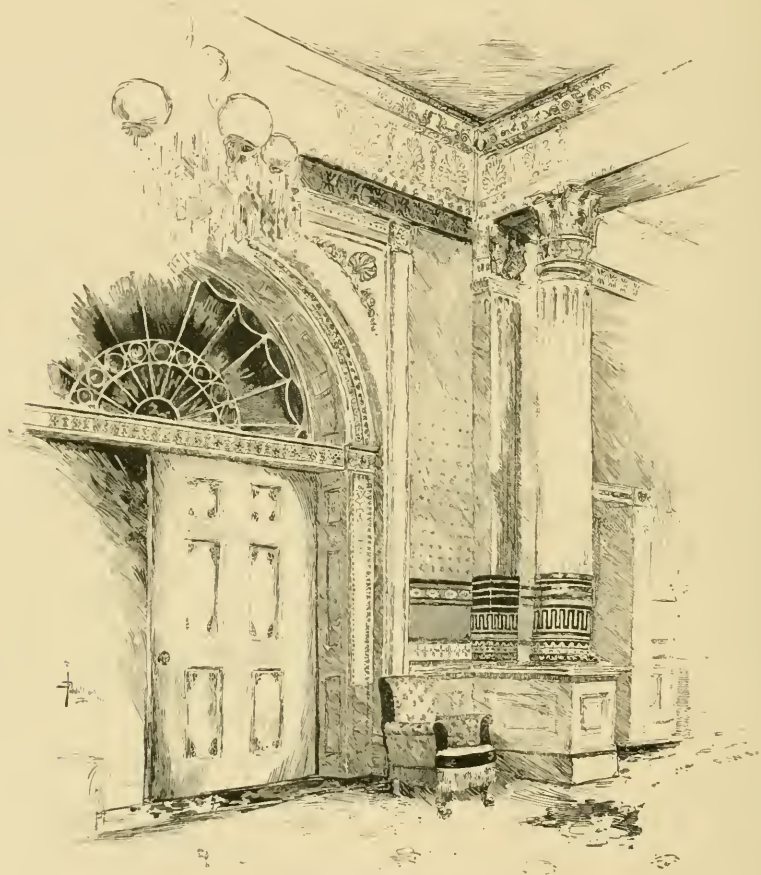
In the corridor Marian fairly jumped up and down.



THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.
(JAMES A. GARFIELD, MARCH 4, 1881.)

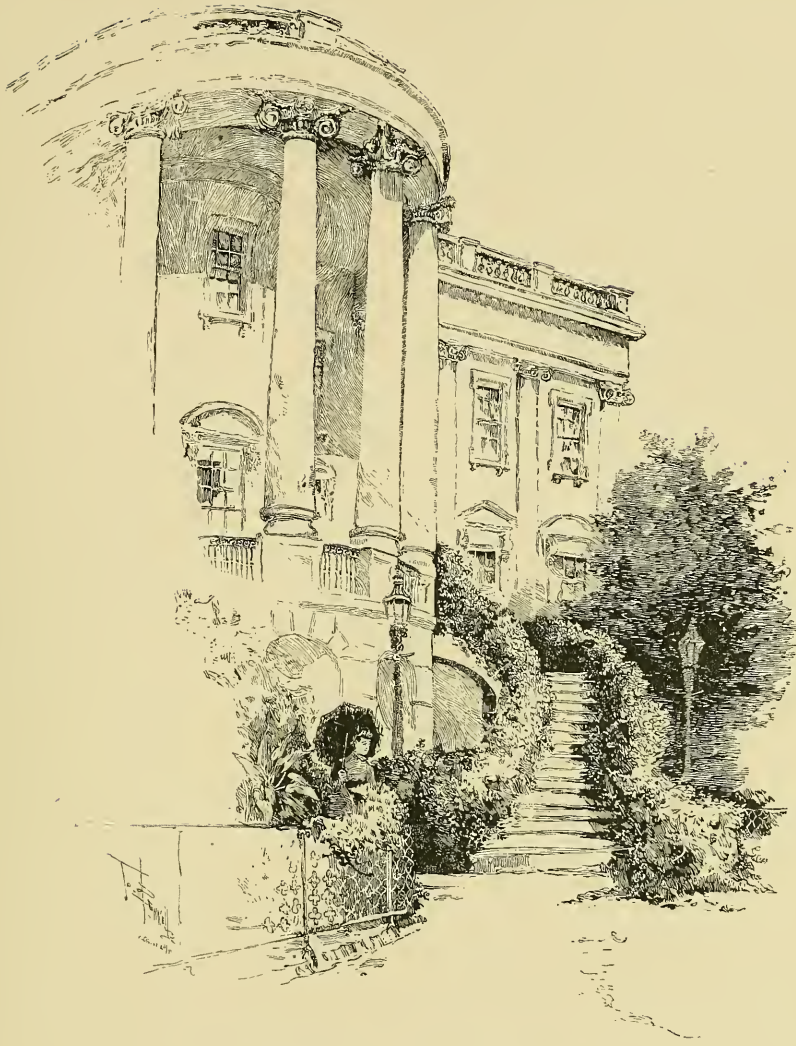
“Was n't it fine?” she said. “Just think! we've seen the President.”

Then Uncle Tom walked his young people through the White House, a card from his friend to one of the ushers securing for him special privileges. The boys and girls saw the public portion of that notable and historic house. They wandered at their leisure through the big East Room, eighty feet long by forty wide, in which all the public receptions of the President



CORNER OF THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

are held. They inspected and admired the beautiful suite of state-rooms opening from it—the Green Room, the Blue Room, and the Red Room. They passed behind the sash-screen of stained glass in the vestibule; they promenaded through the long corridor; they investigated the state dining-room; they visited the beautiful conservatories. They passed up the stairway and saw the Cabinet Room, in which the President and his chief advisers dis-



THE SOUTHERN PORTICO OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

cuss the affairs of the nation. They looked at the Executive office and ante-rooms; they were devoured with curiosity to peep into the private rooms of the mansion, devoted to the family life of the President; but here they were restrained by the usher's veto and Uncle Tom's warning. Then, at last, they gathered upon the colonnaded balcony on the southern side of the White House and looked across the verdant lawn to the broad and bright Potomac and the blue Virginia hills.

"Oh, what a lovely lawn!" exclaimed Christine.

"Here 's where the Washington children come for their Easter egg-rolling, is n't it, Uncle Tom?" Marian asked.



EASTER EGG-ROLLING, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Yes; this is the spot," her uncle answered.

"I 've read about that, too," said Christine. "How I should like to see it!"

"So should I," said Marian. "Do you know, if I were here for just that day I should n't know which to do—see the egg-rolling, or call on the President."

"Well, you could have your choice," began Jack; "they 'd both of 'em be on exhibition;" but here he was promptly squelched by Bert and Roger.

"What do you think of it, boys and girls?" said Uncle Tom. "The President is well housed, is n't he?"

"As fine as a king," declared Roger.

"Is it as grand as a king's palace, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired.

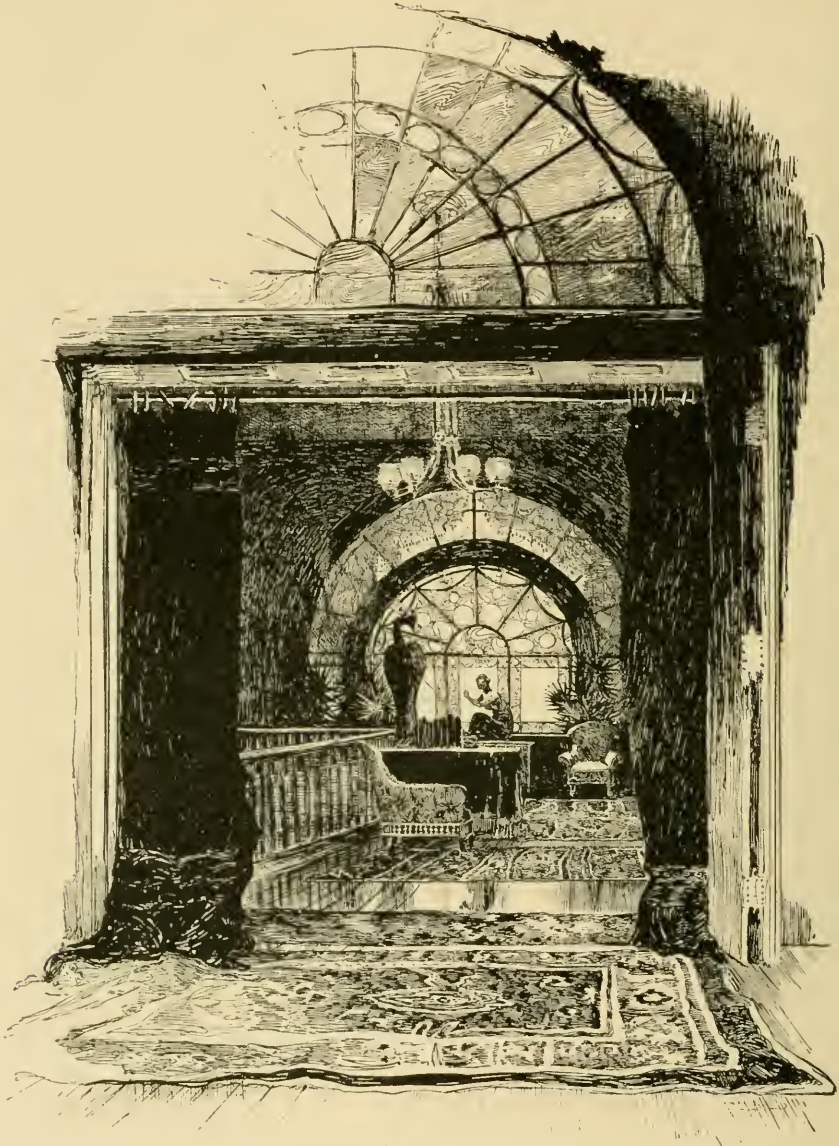
"Well, there are some palaces that are grander," Uncle Tom admitted. "But there are few that are more interesting. In fact, the White House was, I believe, designed after an Irish palace,—the residence of the Dukes of Leinster, near Dublin."

"The Green Isle forever!" cried Jack. "Just see; we get even our people's palace from St. Patrick. Who was the architect, Uncle Tom?"

"Why, he was an Irishman, too; a young South Carolinian named Hoban," his uncle replied.

Then Mr. Dunlap told them the story of the White House—how it was the first public building completed in the new city, which Washington had selected as the site of the capital of the young republic, and to which his name was given; how Washington himself had helped lay the corner-stone one October day in the year 1792; how he and his noble wife had walked through the completed building only a few days before his death in 1799; how it was wantonly destroyed by British invaders in the year 1814, and how Mrs. Madison had to "unavoidably postpone" her dinner-party, and run for her life; how it was at once repaired and completed by the same architect, Hoban, and formally reoccupied by President Monroe; and how, ever since his day, with frequent house-cleanings, alterations, and renovations, it has been the Executive Mansion of the United States.

"Many people criticize it," said Uncle Tom. "They say it is not grand enough for so great and rich a nation. They say it is old, inconvenient, and ramshackly. They say it should be used only for the business offices of the President, and that a new and splendid mansion should be built for the President's real residence. But I am not so sure that such a change would be wise. With all our riches we should be simple, and with all our greatness we should be modest. The White House seems to me to fill the bill."



WEST WINDOW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

“Why, I think it’s just splendid,” said Marian. “Think of having your home in a house that Washington built and Lincoln lived in! If I were President I should n’t want to live anywhere else.”

“So she should live in it,” said Jack, teasingly. “When she’s President she sha’n’t live anywhere else, so she sha’n’t.”

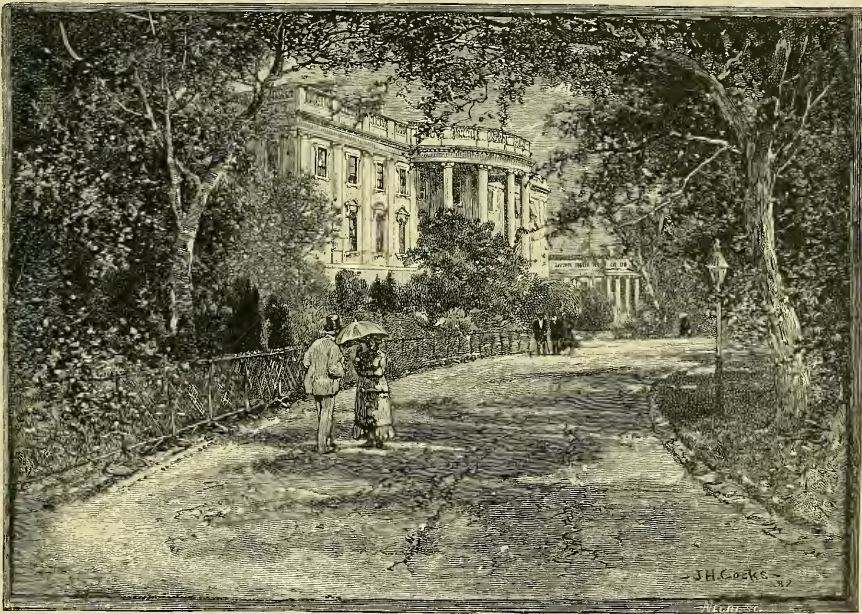
“Do be still, Jack Dunlap,” said Marian, laughing. “Who knows? Perhaps I may. Why should n’t women be presidents, Uncle Tom?”

And all the answer wise Uncle Tom made was, “Why should n’t they?”

“But how did we come to have a President, anyway?” asked Bert, always thirsting for information. “Was there any worry over that, as there was over the Constitution?”

“Indeed there was, Bert,” Uncle Tom replied. “It was really a matter of wide and long discussion. For, you see, when it was decided to make of the United States a united nation, there was a great deal of talk as to just what sort of a nation it should be, and what should be the position and duties of the man who should stand at its head. It was to be a nation in which the people were to have both interest and voice. ‘We, the people of the United States—’ as they said in their written Constitution—covenanted together. The people were to rule the Republic. The Congress of the people was to make the laws. But, when the laws were made, who was to carry them out? That was the question. Who was to stand as the executive head of the nation?”

“Why, George Washington, of course,” said Jack. “Who else was there?”



REAR VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM NEAR THE GREENHOUSE.—TREASURY BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE.

“That was all right for a starter, Jack,” Uncle Tom admitted, “but the people were building for the future. Washington could not live forever.”

“But he does, you know,” persisted Jack. “He lives in the hearts of his countrymen.”

“Do be still, Jack,” Marian cried impatiently. “You talk too much. Don’t listen to him, Uncle Tom.”

“For three days,” said Uncle Tom, “the Constitutional Convention of 1787 debated who should be chief of the Republic and what should be his title. There were a few timid ones who had the traditional faith in a king and a monarchy.”

“Ho! a king in America!” republican Jack burst out.

“I read something about that,” said Bert. “They wanted to offer the crown to one of the sons of King George. He was only a boy, and he was called—let me see—the Bishop of Osnaburgh, was n’t he?”

“A boy, and a bishop!—worse and worse!” cried Jack.

“Yes, there was some such talk as that, I believe,” Uncle Tom replied. “But it never amounted to anything, of course. Ever since the first step toward liberty, the firm determination of the people had been quite away from any idea of king or monarchy.”

“Well, I guess!” interjected Jack.

“But they could n’t settle on the best way,” Uncle Tom said. “One delegate wanted three heads for the nation—one for each of the three sections into which he wished the country divided. It is going to be a big nation, he argued, and it will become too big for an undivided Republic. Another delegate wished a single executive head joined with an advisory council; and still another advocated a single head without a council. But, out of all this discussion, action came at last, and the general design, outlined years before by Alexander Hamilton, was adopted. The republican spirit conquered all other suggestions, and the head of the nation was called the President.”

“Just the President—nothing more?” queried Roger.

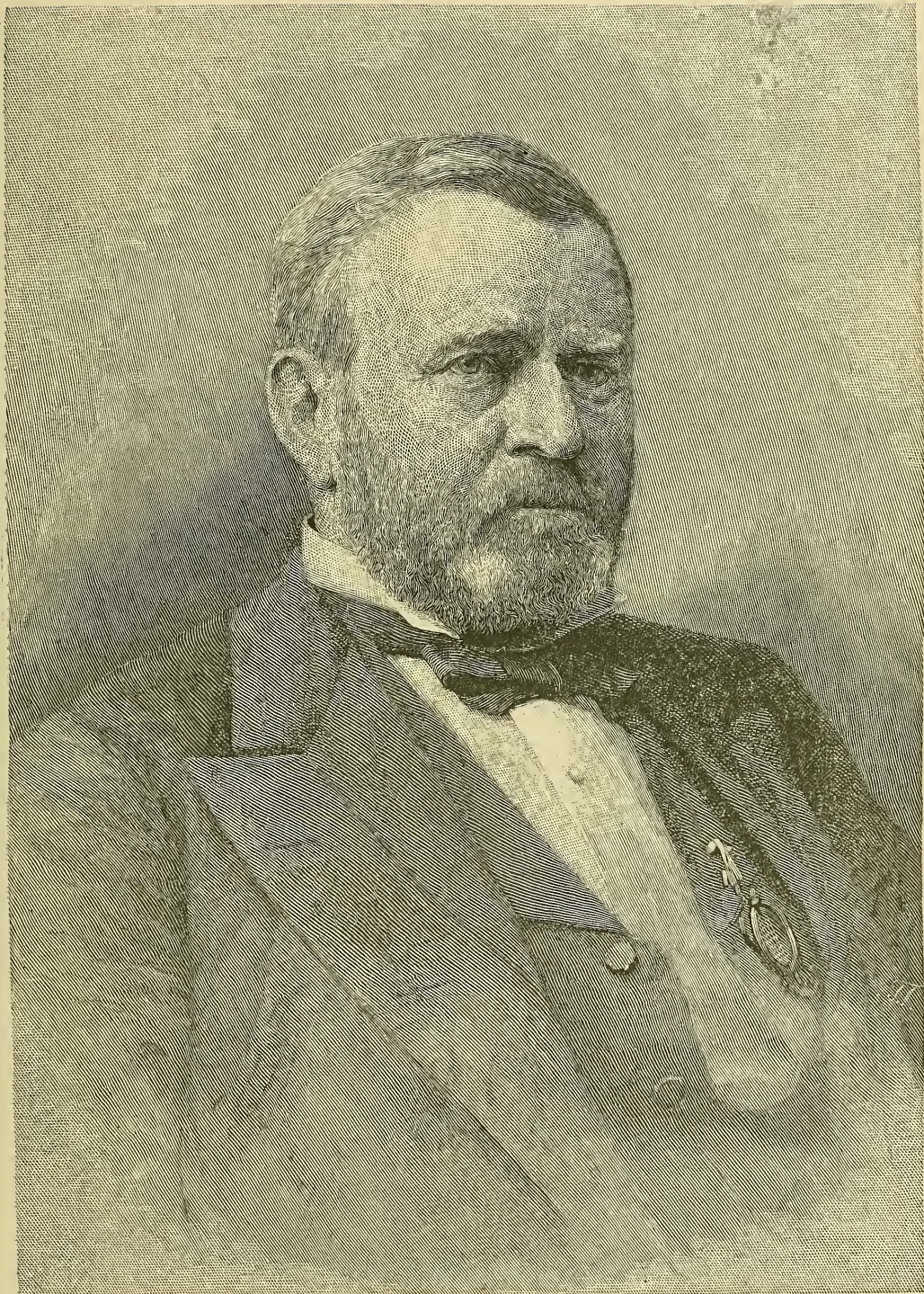
“Just the President. Simplicity was the order of the day, and the suggestion of one committee that it would be the thing to address the head of the nation as ‘His Highness the President of the United States of America and the Protector of their Liberty’ found no favor whatever.”

“I should think not,” cried Jack. “Whew! what a mouthful!”

“So it was resolved that the address should be simply ‘the President of the United States.’ And ‘Mr. President’ it has been to this day.”

“Thank goodness for that!” said Jack. “Suppose, when we had been introduced to that very nice gentleman up-stairs, we should have had to ko-tow down to the floor and say, ‘Your resplendent High Mightiness, how does your Supreme Effulgence sagatiate?’ No, sir; ‘Mr. President’ is all right. It just suits us, it does.”

“I quite agree with Jack, though I cannot clothe my reasons in the classic and polished language which flows so naturally from his lips,” said Uncle Tom, while all joined in the laugh with him. “Simplicity is often the strongest speech and the most dignified.”



PRESIDENT GRANT.

“But what does the President have to do, Uncle Tom?” Bert inquired. “From what he said to us one would think he had to work terribly hard.”

“Well; he works hard enough, Bert,” Uncle Tom replied. “The Consti-



IN THE CONSERVATORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

tution gave him four distinct powers or sets of duties. These have to do with home affairs, with foreign affairs, with law matters, and with giving people offices.”

“And the last power makes him more trouble than all the others put together, does it not, Mr. Dunlap?” Roger remarked. “That ’s what my father says.”

“Well, so it seems, Roger,” Mr. Dunlap answered. “The President has the ‘say’ about who shall be selected to work for the Government, from ten-thousand-dollar ambassadors down to thousand-dollar postmasters—provided the Senate agrees to his selection. And as there are about fifty persons asking for every office, you can imagine how pestered the President is by the over-eager people they call office-seekers.”

“Men who want a job, where there is little to do and a good deal to get; eh, Uncle Tom?” Jack put in.

“Well, I don’t know, Jack,” his uncle replied; “there is not such a little to do nor such a great deal to get; but every American citizen seems to want an office for himself or a friend. There is a story told of President Lincoln that one day, in the darkest time of the war, a friend met him and thought he seemed worried. ‘You look anxious, Mr. President,’ the friend remarked. ‘Is there bad news from the front?’ And the perplexed President responded, ‘Oh, no; it is n’t the war that worries me; it ’s that postmaster-ship at Brownsville, Ohio.’”

“It does seem a shame to put so much on him,” Christine remarked. “Can’t some one else do it?”

“They might,” said Mr. Dunlap, “but they don’t. You see it is what is called one of the President’s prerogatives. Then, too, he has to please the Senate. If they don’t like the men he appoints they say so, and the President has to fight it out or make other selections, and so the work and the worry go on.”

“Then he does n’t have the real ‘say,’ after all, does he?” said Bert.

“Why, no; not absolutely,” Uncle Tom replied. “It is, of course, a great thing to be President of the United States. And yet, as a matter of fact, the President, to-day, is only in theory the hand that carries out the will of the people as expressed in the Constitution and in the laws made by Congress. Of course he exerts a great moral influence by reason of his position and his power of filling offices. But he has to yield to others in everything. He can make treaties with foreign powers—but the Senate can say to him, yes or no. He appoints persons to fill important places of trust—but the Senate has the final word. He can suggest measures and methods in a communication to Congress called the ‘President’s message’—but Congress considers and determines upon them. You see, then, he is only, as he told you, your servant—the servant of the people. He has no



AN OFFICE-SEEKER.

more real power than I have or than you will have, boys, when you come to be voters. So you see your power."

"Ah! Bert, what will you have?" Jack cried; "the Post-office Department? Roger, what will you be? — Minister to Russia? I'll see to it when I begin to vote. I shall have the say."



THE LIBRARY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

"Still, the President does have power," Uncle Tom went on. "If Congress passes a bill he does not like he can put his foot down (by what is called his veto) and say it shall not be; and unless Congress is strong enough to pass that bill by a two-thirds vote it cannot become a law. In times of desperate danger and turmoil, when the very life of the nation is threatened and action must be quick, sharp, and determined, the President can assume almost unlimited power. In time of war he is Commander-in-Chief. Then his will is law. Then the man whom the people have called to sail the ship of State must be a wise, safe man upon whom the people can rely. For he must stand at the wheel, and, with a firm hand guide the ship safely past the threatening reefs and rocks and breakers. The President must be a strong man, you see."

"And suppose he dies, what then?" asked Marian.

“Then the Vice-President becomes President,” replied Uncle Tom. “Until that time comes, he is elected simply to stand and wait.”

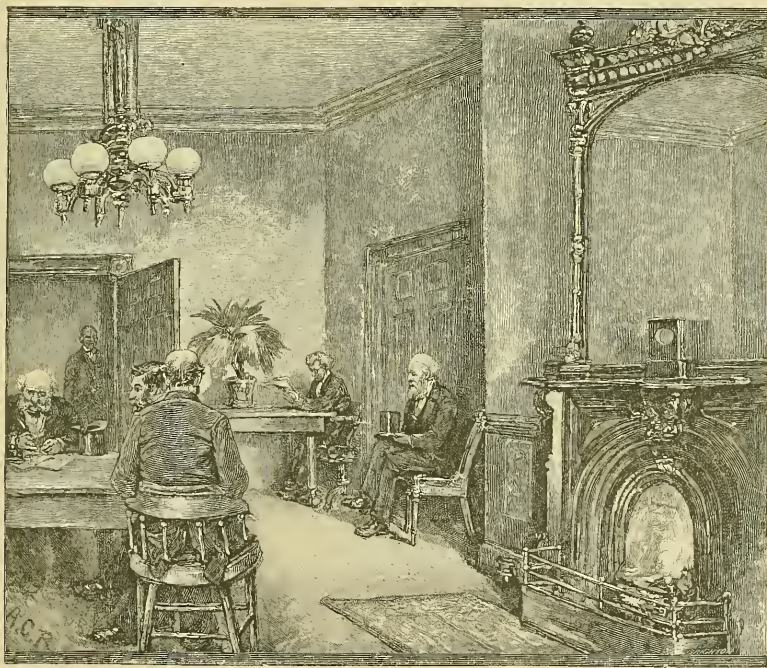
“They also serve who only stand and wait,”

quoted Christine; and Jack said, “Ahem! Shakspeare—no—Milton, I mean.”

“The Vice-President is, therefore, hardly more than a name,” said Uncle Tom. “If the President dies, or for any reason is unable to act, the Vice-President, as I told you, becomes acting or actual President. But, until that time, he is only a substitute, except for his extra duty as chairman or presiding officer of the upper legislative house—for, by virtue of his office as Vice-President, he is president of the Senate.”

“But suppose the Vice-President dies,” persisted Marian, “then who is President?”

“Marian, you make me tired,” said Jack. “You make me think of the story of the woman who pestered the engineer on the Mount Washington



THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

railroad. ‘Suppose this thing should give out?’ she said. ‘Then that thing would hold us,’ replied the engineer. ‘But suppose that thing should give out?’ ‘Then this other thing would hold us,’ said the engineer. ‘But suppose this other thing should give out?’ persisted the passenger, ‘then



INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MARCH 4, 1861. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

where would we go to?' 'Well, madam,' replied the weary engineer, 'that depends entirely upon how you have been brought up.'

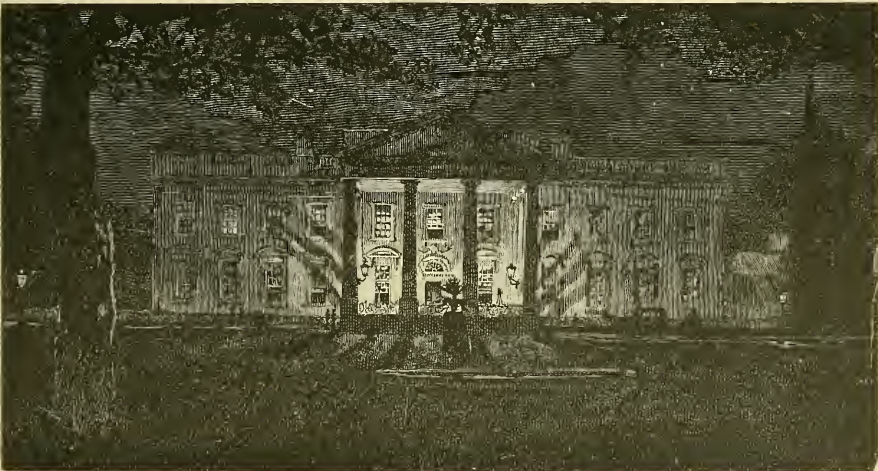
And with a laugh at Jack's story, Uncle Tom and his "tourists" went down the stairs from the balcony, and walked through the beautiful "President's grounds."

They were wide and cool and shady. There were long stretches of lawn, great masses of shrubbery; lofty, wide-spreading trees; fountains and seats and graveled walks, and off in the distance views of the needle-like obelisk of the Washington Monument and the hills beyond the Potomac. The children voted the "President's grounds" fine. They looked with approval upon the President's house, "even though it is n't as fine as Vanderbilt's," said Marian, and they came away with even their youthful inquisitiveness

satisfied. For they had seen the very spot in the East Room where the coffin of Lincoln rested, the very spot upon which stood young Nellie Grant on her wedding-day; they had seen the window in the Blue Room through which President Garfield was brought, the victim of an assassin's bullet; they had stood in the little room, now the office of the private secretary, in which Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation; they had visited the little room in which "Old Hickory" Jackson would smoke his dearly loved corn-cob pipe. They had seen just where the Easter eggs were rolled down the sloping green lawn; just where the White House children took their daily airings; they had talked with the man who had served as usher in the Executive Mansion since President Lincoln's time.

The "tourists" came again to the White House. They acted upon the President's suggestion and attended his public reception that very evening. They enjoyed it immensely. They saw the people; they joined the throng that passed the portals of the mansion; they wandered through the rooms with the stream of patriotic, partizan, curious, and critical visitors, all bent upon the same errand—to shake hands with the President of the United States. They did so. In the crowded and brilliantly lighted East Room they received a word and a smile of kindly recognition; they "studied folks" to their hearts' content, and then went to their hotel, and to bed.

"My, my!" said Marian, sleepily, as she and Christine said good night to each other, "how I pity that poor President! He did look so tired, and so bored. And how his hand must ache! Bed's better."

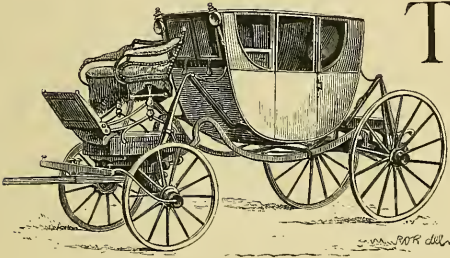


THE WHITE HOUSE BY NIGHT.

CHAPTER IV

THE CABINET

Uncle Tom insists on "taking it easy"—His "Council Chamber"—A talk on the Cabinet—The national riddle—Why it is called the Cabinet; what it does and what famous men have been in it.



WASHINGTON'S STATE COACH.

THE next morning the children were anxious to start out at once, investigating. But Uncle Tom chipped his eggs and sipped his coffee with a leisurely air that was exasperating to go-ahead Jack, anxious to be forever on the move.

"Take it easy; take it easy, my dear and breathless young fellow-citizens," said Uncle Tom. "We're not rushing to catch a train. You're as restless as if you were bound for a ball-game. We are here for investigation, but not for exhaustion. What would your fathers and mothers say if I tried to work you to death? Your legs must be rested as well as exercised; and so must your eyes and brains. You girls are to stay here until eleven o'clock. Boys, you can hire bicycles just around the corner. Go out for an hour's spin and then come back here for a session. There is no better city in the world for bicycling than Washington. But—only an hour's spin, remember. We have work in hand."

The girls were inclined to rebel at the enforced idleness, and to grumble, as girls will, because they were not boys. But Uncle Tom was firm, and his word was law.

The boys took their spin as far as Dupont Circle, up and down the broad and stately Massachusetts Avenue, lined with fine houses and shaded by rows of linden-trees. When they returned, the tourists gathered for a talk in Uncle Tom's room. It was a large, pleasant apartment, and the children called it the "council-chamber."

Uncle Tom laid aside his morning paper.

“Do you remember,” he said, “when we were in the Cabinet Room at the White House yesterday, and Jack sat in the President’s chair at the long table, that I propounded that old stager of a conundrum: ‘Round the house and ‘round the house and yet never touches the house?’”



MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, NEAR DUFONT CIRCLE.

“Yes,” answered Marian; “and I wondered what under the sun the Cabinet Room had to do with your riddle.”

“It suggested it,” said Uncle Tom. “That’s all; for the Cabinet is, in a way, the national riddle.”

“How’s that, Uncle Tom?” Bert asked. “The Cabinet is the President’s board of advisers, is n’t it?”

“Advisers whose advice he need not take; a board of whose proceedings no record is kept,” replied Uncle Tom. “The Cabinet is not recognized in law; the Constitution says nothing about it; it is responsible, as a Cabinet, to no one for what it may say or do; it exists simply at the pleasure of the President, and could be ignored by him, if he so desired, without censure or penalty. And yet the President regularly seeks its advice, and the Cabinet is, indeed, an important part of our government machinery.”

“Well, that’s a funny thing, surely,” said Roger. “What is this Cabinet, then, Mr. Dunlap, and what does it do?”

“I told you it was the national riddle,” Uncle Tom said. “It’s only another case of ‘round the house and ‘round the house and yet never

touches the house.' But, to one who looks at it closely, the riddle is easily solved. The President's Cabinet is a group of representative American citizens, called by the President to assist him in his duties. The members are responsible to the President for what they say and for what they do. Appointed to serve not so much as a Cabinet officer as head of a government department, each one of them has charge of a special line of duty and of work, and each one is anxious to make a good record as a wise, practical, and successful director of affairs. Twice each week, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon on Tuesday and Friday, these eight gentlemen go to the White House and, joining the President around the long table we saw in the Cabinet Room, they talk over, discuss, suggest, and advise, so that the President, after they have left him, may consider what has been said—and then do as he deems best. This is the Cabinet."



THE CABINET ROOM.

"But why is it called a Cabinet, Mr. Dunlap?" Christine inquired. "I thought a cabinet was a piece of furniture like a sideboard or a wardrobe, meant to hold things for use or ornament."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" said Jack. "A cabinet is something wooden that holds things. If the newspapers run by the fellows whose party is not in office tell the truth, that's what a President's Cabinet always is

— wooden-headed chaps who play ‘Hold fast all I give you’ better than any of us can do when we go to parties.”

Uncle Tom held up his hands in mock protest. “Have we a young cynic among us?” he cried. “Jack, Jack! you are surely cut out to run one of those same opposition newspapers!”

“Cut out to run one!” exclaimed Bert. “Why, don’t you know that he does? Is n’t he the editor of *The Nonpareil*, one of the brightest lights in amateur journalism? You should just read one of his slashing editorials.”

“That ’s so,” said Uncle Tom; “I forgot that we had a member of the Fourth Estate in our party. This, then, is for his and your better informa-

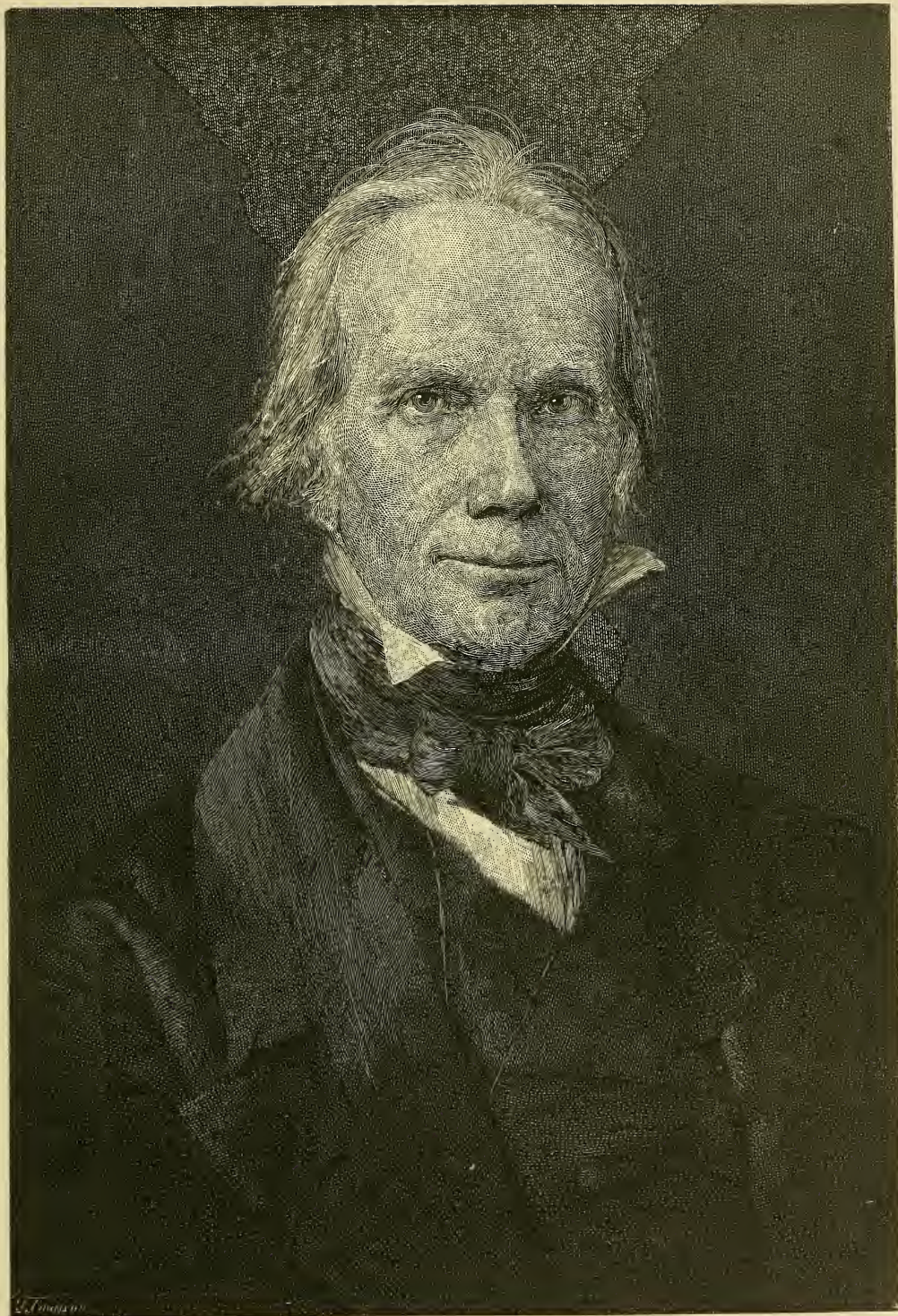
tion. The word Cabinet, as we use it politically, has a peculiar history. When the imported German prince George Louis, Elector of Hanover, came to the throne of England under the title of King George the First — I told you how, you know, when I tried to puzzle you with my story of the king who had a grandmother — he could not speak English and his chief advisers could not speak German. His ministers therefore consulted apart from the king in his Majesty’s private room or Cabinet — so called from the French

word *cabine*, meaning a small room. After they had talked things over they went in to the king and told him what they had done in a mixed English and German jargon — a sort of ‘hog Latin,’ you might think. These ministers came, at last, to be known, because of the little room in which they consulted, as the Cabinet Ministers, or the Cabinet. This word found its way across the Atlantic and so, in time, was given to the men who were selected as his advisers by the President of the United States, when that nation had become independent of the English Georges.”

“Is n’t it funny how words travel!” exclaimed Marian. “To think that we should call the men who help our President run things, after an old room where they used to talk ‘hog Latin’ to a Dutchman! But how do they help the President run things, Uncle Tom, if what they tell him does n’t amount to anything?”



“THE EDITOR OF ‘THE NONPAREIL.’”



HENRY CLAY, SECRETARY OF STATE UNDER PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE UNDER PRESIDENTS LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

“Don’t misunderstand me, Marian,” said Uncle Tom. “What they advise does amount to something. It sometimes means a great deal. I simply said the President was not obliged to act upon their advice. And these Cabinet Ministers have plenty of work outside the Cabinet. You know how it is in your father’s big business. He can’t look after everything; so he has men with brains to help him keep things going. He divides his business into departments, and at the head of each department he puts a man whom he can trust,—a man who knows just how your father wishes things

run and who tries to run them accordingly. It is just that way with the President of the United States. He is the responsible head of the nation. The business affairs of the nation are divided into eight great departments. At the heads of these departments the President places men whom he has picked out as capable of running them successfully — men who are in sympathy with his desires, his plans, and his policy. When Washington was made President there were but four of these departments. From time to time others were created, and now there are eight — the Departments of State, of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy, of the Post Office, of the Interior, of Justice, and of Agriculture. The officers at the heads of these departments are called Secretaries, with the exception of those who have charge of the departments of the Post Office and of Justice; these two are known as the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General.”

“But why should they be generals instead of secretaries?” asked Bert.

“Well, I really don’t know, Bert,” Uncle Tom replied, “unless it is because they have the general oversight, rather than the control, of the postmasters and the district attorneys throughout the country. They are the generals of our armies of postmasters and attorneys. But, whatever the distinction between them, these eight men are selected and appointed by the President, ‘by and with the advice and consent of the Senate,’ as the Constitution says — that is, the Senate ‘confirms’ or says ‘all right’ to the President’s choice.”

“Then Congress does have something to say in the matter?” Roger remarked.

“Oh, yes,” Mr. Dunlap replied. “It has very much to say. For if the Senate refuses to confirm the President’s appointments, he must select other men for his Cabinet, and keep at it until the Senate is suited.”

“But that is a regular lockout,” Jack declared. “If I were the President, I’d strike!”

“You would n’t need to strike very often,” said Uncle Tom, “for, as a rule, the Senate always confirms the President’s Cabinet nominations. It would be most unwise to tie his hands at the start. So, even a Congress not in political sympathy with the President ‘gives him a show,’ as you boys say, by letting him have the assistance of the Cabinet officers he desires. For, you see, these officers are responsible to the President for what they do, and are, in fact, no different from the heads of other departments, except that they are selected by the President as his confidential advisers. The President is responsible to Congress for them; their acts are, practically, his acts; they are not permitted to have vote or voice in Congress; even their annual reports are made to the President and not to Congress. So, you see,

it is necessary for the President to make good appointments and to keep in touch, as we say, with his eight secretaries. Hence, he has the regular Cabinet meetings in that room we saw in the White House, for consultation and advice."

"But sometimes — for so you said, Mr. Dunlap — the President does things without consulting his Cabinet. Does not that make trouble?" Roger asked.

"No, Roger," Uncle Tom replied. "As I have told you, the President is alone responsible for his acts and sometimes has to take things into his own hands. In time of war or in cases of emergency, the President is above Cabinet and Congress. He is then more powerful than any king. Then a bad President could be a tyrant; even a good President is almost a dictator."

"Have there been such times?" Christine inquired.

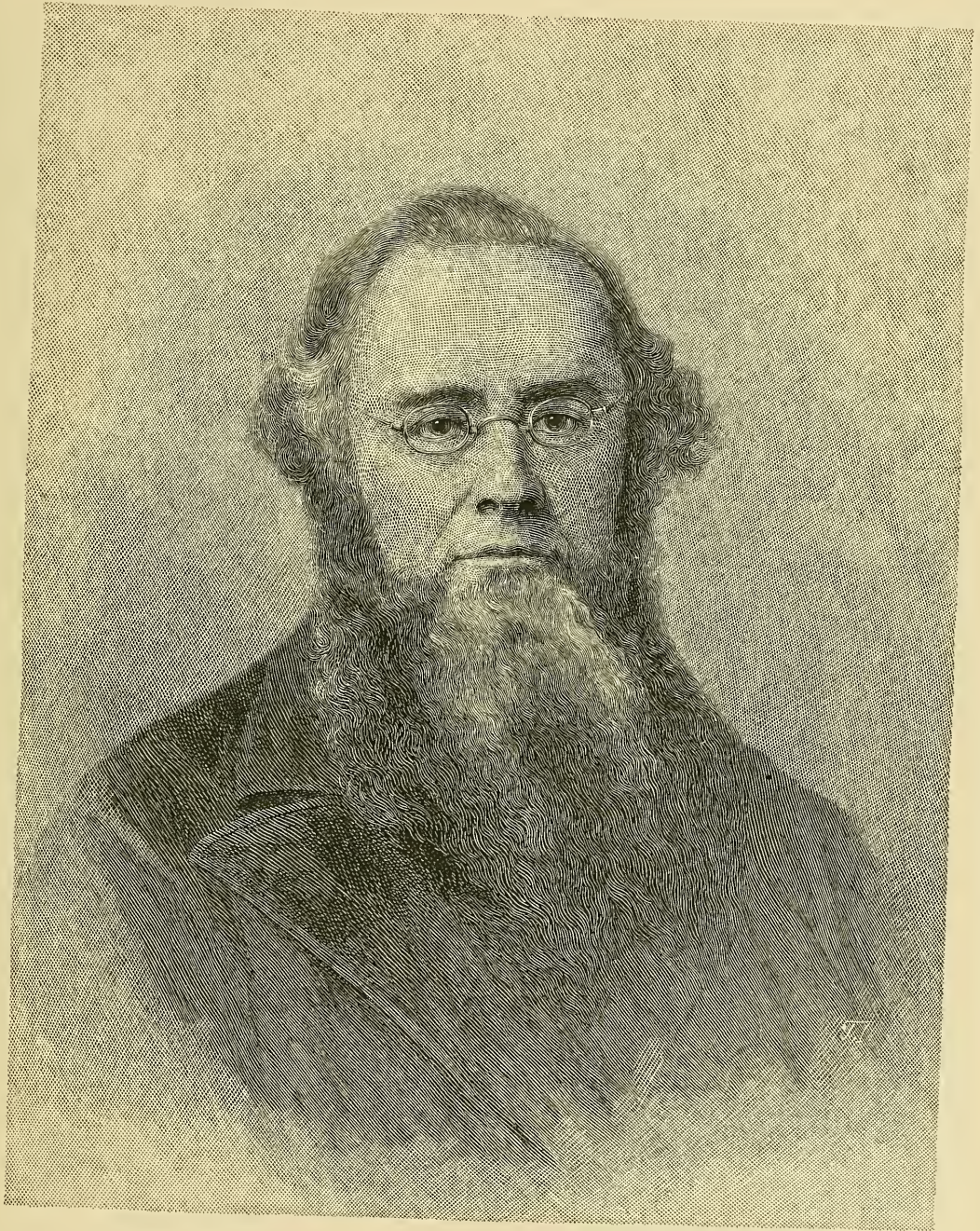
"Yes, several of them," said Uncle Tom. "President Jefferson decided one of the most important acts in American history without asking the advice of his Cabinet; that was the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon, in 1803. President Polk, in 1846, occupied Mexican territory without the consent of Congress, and opened the war with Mexico. Lincoln decided upon his mighty Emancipation Proclamation without consulting his Cabinet, although he read it to them before signing. In fact, President Lincoln exercised what are known as his 'war powers,' almost like a dictator. He called but few Cabinet meetings. But, in that day of terrible stress, even the Constitution itself, the very law of the land, had to stand aside, and the great President acted upon his own responsibility."

"But he was a great and good man," Bert declared solemnly.

"He was indeed," his uncle acknowledged; "and that is why the people trusted to his wisdom, and Congress sanctioned his acts. They knew that great occasions call for speedy action. They knew that when the life of the nation was threatened it was both dangerous and disloyal to delay things by worrying about just what the Constitution meant; for, if the war could not be victoriously ended —"

"It was good-by to the Constitution, too," put in Jack.

"Exactly; the Constitution would be of no value if the nation were not victorious," said Uncle Tom. "So Lincoln's acts were all justified. The result proved his wisdom. But, in less able and patriotic hands, the 'war powers' granted him might have been full of danger; a tyrant might wreck the republic, if he had the selfishness of a Cæsar and the will of a Napoleon. Happily, however, such times as that are rare, and great tyrants have not been known to our history. Abraham Lincoln was, providentially, the man for the hour."



EDWIN M. STANTON, ATTORNEY-GENERAL UNDER PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, AND SECRETARY OF WAR UNDER PRESIDENTS LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

“But about the Cabinet,” said Bert, returning to the main topic; “is it not always made up of the political friends of the President?”

“Nowadays it is,” Uncle Tom replied; “or, at least, of men who are of



WILLIAM M. EVARTS, ATTORNEY-GENERAL UNDER PRESIDENT JOHNSON,
SECRETARY OF STATE UNDER PRESIDENT HAYES.

the President's politics. At first this was not really so. When Washington was chosen President, he belonged to no party. He represented the whole American people. Parties had not yet come in to divide American politics. So, Washington did not feel bound to choose, as his secretaries, men who believed just as he did. He knew there were differences of opinion, but no differences of policy. He alone was responsible for his acts as President. His desire was simply to appoint the best men as his advisers. In his Cabinet, therefore, were Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Hamilton, who framed the Constitution. These two great men were absolutely opposed to each other in opinions, but, though their difference in opinions led finally to open hostility as politics grew into parties, President Washington kept them both as his advisers. Adams, our second President, followed the same course. But with Jefferson, our third President, political parties had grown politically hostile, and Jefferson selected as his Cabinet

men who were of his political way of thinking. All succeeding Presidents have done the same; and to this day the Cabinet of a President is made up, exclusively, of his political friends, associates, or supporters."

"And that is right, too," partizan Jack stoutly asserted. "It would n't be the square thing to have a Cabinet made up of different politics. Why, the President could n't 'play ball' at all. It would be like making up a Harvard team with Yale and Princeton players. How would that be, eh, Roger?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Boston boy; "you 'd have every man on the field kicking before the teams lined up."

"Well, that 's about so, boys," Uncle Tom admitted. "It is no more than fair that the man who sails the ship should make up his crew to suit



EDWARD EVERETT, SECRETARY OF STATE UNDER PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

himself. There is, to use your forcible word, plenty of 'kicking,' as it is. To have a divided Cabinet would mean one continual wrangle."

"There have been some great men in the Cabinets, though, have there not, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired.

"Yes, indeed, Marian," Uncle Tom replied. "Let 's see! Whom can I

recall? Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, Randolph, Marshall, Gallatin, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Wirt, Van Buren, Clay, Webster, Ewing, Everett, Marcy, Crittenden, Cass, Bancroft, Seward, Fessenden, Stanton, Evarts, Sherman, Blaine—these, at any rate, I can give you as names who have made Presidents' Cabinets strong. Others could be added to this list, but these are enough to show you that the advisers of our Presidents have included men whom the nation delights to honor, and who have left their mark forever stamped upon the fabric of their country's greatness."

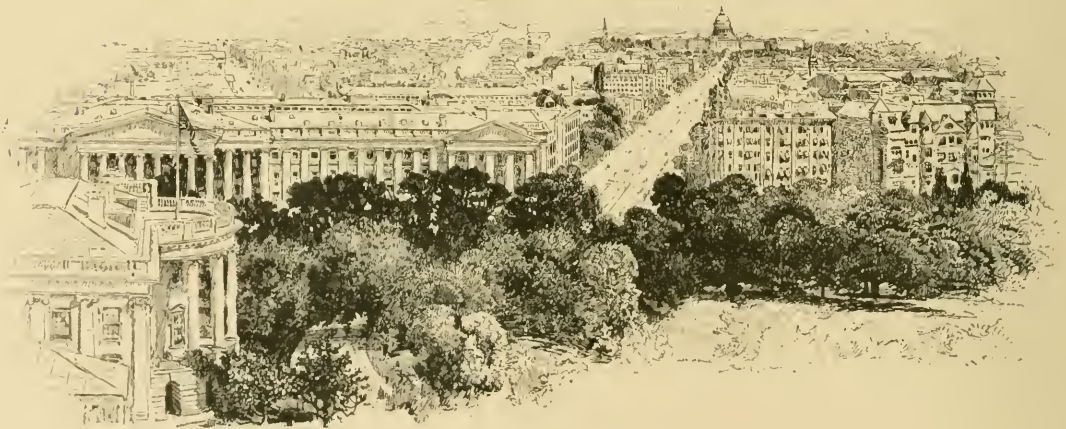
"My, though!" said Jack, in an open "aside" to Marian, "eloquence is catching here in Washington, I guess. Uncle Tom reels it off, right up to the handle, does n't he, now? 'Fabric of their country's greatness,' is good! I'll have to remember that. It would n't go bad in one of my *Nonpareil* editorials; eh, Bert?"—for by this time Jack's "aside" had grown into a public announcement.

Uncle Tom laughed good-humoredly, for he knew Jack.

"No copyright on that, Jack," he said; "you can use it. And now, you young folks, get your traps together and follow me. To the Senate!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marian, with the emphasis of satisfaction; "the Capitol at last!"

And Jack as emphatically echoed, "I call it capital, too!"

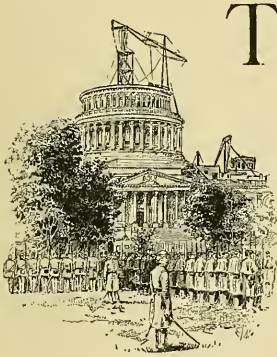


FROM CABINET ROOM TO COUNCIL HALL. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL.

CHAPTER V

THE SENATE

The East Front of the Capitol—A look at the United States Senate—Uncle Tom explains—Charles Sumner's vindication—What the Senate is and what it does.



ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL IN 1861.

THE three green cars, gripping the never-resting cable, worked their swift trail along the broad avenue. They dashed around the generous curves, they slid up the sloping hill, they slipped past the Peace Monument, sacred to the Navy's dead, past the Botanical Garden, green with its avenue of palms, past the Garfield statue with its attendant figures of Wisdom, Force, and Patriotism, past the Capitol's vast western terrace, and, at last, deposited our enthusiastic tourists where the wide driveway bends and sweeps before the noble East Front of the mighty Capitol.

The young people paused just a moment to drink in that marvelous architectural panorama of the great white wings and the towering dome. Then they climbed the famous central steps worn by the footsteps of generations of patriots and politicians, of statesmen and sight-seers, and stood upon the eastern portico where seventeen Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated into office.

They stopped to breathe and look about them, and Jack, taking that single step which is all there is, sometimes, from the sublime to the ridiculous, nudged Bert and said:

"Look at that, Bert, will you? Columbus on the steps of the Capitol pitching a hot ball to Washington out there on the home plate in East Capitol Park!"

"And see, boys! G. W. has stripped off his sweater for a home run, too," cried Roger.

Then they all laughed at the very significant attitudes of those two great



SIGHT-SEERS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

statues, and, passing through the wide entrance with its storied doors of bronze, they stood at once in the vast rotunda of the Capitol.

Bert whipped out his panoramic guide (Jack called it his "accordion" book), and would have studied his surroundings, but Uncle Tom said: "We won't stop here now; we'll take this later. Come; the Senate Chamber is this way."

They turned to the right, and passed from the rotunda through the doorway whose ridiculous wooden fence seemed strangely out of place amid its massive surroundings—"for all the world like a cattle-pen in a palace," said indignant Jack—and hurried along the corridor.

Scorning the waiting elevator they climbed the great marble staircase above whose ample landing the gallant Perry looked down upon them as he rowed from ship to ship in the very heat of the Battle of Lake Erie.

"Girls are of some use, eh, Roger?" Jack whispered as, thanks to the presence of the two girls, the party had the privilege of entrance to the Ladies' Gallery. From that vantage-ground they looked down upon the Senate of the United States.

"Why, Christine; look at all those boys, will you?" Marian whispered, excitedly. "Who are they? There are no boy-senators surely, Uncle Tom?"

"Senate pages," he whispered in explanation. "They are employed to carry messages

and run on errands for the members of the Senate. There are sixteen of them here, and the House of Representatives employs thirty-five. The boys are paid two dollars and a half a day."

"Oh, yes," said Christine. "Don't you remember those articles about them in *St. Nicholas*? I have them all in one of the bound volumes."

"What, the pages?" whispered Jack.

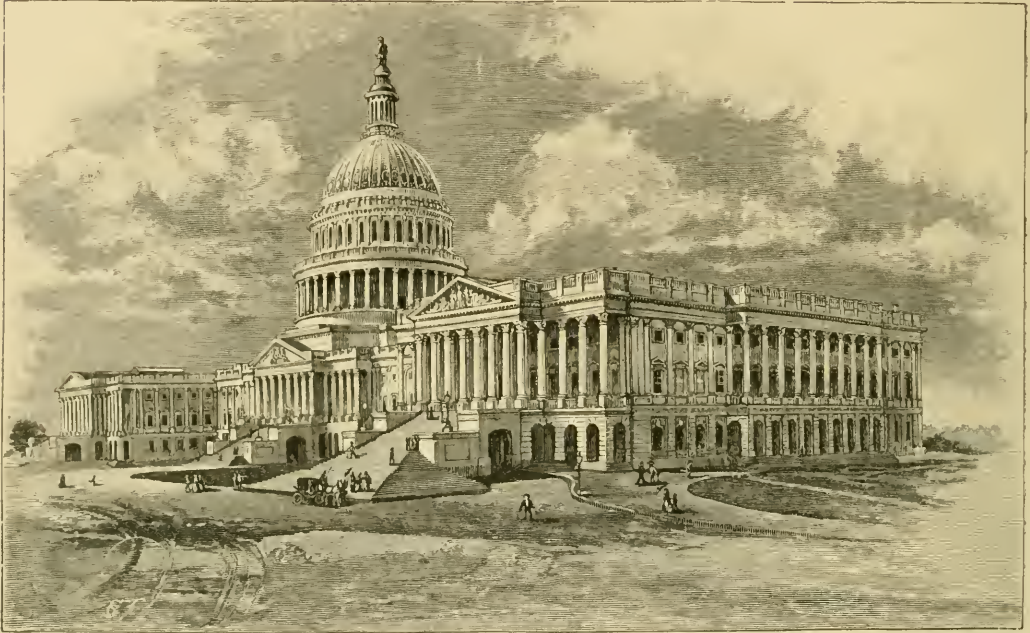
"No; the articles, smarty!" Christine whispered back. "They were written by a man who was one of the pages in this very room, when Charles Sumner was in the Senate. I guess they have great times, too,—those boys,—from what he said. They are smaller than I thought, though."



PAGE AND SENATOR SEEN FROM THE SENATE GALLERY.

“Who 's the man in the highest chair, behind that desk, Uncle Tom?” Jack inquired.

“That, sir,” replied Uncle Tom, impressively, “is the Vice-President of the United States.”



EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL.—THE SENATE CHAMBER TO THE RIGHT.

“My! Is it though?” came from the group of clustered heads. Respect and interest mingled with their surprise.

“Why, of course,” Roger remarked. “You said the Vice-President was President of the Senate, did n’t you?”

“You see this aisle just below us?” said Uncle Tom. “Well, the senators on that side—to the right of the presiding officer—are Democrats; those on the other side, to the left, are Republicans.”

A bald-headed man, whose eye-glasses kept tumbling off, was reading a speech from a pile of manuscript. No one seemed to be listening. Groups of gray-headed men were talking in whispers; here and there were others, reading newspapers or writing letters; half the seats were vacant, and the pages, clustered on the steps that led to the Vice-President’s dais, behind the secretaries’ table, seemed to be holding animated discussions, from which they broke away occasionally, as a senator clapped his hands or snapped his fingers in summons.

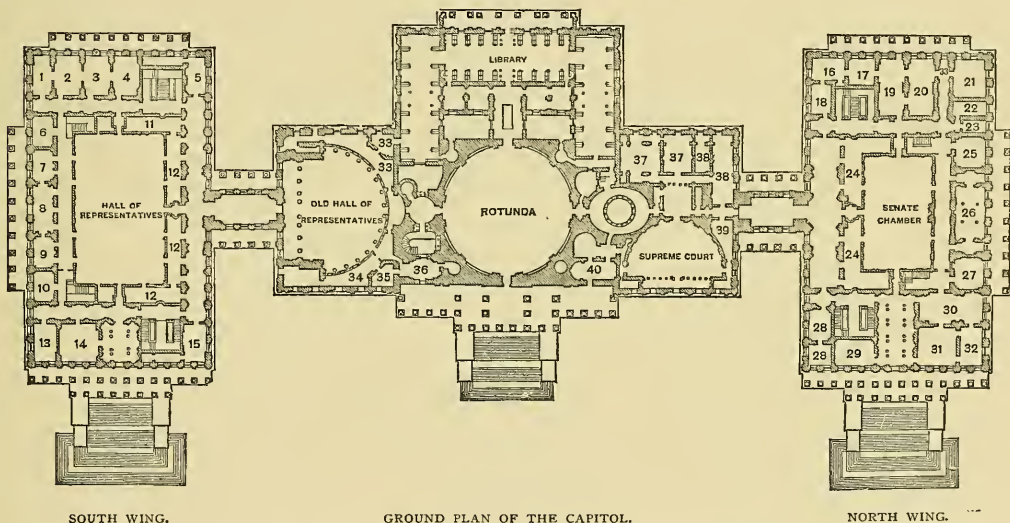
“Looks like a school-room where the teacher can’t keep order, does n’t it?” said Marian.

“And the pages are monitors,” said Bert.

“I don’t like it,” said Christine. “I think senators ought to sit up straight and look dignified.”

Suddenly there was a change. The bald-headed man stopped his dull speech and sat down. Two or three gentlemen stood up. There was talk, “forward and back,” as Marian said, that the children did not understand. Then a thin, farmer-like looking man rose, and people began to look interested.

He launched into a speech that soon caused the boys to bristle with enthusiasm and the girls to lean forward to catch what he said. A white-bearded gentleman on the other side of the aisle rose hastily to protest against something the senator had said. There were questions and answers, dignified but almost personal in their bearing. Another and another senator, now on one side, now on the other, rose to question or support the



SOUTH WING.

GROUND PLAN OF THE CAPITOL.

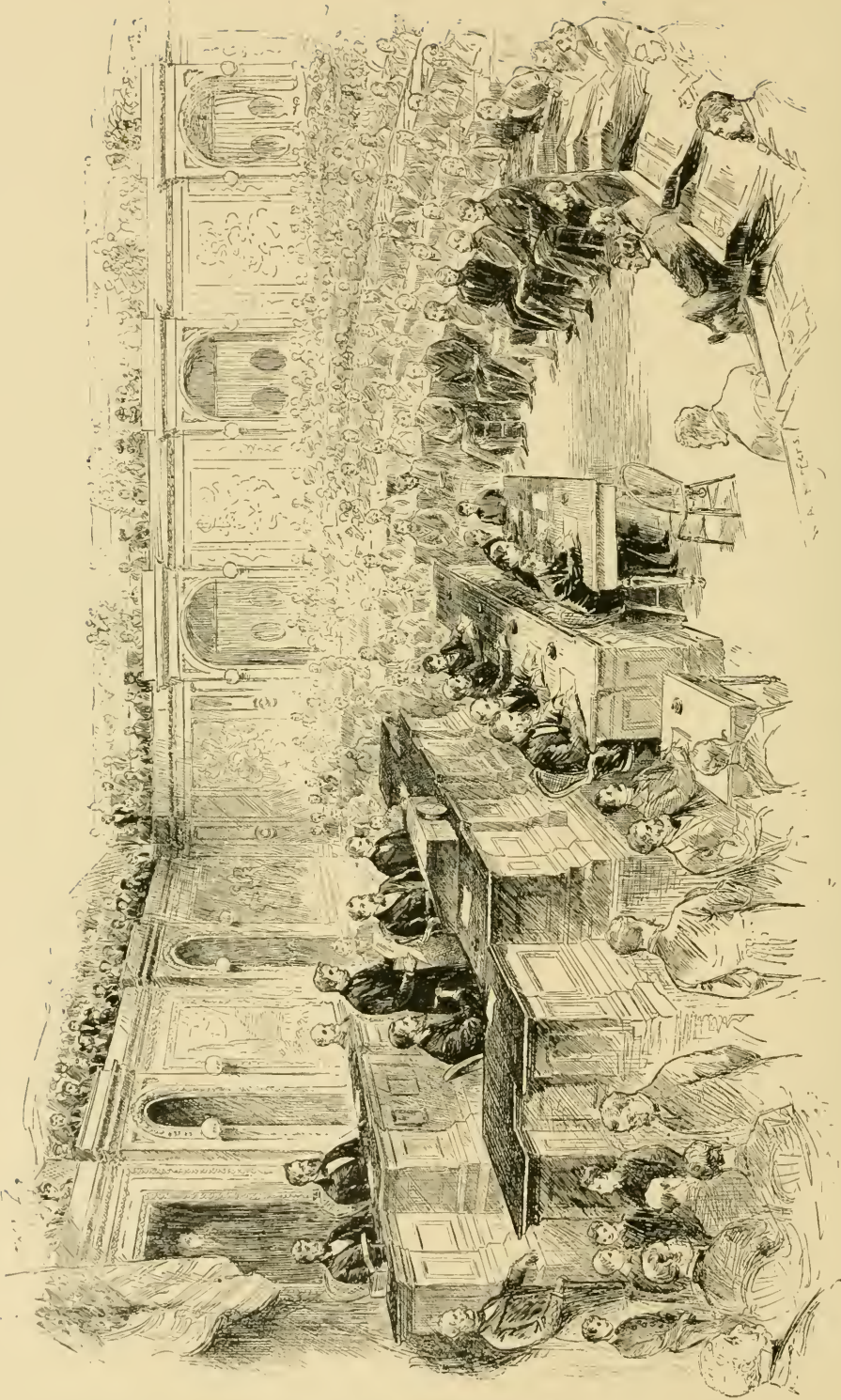
NORTH WING.

1. Office of the Speaker. 2. Office of the Sergeant-at-Arms. 3. Engrossing Clerks of the House. 4. Journal and Printing Clerks.
5. Office of the Clerk. 10. Lobby. 12. Cloak-rooms. 13, 14, 15. Committee-rooms. 16. Office of the Secretary of the Senate. 17. Executive Clerk. 18. Financial Clerk. 19. Chief Clerk. 20. Engrossing and Enrolling Clerks. 21-22. Committee on Appropriations.
23. Committee on Enrolled Bills. 24. Cloak-rooms. 25. The Room of the President of the United States. 26. The Senators' Withdrawing-room. 27. The Vice-President's Room. 28. Committee on Finance. 29. Official Reporters of Debates. 30. Reception-room. 31. Post-office. 32. Office of the Sergeant-at-Arms. 33. House Document-room. 34. House Stationery-room. 35, 36. House Committee-rooms. 37. Office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court. 38. Robing-room of the Judges. 39. Withdrawing-room of the Supreme Court.
40. Office of the Marshal of the Supreme Court.

speaker; pages ran to and fro; the little mahogany desks began to be occupied; things grew decidedly interesting; the tourists were in the heat of a senatorial debate.

Later in the day, as the sight-seers gathered about the dinner-table reserved for them at their hotel, Bert said:

“What is the need of a Senate, anyway, Uncle Tom? Why could n't



COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, ON THE OCCASION OF AN ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

there just be a single Congress, instead of one made up of two sections, as ours is?"

"Well, for two general reasons, Bert," his uncle replied; "one because of custom, the other because of compromise."

"Custom! why there never had been any United States of America before," Roger exclaimed.

"And why compromise?" demanded Jack.

"No, there never had been any United States of America before," Uncle Tom assented; "but there had been nations and governments; and in most instances, where the people had any voice whatever in the government, the governing body had been divided into two houses."

"Just as they have in England the House of Lords and the House of Commons?" queried Bert.

"Huh!" cried republican Jack. "I thought the American Revolution was to put down such useless things as lords."

"It did decide against them, certainly," Uncle Tom answered; "and in a democracy like the United States a House of Lords was not necessary. But the framers of the Constitution saw the wisdom of dividing both the risks and the responsibilities, and, remembering their history-lessons at school, they followed the examples of other nations; only they improved upon them: they made the Congress of the United States a double body consisting of a Senate —"

"From *senex*, an old man," whispered classical Bert to modern Jack.

"All right, old man; you 'll get there some day," said Jack.

"And a House of Representatives, or representative men," Uncle Tom concluded.

"That 'll be for me," Jack said in an aside to Bert.

"And was that the compromise you spoke of, Mr. Dunlap?" inquired Christine.

"By no means, my dear," he answered. "The compromise I referred to was the result of a difference of opinion between the two parties which, even at the beginning of things, took sides as to the question of how America should be governed. Both sides agreed that it was the duty of Congress to arrange the affairs of the country and direct their management. But just how this should be done was a disputed point. One party insisted that Congress should represent only the people; the other declared that Congress should represent only the States."

"How did they settle it?" Roger asked.

"By both sides giving in and both sides getting what they wished," Mr. Dunlap answered. "For it was determined that both ideas should be rec-

ognized. As a result the Constitution divides Congress into two sections — the Senate representing the States, as States; the House representing the people, as people."

Jack rubbed his ear reflectively. "See through it, Roger?" he said.

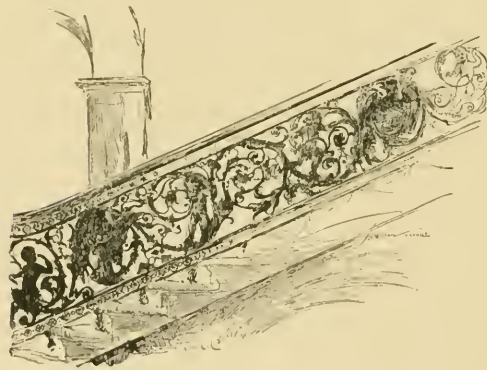
"Well, I don't know," answered Roger, slowly. "It is something like a class team and a 'varsity team, is n't it? When a class team plays, it plays for the honor of the class; but a 'varsity game is played for the honor of the whole college, and every department of the college is interested, from the president to the mascot."

Uncle Tom laughed heartily. "Well, you have something of the idea, Roger; but it is not quite so complicated or partizan. An American voter is, you know, not only a citizen of the United States; he is a citizen, also, of his own particular State. So, as a citizen, he elects a man who acts for him directly in the National Government by serving in the House of Representatives at Washington; and, as a citizen as well, he elects men to his State legislature who, in their turn, but acting for him, elect two men to represent his State in the United States Senate. In other words, I vote directly for a representative and indirectly for a senator, so that both my own interests and those of my State are served."

"It's a good deal like husband and wife, is n't it, Uncle Tom?" asked Marian. "Mother takes care of us in the home, and Father looks out for us

outside the home. He gets our bread and butter, and she spreads it for us. But they both work for us."

"That's it," said Uncle Tom. "Marian's simile is even nearer the point than Roger's. The two houses of Congress make our laws, and, together, represent all our interests. Like your father and mother they bring to their work different ideas and methods; like them they have different duties; but like them, too, they have a common interest; they are



PART OF BRONZE STAIRCASE BY BAUDIN IN THE SENATE WING.

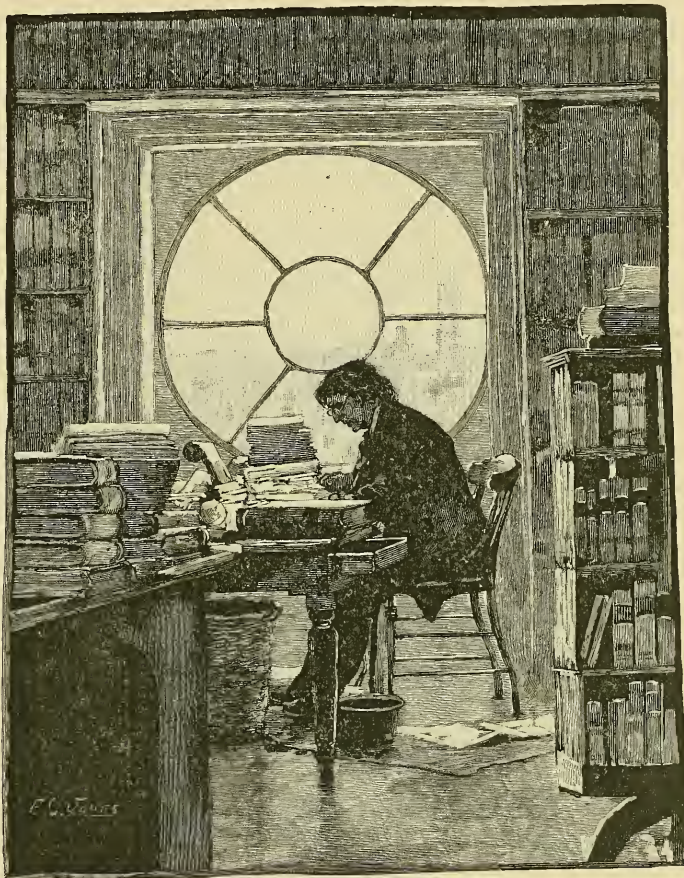
married to each other, and whatever is determined upon for the home is, really, the work of both."

"The senators have the longest terms of office, don't they?" Bert inquired.

"Yes," replied Uncle Tom. "A senator serves six years; a representative two. The term of a representative is the same as the duration of a Congress. But a senator serves through three Congresses."

“But why is that?” asked Christine.

“Well, one idea of the Constitution-makers,” said Uncle Tom, “was to have the Senate act as a sort of balance-wheel. People are full of impulses, you



LOOKING UP AUTHORITIES IN THE SENATE LIBRARY.

know, just like boys and girls. You think one thing to-day, and, perhaps, another to-morrow. Things happen to change your opinions or to blind your judgment. The Senate takes things slowly. The House of Representatives, representing popular opinion, often acts hastily and makes mistakes. The Senate can go carefully over these actions and correct mistakes that are due to temporary excitement or partizan desires. Elections to the Senate are so arranged that one third of the members go out every second year—that is, at the end of each Congress. That, you see, always keeps a working majority in the Senate, and the new men cannot control the actions of the Senate when they enter it. There is never such a thing as a new Senate. As a result, the changes that come at elections, or when a new

President comes into office, do not affect the Senate except to a limited extent. So it is the balance-wheel of the nation; it keeps the machinery of government running steadily, and, while representing the people, represents also that sober second-thought that is always wisest for the people."

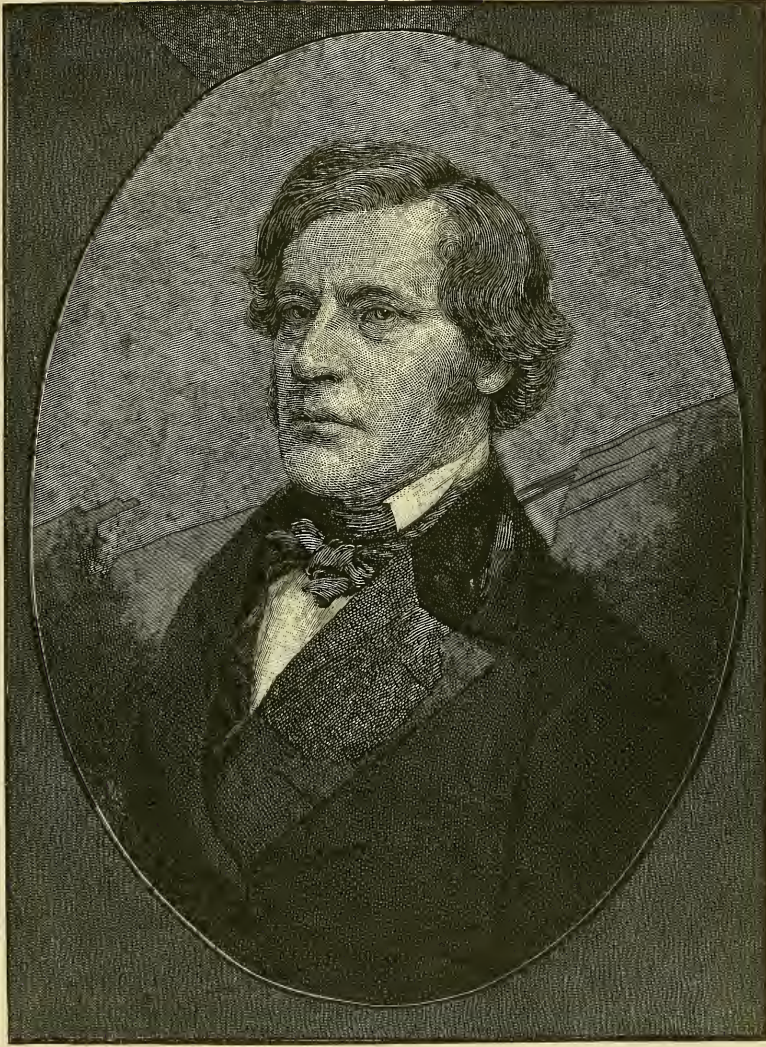
"And yet I suppose folks find as much fault with the senators as they do with the representatives, don't they, Uncle Tom?" asked Bert.

"Oh, yes, Bert," Uncle Tom replied. "Criticism is easy; people drop into it readily, and—well—even senators are not perfect. But, while a senator may make mistakes, he is not so directly responsible to the people as is the representative. He has six years in which to broaden and improve, and he is a member of a body that is supposed to be one of the most dignified, courteous, and well-balanced assemblies in the world."

"But suppose he goes wrong," said Jack, "who does pull him up short, and call him to account?"

"No one; unless he does something that is really criminal or illegal," replied Uncle Tom. "The legislature of his State can pass a vote of censure, but that does not affect his office or his standing. I remember that, years ago, Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, broader-minded and more noble even than the people of his progressive State, introduced into the Senate a bill to erase from the Army Register and the flags of the United States the names of battles between fellow-citizens. It was intended to unite all sections of the country by making no official record of the strife between brothers that had made so dreadful and so bloody our great civil war. But it was not then a popular movement. People cried against it as an insult to the soldiers of the Union, and the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a vote censuring their great senator. How foolish that seems after all these years! How little could the Legislature of Massachusetts appreciate the real greatness of the man who had been a foremost champion for liberty and union! But their vote made no difference. They could merely scold; Sumner remained senator still, and their vote did not affect his standing, though it undoubtedly made the great statesman sad to see how wrongly men read his heart. But men learned a new lesson. Before eighteen months passed the Legislature of Massachusetts saw how great had been their mistake, how uncharitable had been their judgment. They passed a resolution rescinding the vote of censure. That 'I beg your pardon' of Massachusetts was read in the United States Senate, where Sumner was still a senator. It was a glorious vindication, and it fittingly closed a life filled with labor for humanity, for justice, and for right. The next day the great senator died."

Girls and boys, alike, gave a long sigh of interest, satisfaction, and respect.



CHARLES SUMNER, SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS, 1851-1874.

“He was a great man, though, was n’t he?” Roger said, proudly. “I have seen his grave so often in Mount Auburn. All it says is ‘Charles Sumner,’ but that tells the whole story. What other great men have been in the Senate, Mr. Dunlap?”

“Oh, a goodly number, Roger,” Uncle Tom replied. “Let’s see! Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Wright, John Quincy Adams and Benton, Van Buren and Wise, Everett and Seward, Evarts and Blaine, Sherman and Conkling—and many others whose names have a place forever, for good or ill, on the pages of American history.”

“And the Vice-President; is he a senator?” Christine inquired.

"Why, no!" cried Jack. "Don't you know how it is? They just coop him up behind that high desk in the Senate so as to have him handy in case anything happens to the President. Is n't that so, Uncle Tom?"

"Yes, to a certain extent," his uncle replied. "But it solved a problem to make him the presiding officer of the Senate. A judicial and dignified body like that needed one who had no State interests to serve, as do the senators. The Vice-President of the United States stands for the nation only. He has no connection with the Senate, save to keep it in order. He cannot vote unless there is a tie. Then his importance suddenly asserts itself; for at such a time he can vote, and his vote may decide a most important question."

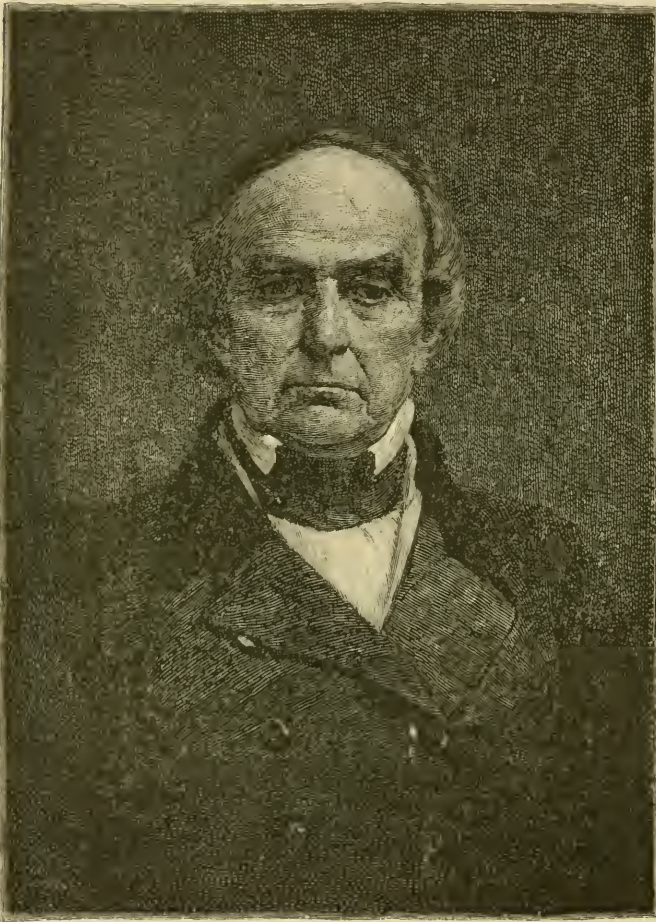
"Well, I'm glad I've seen the Senate," said Bert. "I never exactly understood what the senators were, or what they had to do. Now I begin to see—though I must say it is not a real easy riddle to read."

"Why, it should be for so bright and thoughtful a boy as you, Bert," Uncle Tom began, whereupon Jack said, "Ahem!

Albert, my son, arise and return your thanks to the senator from Taffydom!"

Uncle Tom gave Jack a pinch.

"I mean just what I say, Master Jack," he declared. "Now let us see if I cannot sum up the Senate in a few words, that may try to tell it all: The Senate of the United States is a deliberative assembly representing the



Dem Voliter

ONE OF THE GREAT SENATORS.

States of the American Union. In its deliberations every State has equal share. To its composition each State contributes two senators, elected, not by the people directly, but by the State legislature. The Senate was designed by the Constitution for three special purposes—*first*: to secure for all the States an equal voice in one branch of the Government; *second*: to advise or control the President in making appointments to office and concluding treaties; *third*: to act as a curb on unwise or hasty popular judgment. The Senate, therefore, is a legislative body in helping to frame new laws; it is an executive body in its power to say yes or no to appointments and treaties; it is a judicial body when it sits in judgment on high political offenders. It checks, it controls, it censures; for, in its hands, it holds the powers of criticism, of consent, and of correction. The Senate is the nation's brake or balance-wheel. In its deliberations no State, however large, can exert an undue influence; no State, however small, can be ignored or overawed. Delaware has as much to say as New York. Illinois has no more power than North Dakota. The Senate never dies. It is a continuous body, having always a stated presiding officer and a working majority of members. It is the nation's safeguard against the evils of hasty law-making and the risks of political changes. To speak of it as useless is to deny the wisdom of the fathers; to call it an aristocratic assembly is to belittle the will of the people. For the Senate is the people's creation quite as much as any other department of the Government. To it the people send the pick of their best men. In temper, in material, and in wisdom it is but a reflection of the people who make it. In design, in construction, and in administration it is, as a famous prime-minister of England said of it, 'the most powerful and efficient second chamber that exists.' There, I trust that you have followed me, and that I have made myself clear without wearying you. Come; Congress is in session to-night. Let us go out and see how the Capitol looks lighted up."

"'From night to light,'" quoted Jack, who was not a very good hand at listening to explanations.

And the dome did light up beautifully.



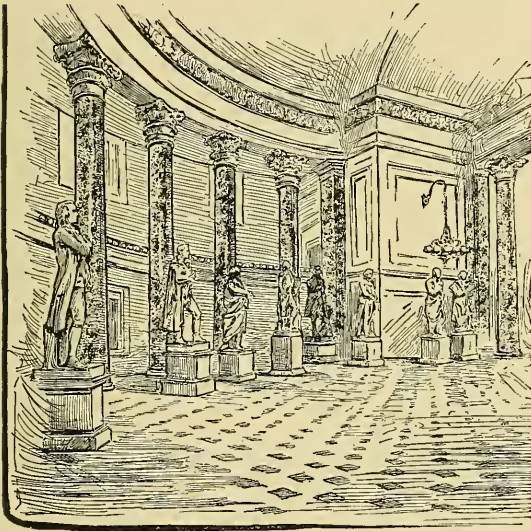


THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

CHAPTER VI

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*In Statuary Hall—A bird's-eye view of the House of Representatives—
Mr. Speaker, the Mace, and the "Melee"—Uncle Tom explains it all
— The standing committees of Congress—What the House really is.*



STATUARY HALL — FORMERLY THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

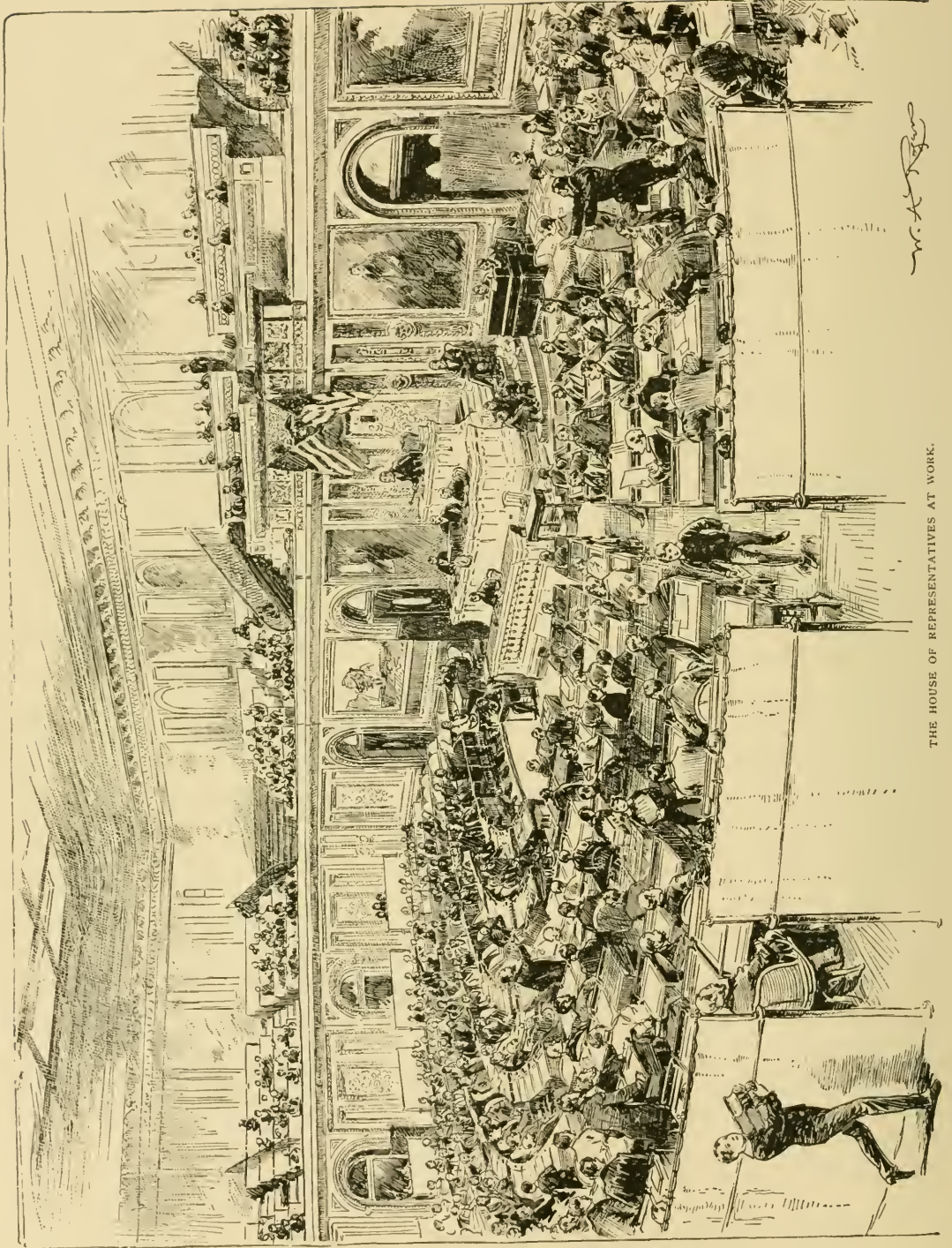
ONCE again the "tourists" entered the historic doorway of the Capitol and stood in the rotunda. But this time they turned to the left, and, passing through the same sort of an open "cattle-fence" as had barred the way to the Senate, they crossed the marble floor of Statuary Hall.

They would have lingered here, in the room that once had been the Old Hall of Representatives; for in that chamber, recalling to classical Bert what he had read of the theaters of ancient Greece, were many portrait-statues of famous Americans, full of interest to these young students of American history.

But Uncle Tom had other designs upon their time, and hastened them on. They trod the long corridor and, as before, scorning the proffered elevator, climbed the marble staircase above whose first broad landing they saw Leutze's great painting of the old-time emigrants crossing the Plains—"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

Then, thanks again to the company of the two girls, they availed themselves of the privileges of the Ladies' Gallery, and soon, from a front seat, were looking down upon a bustling throng of law-makers—the duly elected members of the House of Representatives.

It was an animated scene.



W. H. Russell

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WORK.

“Makes you think of the Stock Exchange, does n't it?” said Jack, the New-Yorker.

“Or of a terribly disorderly school-room,” commented Marian.

“I should n't think they could hear themselves think,” Roger declared, as he strained his ears to make some sense out of all the hubbub.

It was indeed an apparent hurly-burly upon which the five children looked down. There was motion everywhere. The great hall was filled with men. They were coming and going from the rooms that opened into it; they were passing and re-passing in the wide, open spaces at the sides and in the rear. Groups were conversing here and there; men were hurrying this way and that — “as if they were sent for,” Christine declared. A ceaseless buzz of talk and laughter filled the air. Pages were darting up and down the aisles and in among the desks, with books or letters or papers, or on some incomprehensible duty. One man was trying to make a speech that no one cared to listen to, or could hear if one did care to listen.

The floor of the great carpeted hall was furnished with numerous little desks and cane-seated revolving-chairs. Many of these were vacant. Others were occupied by men, reading or writing; or neighbors, sitting at their ease, were deep in conversation.

It did look, as Marian had said, like a terribly disorderly school-room, and the least concerned of all in the room seemed to be the gentleman who sat in the high chair beneath the draped flag, and who, Marian felt certain, would not long be permitted to teach school in New York, because, she said, “he did seem to be such a poor disciplinarian!”

“Who is he?” Christine asked.

Just then the man who had been trying to make a speech seemed to give it up as a bad job, and sat down. Instantly the noise grew louder. Men sprang to their feet. They seemed raising their hands to “ask permission” as children do in school.

“Mr. Speaker!” “Mr. Speaker!” “Mr. Speaker!” a dozen voices shouted all over the room.

“That's who he is,” said Uncle Tom. “The man who really wields more power and has a greater influence than almost any other man in the United States. He is the Speaker, or presiding officer, of the House of Representatives.”

A big man with a mighty voice rose at the marble “counter” just below the Speaker's desk.

“That is the Clerk of the House,” said Uncle Tom.

The clerk had a paper in his hand and read something that the children could not understand, he talked so loud and so fast.

"He is reading a bill, for the information of the House," Uncle Tom explained.

"Mr. Speaker!" "Mr. Speaker!" "Mr. Speaker!" again came the cry from a dozen throats.

The noise grew louder than ever. Mr. Speaker pounded his desk with a big mallet.

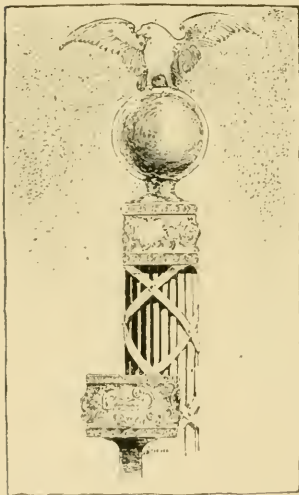
"The gentleman from Alabama," he said, and all the other claimants sat down.

"Oh, that 's not fair!" cried justice-loving Jack, almost aloud. "That man did n't call Mr. Speaker first. I was watching to see. Why did the Speaker give him the chance? I don't believe he recognized the right man."

"Going down to tell him so, Jack?" asked Bert: for Jack in his excitement was leaning far over the gallery-rail.

"Well, I like to see folks act square," said Jack, drawing himself in again.

"Don't worry, Jack," Uncle Tom said. "He was square enough. The Speaker knows beforehand who has the right to the floor. He has a list of those who have asked for recognition, and gives them their chance in regular order."



THE MACE.

"But why do they all yell out so then?" demanded Jack.

"Oh, simply to emphasize their desires, and keep themselves 'in the Speaker's eye,' as they say," Uncle Tom explained. "You think everything is helter-skelter here," he added, "but there is a method in all this seeming madness. If you could once get used to the confusion and get the hang of things, you would find that everything is regular and shipshape. Procedure goes by rule here, and the rules are respected by the noisiest and obeyed by the most unruly. If not—there stands the mace."

"The mace?—what is that?" asked Roger.

"Don't you see that thing that looks like a bundle of rods with an eagle on top—there, at the right of the Speaker's desk?"

"Why, yes," said Bert. "It looks like the picture of the Roman *fasces* in my 'Cæsar.'"

"It is a sort of reproduction of the *fasces* or the lictor's rods of old Rome," Uncle Tom announced. "Like them, too, it is the symbol of authority."

When that man who sits beside it and who is called the sergeant-at-arms takes up the mace and holding it before him marches straight into the hurly-burly it means business, and not the loudest, the angriest, nor the most obstreperous representative but respects it, and drops at once into his seat and silence."



IN THE LOBBY.

The children stayed a long time in the House of Representatives. They enjoyed it all immensely. To be sure, they could scarcely make out a thing that was said; they could not hear a speech nor follow the heated discussions that kept springing up. They could not tell what the clerk was thundering out, what the Speaker said, why he hammered his desk so lustily, nor what good it did to hammer. But there was life, there was action, there was excitement there; and these the children delighted in, even if they did not know what it was all about.

Jack declared it was great fun; "as good as a foot-ball rush or a tug of war," he said; and the young people grew as flushed and excited in their seat in the Ladies' Gallery as though they were down there on the floor of the House, trying to send their cards to a member, running with the pages, pounding with the presiding officer, or "Mr. Speaking" at the top of their voices with the most determined congressman.

But when they had left the great hall and, after a tour of the lobbies, had gathered for rest and fresh air upon the low stone coping-seat along the beautiful front of East Capitol Park,—just behind the father of his country "forever muffing a ball," as Jack explained,—Uncle Tom said inquiringly:

"Well, girls and boys; what do you think of the business of law-making?"

"Hot work," declared Jack. "Why, my throat got raw, just listening."

"I don't see how they can make any laws in such a hubbub," said Christine.

"Well, as a fact, they don't," replied Uncle Tom.

"What you have just seen is the House in session. And the House in session is not men making laws, but men struggling for a chance to introduce new laws or to have something to say about laws that are nearly made—or not made."

"But where does the law-making come in then?" queried Bert. "I thought those representatives were our law-makers."

"So they are," Uncle Tom replied. "But laws are framed or made only



A CARD TO A "MEMBER."

with thought and care and method. Did you see much chance for those three ingredients of good law-making in the big hall yonder?"



WHERE THE FIRST HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES MET. (FEDERAL HALL IN NEW YORK AS IT LOOKED IN 1790.)

"It's all chance," Jack commented; "not much certainty, at any rate."

"Would n't the first members of Congress open their eyes if they could see it to-day?" said Marian.

"They would, indeed," said Uncle Tom. "That first Congress met in Old Federal Hall in New York city. Its House of Representatives had but fifty-nine members. To-day it has three hundred and fifty-six."

"But where are the laws made if not in Congress?" asked Roger.

"First let us see what the House of Representatives really is," said Uncle Tom. "A distinguished English writer has asserted that it is nothing less than a big meeting of more or less idle people. He further declared Congress to be a despot, with unlimited time, unlimited vanity, and unlimited comprehension (by which he meant 'cheek'); whose pleasure is action, whose life is work. How does that strike you?"

"It's no strike at all; it's a foul ball," cried indignant Jack, roused to patriotic protest. "That's the way with all those Englishmen. They pitch into anything American, on principle."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, Jack," said Uncle Tom. "It is simply that the English point of view is different from ours. We should never object to honest criticism. But the Englishman was wrong. Congress, indeed, has

great power; but it is power given by the people and used for the people. A despot is always selfish; Congress is not selfish; it is, in intent, helpful, and there are but few of its members who do not have a sense of their duty and a desire to do this duty."

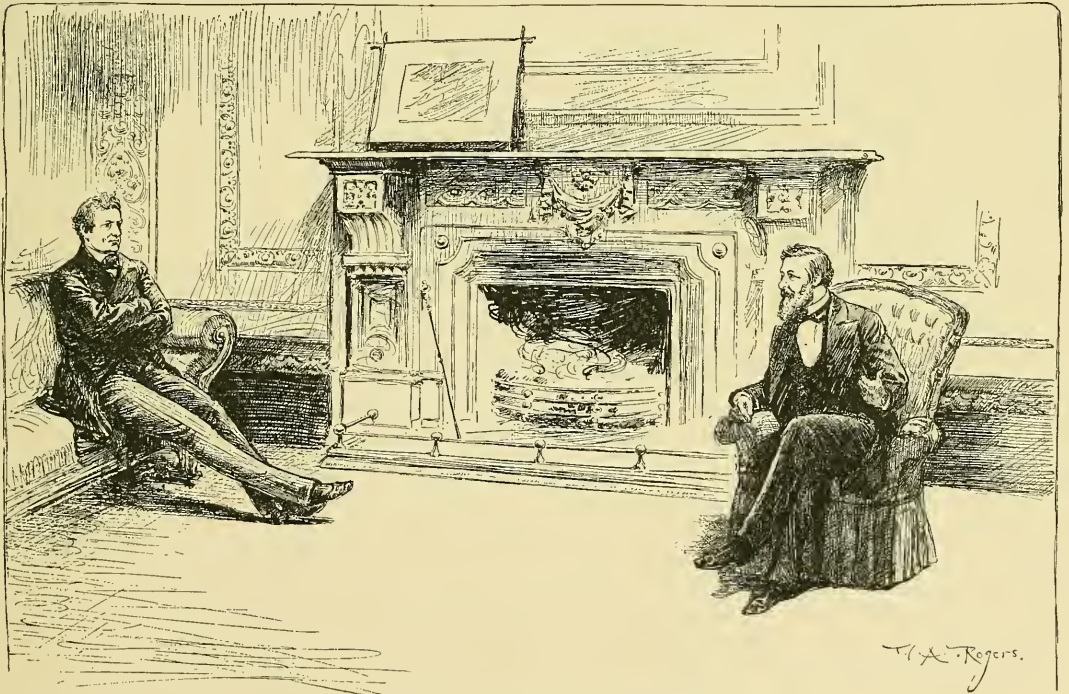
"Somebody," said Roger, "once sent my father a little book entitled, 'What this Congress has Done'—and, when he opened it, he found it a blank book!"

At this, Jack laughed immoderately; the girls looked puzzled, and Bert was silent.

But Uncle Tom said, "A partizan criticism, I fear, pushed to extremes for the sake of the joke. People are impatient. They have an idea that all Congress need do is to assemble, pass a few good laws or bills that will help the country and 'boom' business, and then adjourn."

"Well, why can't they?" queried Jack.

"Huh! a fine lot of law-makers they would be," cried Bert. "Rome was not built in a day, Johnny, my boy."



A QUIET CORNER IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

"Indeed it was not," Uncle Tom commented "The House of Representatives is a big and unwieldy body. It is not a debating society, like the Senate. It is a law-making assembly, doing business by proxy."

"By proxy! what is that, Uncle Tom?" asked Marian.

"Bert?" Uncle Tom said, turning to the student.

"Abbreviation of procuracy, from the Latin *pro* and *curo*, to care for," replied Bert.

"Which means caring for some one else's business," explained Uncle

Tom. "In other words, my 'proxy' is some one who represents me in carrying on or carrying out my legitimate business."

"And who is the proxy of Congress?" asked Christine.

"Certain men selected from Congress to take charge of different interests," replied Uncle Tom. "Every measure upon which action by Congress is necessary after the proper examination, is handed over to these men for examination. They are divided into little groups called 'Standing Committees,' and upon one or the other of these Standing Committees every senator or representative must serve. There is where the bulk of the work of congressmen is done; for every Congress is flooded with bills of every description that go first to the Standing Committees for examination and recommendation. So Congress, you see, makes our laws after they have been considered and reported by its Standing Committees."

"I don't see but these Committees have more to say than any one else," said Bert.

"They do," said Uncle Tom; "for upon their report on a bill the fate of that bill depends. In fact, it



THE BIG POLICEMAN ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

has been directly asserted that the United States of America is governed not by President, Senate, or House of Representatives, but by the Standing Committees of Congress."

“How many are there?” asked Bert.

“There are, I think, forty-six Standing Committees in the Senate and fifty-six in the House,” Uncle Tom replied. “In the Senate, these Committees are chosen by ballot; in the House they are appointed by the Speaker. There are also in the Senate fifteen Select Committees, as they are called, for special but minor cases.”

“There; now I see why Mr. Speaker is so powerful,” cried Marian. “Of course if he appoints these Committees in the House he can pick out the men he wishes to lead them, and so—”

“Becomes the biggest toad in the puddle,” broke in Jack. “Don’t you see, if he ’s a Democrat he can make the Committees all Democratic and freeze out the Republicans; or, if he ’s a Republican—*terra firma*.”

“*Terra firma?*” “Oh, Jack Dunlap!” cried Marian and Bert, while the others laughed merrily.

“You mean *vice versa*, of course,” said Bert.

“Well, perhaps I do,” said Jack, a trifle cast down. “You seem to know what I mean better than I do myself. ‘Just the opposite’ was what I meant, whether the Latin for it is *vice versa* or *terra firma*.”

“Oh, Jack, Jack!” said Uncle Tom, with one of his very rare attempts at a pun, “if you would only be firmer in your determination to study, your Latin would n’t be quite such a terror.”

Then, escaping from the “punching” administered by his nephews, Uncle Tom remarked, “Well, Jack ’s wrong anyhow. The Speaker, because of his power of appointing these important Standing Committees, is, indeed, an autocrat. His word is law, and the Committees he appoints really make the laws. In fact, there is often as much of a contest over the election of a Speaker of the House of Representatives as over that of a President of the United States. But Jack is wrong in his committee-making. Of course the balance of power in each Committee will be according to the politics of the Speaker who names the Committee. But he always allows a minority representation in the Committee. So, for instance, if the Speaker is a Republican, on a Committee of five, three will be Republicans and two Democrats, or—*vice versa*, Jack, according to the politics of the Speaker, who, of course, represents the political majority of Congress.”

“But what things, for instance, do these Committees attend to, Mr. Dunlap?” inquired Christine.

“Oh, fifty different things,” said Uncle Tom. “In the House there are, as I have told you, fifty-six Standing Committees. Of these the most important are the Committee of Ways and Means, who decide how the money to run the Government shall be obtained; the Committee on Appropriations, who



“THAT ECCENTRIC VIRGINIAN, JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, USED TO STRIDE INTO THE HOUSE.”

consider all suggestions as to how this money shall be spent; the Committee on Elections, who decide which man was elected when more than one claims the seat; the Committees on banking and currency, on accounts, rivers and harbors, judiciary (to consider changes in law and justice), railways and canals, foreign affairs, naval affairs, military affairs, public lands, agriculture, claims for pensions and relief (from old soldiers or those who think the Government owes them money), mines, ventilation, woman suffrage, liquor, irrigation, labor, and lots of others."

"Well, they do cover about everything," said Roger. "Where do they meet?"

"You saw some of the larger Committee Rooms in the Capitol, you remember," said Uncle Tom. "Both in the Senate wing and in the House wing. But even the great Capitol is overcrowded. Look there! Do you see that red brick building over across the Capitol grounds to the right of the Senate wing? That used to be a hotel—the Maltby House. It is now the Senate annex. And over there, to the left of the House wing, do you see a large gray stone house? That was built by General 'Ben' Butler, of war-time fame, and was bought by the Government. It is the House annex. Both those buildings are used by the smaller Standing Committees of Congress, simply because there is no room for them in the Capitol. That gives you an idea of the magnitude of the Committee government which acts as proxy for Congress and does all its business in advance—except actually voting it. How important this is you may know from the fact that nine tenths of the bills taken charge of by these Committees 'die in committee,' as it is called. The country and Congress never hear of them. They are either not worth anything or not good enough to stand a chance of becoming laws."

Jack looked at his watch.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I move that the House do now adjourn."

"Or that the Committee of the Whole rise and go to dinner," amended Bert.

As the tourists, unanimously agreeing to this proposition, strolled leisurely down the slope and along Pennsylvania Avenue, Uncle Tom told them many interesting stories of the busy but noisy House of Representatives. He told them how that eccentric Virginian, John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to stride into the House dressed in greatcoat and fur cap, homespun suit, white-topped boots and silver spurs, with his dogs at his heels and his riding-whip in his hand; how Corwin joked, and Edward Everett "orated," and Abraham Lincoln sat almost unknown as the congressman from Illinois; how, in fact, thirteen Presidents of the United States had served their con-

stituents as members of the House of Representatives, and how one President and the son of a President—John Quincy Adams—was a member of the House after his retirement from the presidency, and died on its floor—literally “in harness.” Then, turning from story to description, Uncle Tom summed up his study of the House in this wise:

“The House of Representatives,” he said, “is a direct outgrowth of the principle in defense of which our fathers signed the Declaration of Independence and fought the Revolution: no taxation without representation. It is composed of a continually increasing number of members, arranged, as are



A CONGRESSIONAL PAGE ON DUTY.

our taxes, upon the basis of population. This basis, of course, changes with each census. When the nation started out in 1789 the proportion was one member of the House of Representatives for every thirty thousand persons. The original House had, therefore, sixty-five members. To-day, with a population of sixty-five millions, the ratio, based on the census of 1893, is one member for every one hundred and seventy-four thousand people, or three hundred and fifty-six representatives. Thus, you see, the House of Representatives actually represents the people. It was designed by the Constitution as a law-making body, a supply-granting body, a tax-raising body, and a money-spending body. It has two functions that no other branch of the Government possesses. It alone can originate bills which shall spend

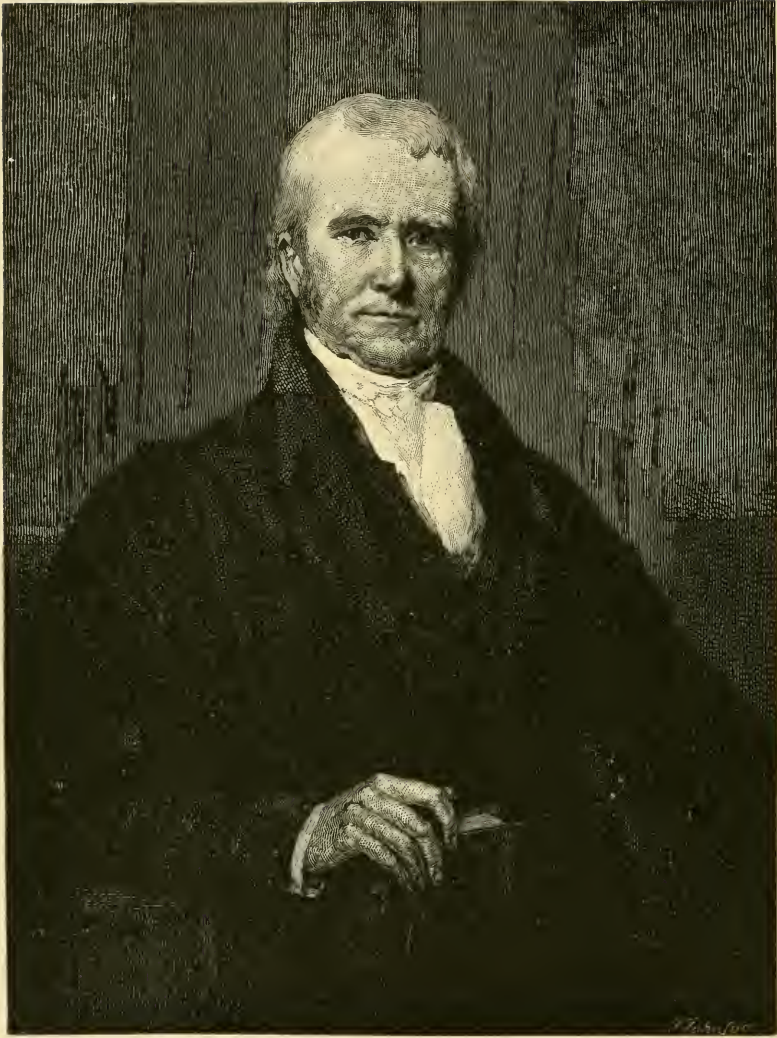
the people's money; it alone can call to account, by what is termed impeachment, the highest officials of the Government. The members of the House of Representatives are elected for a term of two years. This two years' term is called a Congress; at the end of those two years Congress dies, and the representative goes out of office. He may or may not be reëlected to Congress. That depends upon the people and politics; and, as you know, politics change and so do people. Some congressmen have served many terms in the House; many have served but one term. The House of Representatives is big and noisy, and hard to handle; but it is run by rule, and so, even though you could not see it, order comes out of chaos. These three divisions of our Government,—the President, the Senate, and the

House of Representatives,— though practically separate and on their own hook, are still associated with one another in many ways, and by their powers of originating, making, and enforcing laws are really the governing powers of the nation — the representatives of the people's will — the shapers of the people's power into deed and act. But I am talking too much. The Committee on Mastication and Digestion is ready for deliberation. Its Committee Room is the hotel dining-hall. Come, young folks; get ready for dinner at once."

Then they "meandered" home so impressed with their importance as members of a "Special Committee," that Jack even dared give the nod of an equal to the lordly black policeman on Pennsylvania Avenue; and after dinner, "for digestion's sake," he and Roger whirled away on their bicycles until the twilight touched and mellowed the distant Virginia shores.



A QUIET EVENING.—THE CITY OF WASHINGTON FROM THE VIRGINIA SHORES.



John Marshall

JOHN MARSHALL, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1801-1835.

CHAPTER VII

THE SUPREME COURT

*The puzzled tourists—Dignity and silence—The old Senate chamber—
A lesson in law—The Supreme Court and its branches—What it is
to America and Americans.*



SEAL OF THE SUPREME COURT.

AT noon, next day, Uncle Tom and his tourists, wearied by a morning of sight-seeing amid the marvels and relics of the Smithsonian Institution and the splendid National Museum, sought the cool corridors of the Capitol for rest and shade.

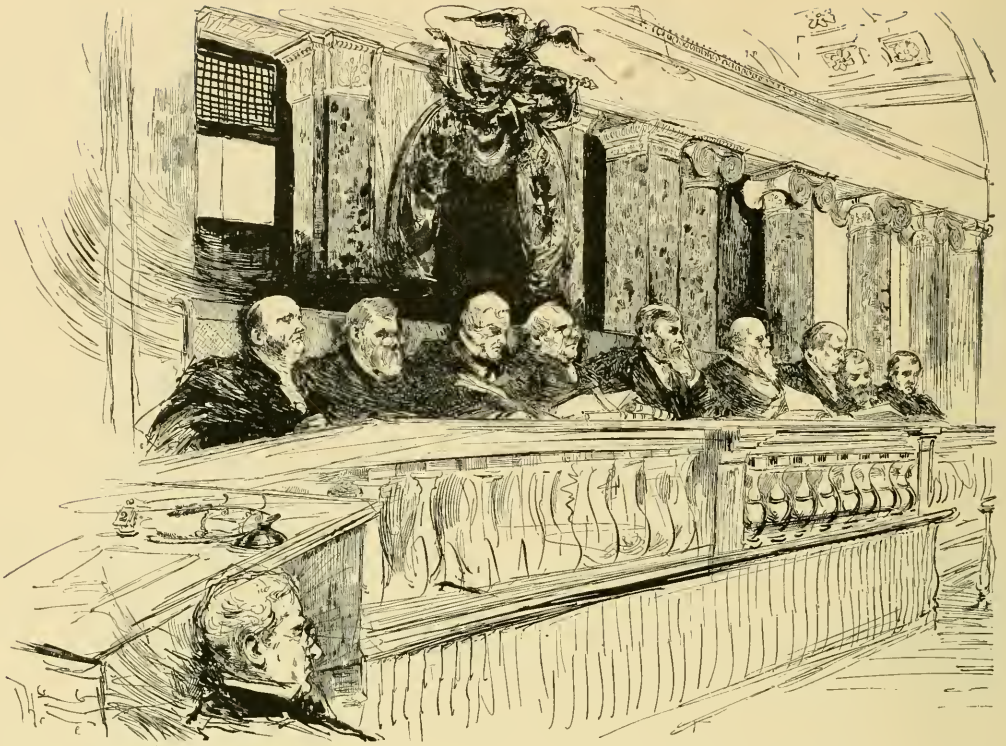
The young people were undecided between a visit to the dim and "spooky" crypt that Jack said he heard was away down under the Capitol — "Just like the deepest dungeon 'neath the castle moat in Scott's novels," he declared — and a test of the Whispering Gallery away up in the Capitol dome. But Uncle Tom solved the question by pausing before one of the swing-doors in the hallway, above which blazed out the arms of the United States.

"Come; we will go in here," he said.

The two leaves of the rubber-stripped door gave not a sound, so noiselessly did they open and shut; the silent doorkeeper simply bent his head in permission of their entrance, and the five children stood within a large, quiet, semicircular chamber, with high domed roof and marble columns. Tables, desks, chairs, and sofas filled but nowhere crowded the ample floor-space, and at the rear of the room ran a long platform upon which, behind a curtained rail, a number of comfortable arm-chairs were ranged in line.

Behind the chairs a high, wide arch, hung with looped curtains of crimson velvet, half concealed a broad and pillared recess, above which perched the American eagle, with outspread and protecting wings.

The tired tourists sank down upon one of the largest of the recessed velvet sofas, and looked curiously about them.



THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

It all seemed so very quiet and solemn that even our young irrepressibles were awed into wondering whispers.

“What is it?” queried Christine in an undertone.

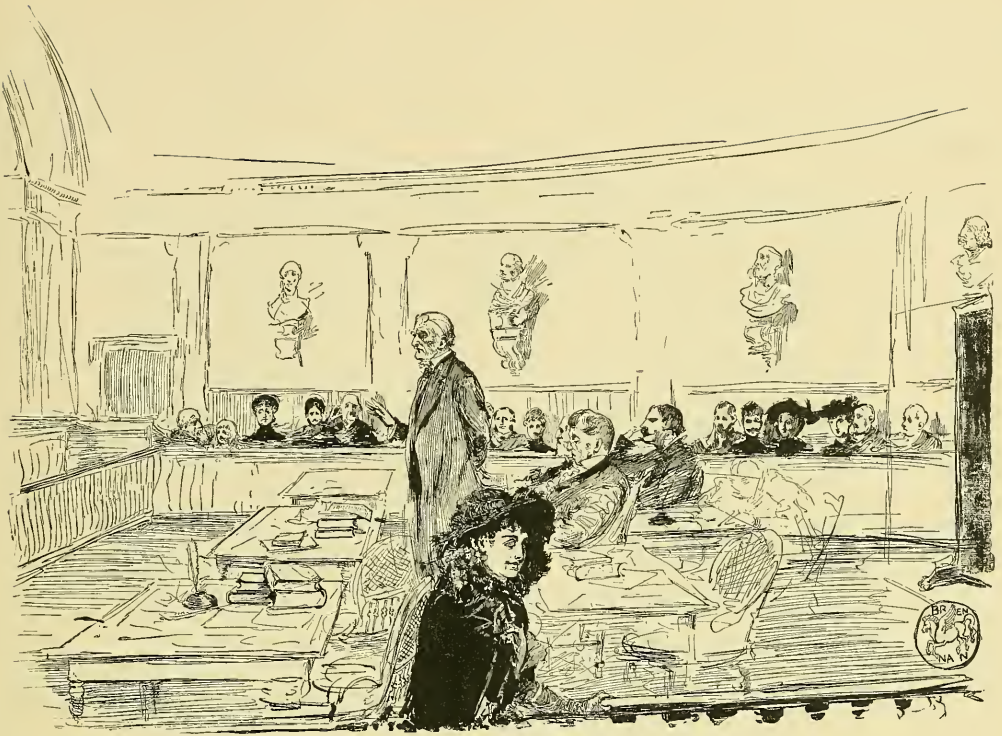
“Private theatricals or a minstrel show, I guess, by the look of the curtain and the chairs,” said Jack.

The hands of the big clock that hung above the eagle met at twelve o’clock. A door at the right opened noiselessly and in walked a stately procession of nine dignified and grave-looking gentlemen robed in black silk gowns.

“Bishops, I guess,” whispered Jack, and Marian laid a hand on her uncle’s knee. “Is it a church, Uncle Tom?” she asked. Bert and Christine looked solemnly excited, and Roger, who was a choir-boy at home, wished he had slipped his Church Service into his pocket.

But, as the nine robed gentlemen entered, every one in the room stood up, and a man at the left of the platform said in a loud and impressive voice of introduction:

“The Honorable the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States!”



IN SESSION.—A LAWYER ADDRESSING THE COURT.

Then the boys and girls knew where they were. Uncle Tom had brought them into the beautiful chamber devoted to the sessions of the third great department of the Government—the Supreme Court of the United States.

“That is the Chief Justice at the head of the line,” said Uncle Tom.

As they looked upon those nine dignified and scholarly men, upon whose decisions so many great questions of law depend, the gowned justices bowed to the standing audience and then (the Chief Justice in the middle) they seated themselves in the comfortable arm-chairs awaiting them, “exactly like the minstrels,” declared Jack, with just that touch of boyish irreverence that sees the comic side of everything.

Then everybody sat down, except the crier, who, still standing at his desk, said authoritatively but just a bit monotonously :

“Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court!”

It was all very impressive. But, after a half-hour, the law questions that

arose between the judges on the platform and the lawyers on the floor gave place to a long and dry legal speech by one of the lawyers. The tourists, rested as to their legs and weary of listening to what did not especially interest their excitement-craving natures, looked at Uncle Tom for permission, and then rising, filed slowly out of the room, as silently and as quietly as they had entered.

In the corridor without, Jack drew a long sigh of relief, and it almost seemed as if he would have cut a pigeon-wing, save for the restraining hand of Uncle Tom.

"I can't help it. I feel as if I must holler," he said. "It was all so quiet and solemn and—stupid, in there. Is it always so, Uncle Tom?"

"Not always," replied Uncle Tom. "Sometimes there are very interesting speeches and discussions to be heard. And when your mind grows more thoughtful and legal you can enjoy even what you now call solemn and stupid. Justice, my dear boy, is never stupid."

"But what is it all for? What do they do there? Tell us all about it," said Bert, the tireless information-hunter.

Uncle Tom found a quiet resting-place in the Senate Extension portico, beneath Crawford's great grouping of the Progress of American Civilization.

"That is a notable and historic room that you have just left," he said. "Until 1860 it was the Senate chamber of the United States. There great statesmen have labored; there great orators have spoken. There Webster made his wonderful speech against Hayne—"

"The 'Liberty and Union now and forever one and inseparable' speech?" inquired Roger.

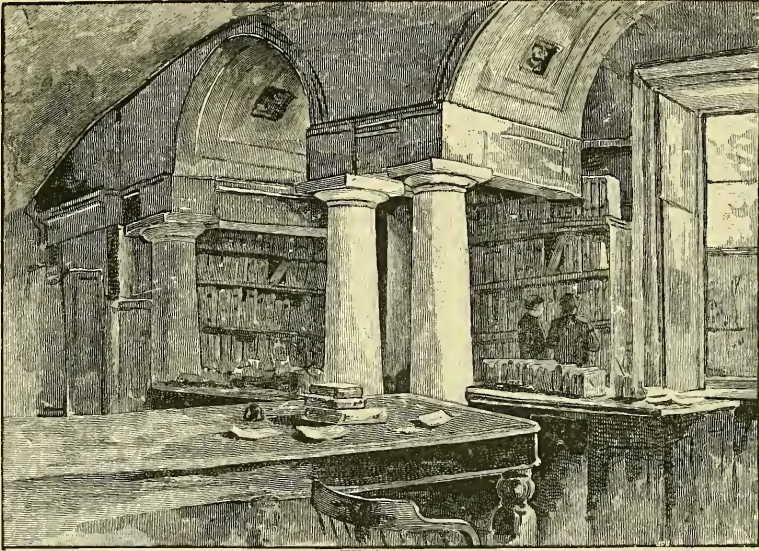
"That very speech," replied Mr. Dunlap. "There John Quincy Adams, 'the old man eloquent,' as he was called, stirred men to duty and action; there Henry Clay enchanted audiences with his wonderful gift of oratory, and Calhoun made his record as a politician without trickery and an orator of force and strength; there Douglas made good his nickname of 'the little giant'; there Sumner spoke for freedom and fell beneath the savage blows of an enraged opponent; there ten presidents of the United States served terms as senators; there the councils of the nation grew divided, as the struggle for the nation's life approached, and there for many years men now famous in our history labored, debated, argued, and worked for union and good government."

"My, though; I wish we had known all that when we were there," Marian said. "It would have made the room all the more interesting."

"But where was the Supreme Court held when that room was the Senate chamber?" asked Bert.

“Down in the basement of the Capitol,” replied Uncle Tom, “in a low vaulted room which is now occupied by the Law Library, and which I will show you before we get through our investigations.”

“Then one might say, I suppose,” said Jack, just a trifle rhetorically,



IN THE LAW LIBRARY, FORMERLY THE CHAMBER OF THE SUPREME COURT.

“that the Capitol of the United States had its foundations on law and order and was crowned by liberty.”

“Meaning the Supreme Court in the basement and the goddess of liberty on the dome, eh, Jack?” queried Bert.

And Marian added, “Now, I call that not bad — for Jack — is it, Uncle Tom?”

“No, not at all bad — for Jack — or, for that matter — any of you,” her uncle replied. “It is a good analogy; and, further, the Supreme Court took a step upward with the new order of things. For it was removed to its new home in the room we have just visited, when, in 1860, the new Senate chamber was completed, just at the time when the nation was entering upon the struggle that meant liberty for all and progress for America.”

“But just what is the Supreme Court, Mr. Dunlap?” Christine inquired.

“It is the balance-wheel of the Government of the United States,” Uncle Tom replied.

“But you said the Senate was that, Uncle Tom,” said Bert.

“Well, it is,” returned Uncle Tom. “But you have heard of a wheel

within a wheel, have you not? The Supreme Court is the inner wheel that balances, by its fine exactness, all our machinery of government. It is what we call the 'conservative force' in our political system; for it keeps us up to the constitutional mark; it holds all the parts of our governmental machinery together and keeps each in harmony with the plan of the whole."

"Just like one of those great engines on the Sound boats, is it not?" queried Roger. "You look at that machinery through the big glass window in the main saloon and you wonder how all those parts fit and act together so perfectly. I suppose it all depends upon something that regulates the action and keeps all the machinery working just as the designer meant it to. Is n't that like the Supreme Court?"

"That 's the idea, precisely," said Mr. Dunlap; and Jack said, "Great head, Roger!" and patted the Boston boy approvingly.

"You see, in our national system," Uncle Tom continued, "we have parts that might pull away from each other and upset things, if they did not work together in unison. We have the divided sovereignty of the States and the concentrated sovereignty of the nation. Authority is, therefore, distributed between the States and the nation; and a man, by obeying a State law, might disobey a national one. So, serious questions as to rights and powers are continually arising; these would lead to disastrous conflicts, which might shake and almost shatter our framework of popular government were there not one power to regulate things and keep them going in good order. This power is the Supreme Court. It is the third great department of government. This is all in accordance with the Constitution. That wonderful document, you know, vests the first department of government—the legislative power—in



JOHN JAY, THE FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Congress; the second—the executive power—in the President; the third—the judicial power—in the Supreme Court."

"But how is the Supreme Court the regulator?" asked Bert.

“By deciding things,” said Uncle Tom. “The Supreme Court neither makes laws, originates business, nor executes laws. It can have nothing to say beforehand about what the Government does. It cannot prevent Congress from passing any law; it cannot interfere with any order of the President. But, if a law is made or an order issued, should the question be brought before the Supreme Court, that judicial body can say: ‘This act of Congress, or that order of the President, is contrary to the law of the land; it is unconstitutional.’ That settles it. The act of Congress is but waste paper; the order of the President is good for nothing.”

“But is that right?” asked Jack. “Seems to me it makes the Supreme Court bigger than Congress or the President.”

“It is, in matters of constitutional decision,” said Uncle Tom. “And that is right. For a congressional majority may be tyrannical; a President may be selfish or bad. The Constitution limits their powers, and the Supreme Court, as the expounder of the Constitution, lays its hands upon bad law-makers or bad executors and says: ‘Stop! what you have done is contrary to the Constitution. It shall not stand’—and it does not.”

“And do those nine men we just saw do all this?” asked Christine.

“Only as parts of a carefully regulated legal system,” said Uncle Tom. “There are many questions that come to the Supreme Court for decision. It deals with questions of law that arise out of constitutional issues. In other words,—let me see if I can remember my ‘Kent’s Commentaries’ that I studied in the law-school,—it deals with cases ‘which touch the safety, peace, and sovereignty of the nation, or which presume that State attachments, State prejudices, State jealousies, and State interests might sometimes obstruct or control the regular administration of justice.’ Do any of you know what that means?”

“Why, I suppose,” said Bert, slowly and thoughtfully, “it means that when any question comes up in which State laws might run contrary to each other or go against what the Constitution says, or when a State might try to get the best of a citizen of another State, out of jealousy or spite or selfishness, then the Supreme Court steps in to decide things, and what it says is final.”

“Yes, that is about it,” said Uncle Tom. “But these cases cover five classes of action: those that grow out of the Constitution, the laws, and the treaties of the United States; those that have an international character and affect ambassadors, ministers, and consuls; those that come under the navigation laws of the United States; those in which the Republic is a ‘party in action’ on one side or the other; and those which grow out of troubles between States, between citizens of different States, and between citizens and foreign states.”

“And are there many such questions arising?” Roger inquired.

“So many,” replied Uncle Tom, “that all branches of the Supreme Court are overtaxed, and to-day a man who carries a case to the Supreme Court has to wait three years before it can be reached for decision.”

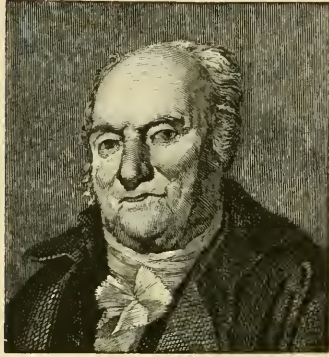
“Gracious!” said Jack. “That ’s rough on the man.”

“And on the court, too,” said Uncle Tom.

“One of the great questions now is how to relieve the Supreme Court from this pressure of work.”

“How many branches of this court are there, Uncle Tom?” asked Marian.

“Well, let me see,” said Uncle Tom, considering. “First of all, there is the Supreme Court, itself. It stands at the head of what is called our judiciary system. It has, as you know, a presiding chief justice and eight associate justices. It sits here in Washington; but its work covers the whole nation. Then come the nine circuits into which the country is divided. Each of these cir-

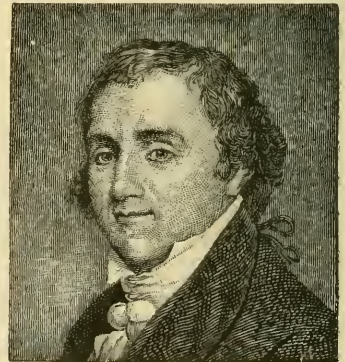


ELIAS BOUDINOT, THE FIRST COUNSELOR
ADMITTED TO PRACTISE IN THE
SUPREME COURT.

cuits, embracing a large section of territory, has a circuit court presided over by a circuit judge. These circuits are subdivided into districts, and in each district is a district court presided over by a district judge. There are now nearly sixty — fifty-six, I think — of these districts in the United States. So, you see, the Supreme Court, the nine circuit courts, and the fifty-six district courts form one great judicial system. They all deal with the same classes of cases. If the decision of the district court is not accepted, an appeal may be made to the circuit court, and, if this is not satisfactory, the case may be taken to the Supreme Court. There it must rest; for from the decision of the Supreme Court there is no appeal.”

“Well!” exclaimed Marian. “Perhaps you boys can understand all that. I can’t make head or tail of it.”

“Why, don’t you see, Marian? It ’s like this,” said Christine, judicially. “You live in New York. Roger lives in Boston. He has something that you think belongs to you, and he won’t give it up. You go to law to get it, and the district court says he can keep it. You don’t like that; so you ask the circuit court to help you, and the circuit court says the thing belongs to you. Roger does n’t like that, and he appeals



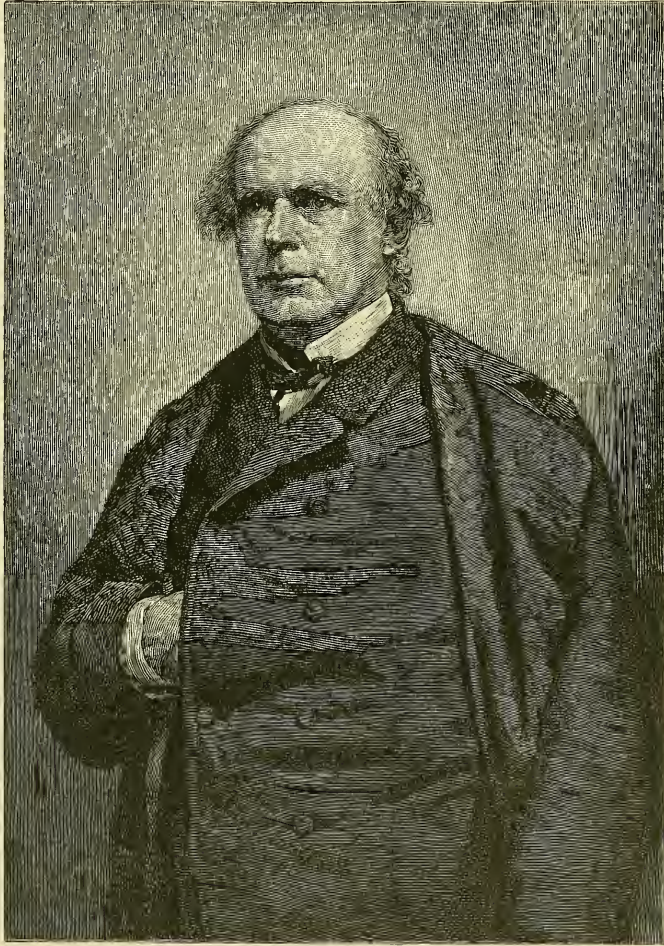
FISHER AMES, THE FIRST ATTORNEY AD-
MITTED TO PRACTISE IN THE SUPREME
COURT.

to the Supreme Court to decide once for all whether it belongs to you or Roger. The Supreme Court says it belongs to Roger, and Roger keeps it.”

“And Marian gets left,” said Jack.

“Well, I think the Supreme Court would be very mean to take a boy’s part against a girl,” declared Marian.

“It would be a question of right and not of courtesy, my dear,” said



SALMON P. CHASE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1864-1873.

Uncle Tom. “If the Supreme Court said the thing belonged to Roger, why, Roger would keep it.”

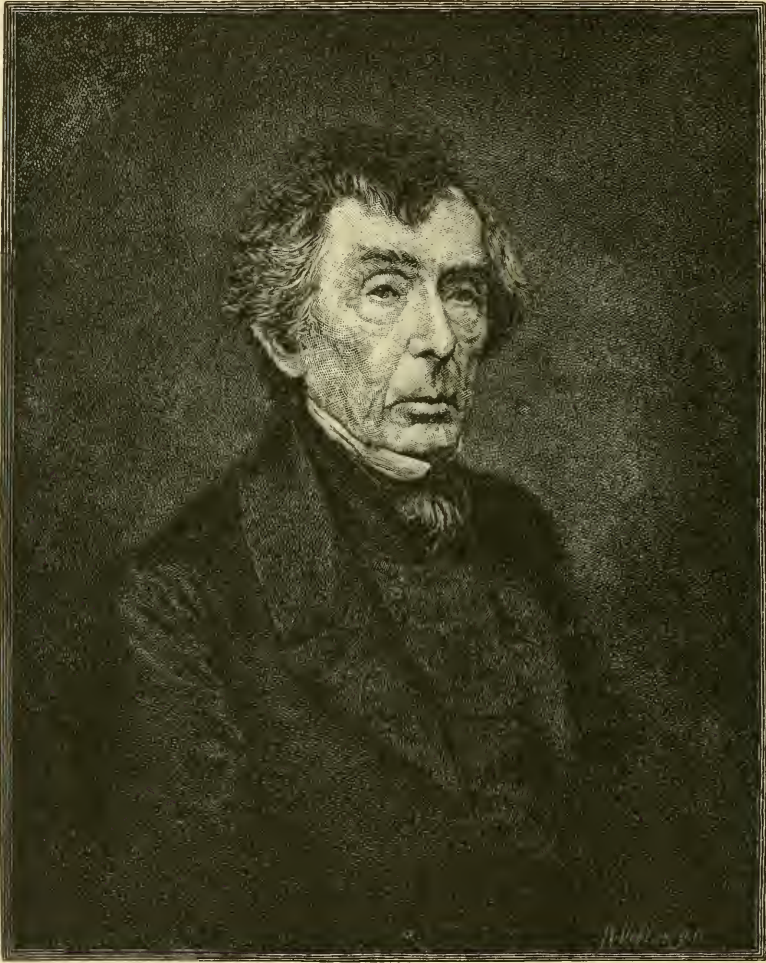
“I don’t believe he would; now, would you, Roger?” Marian protested. “You’re too much of a gentleman.”

“I don’t think we’d go to law about it, anyway, Marian,” said Roger. “I should give it up to you right away, if I saw that you wanted it.”

“Just listen to that!” cried Jack. “Sir Galahad, Chevalier Bayard, and Sir Philip Sidney will please take back seats.”

“But was the way I put it the right way, Mr. Dunlap?” asked Christine.

“In brief, yes, my dear,” Uncle Tom answered. “Of course, there are



ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1836-1864.

many details to be considered; but, in effect, the word of the Supreme Court is final, and many of its decisions, even in what seemed little matters, have been really of the greatest importance and helped to make history.”

“I should think its judges would have to be the best men that could be found,” said Bert. “How are they appointed?”

“By the President—by and with the consent of the Senate,” replied Uncle Tom. “They hold office ‘during good behavior,’ and can be de-

prived of their position only by impeachment. At seventy years of age they are 'retired,' as it is called."

"That is, given a vacation for the rest of their lives," explained Jack.

"That 's it," said Uncle Tom. "To be Chief Justice of the United States is the highest ambition possible to an American. It is the most honorable office in the gift of the American people."

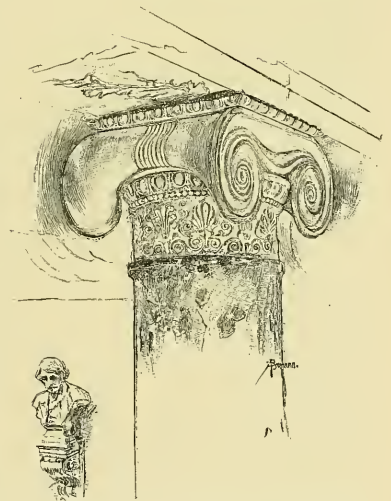
"Who was the greatest one?" asked Roger.

"Chief Justice Marshall, I imagine," replied Uncle Tom. "He was a really great man. It was he who, as the great constitutional judge, raised the Government of the United States from an experiment to a success, and established it in the affections and confidence of the people. John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, Roger B. Taney, Salmon P. Chase, Morrison R. Waite, Melville W. Fuller—these are the men who, from the foundation of the Supreme Court in 1790, have been Chief Justices of the United States."

"Only eight in over one hundred years," said Christine. "Some of them must have been there a long time."

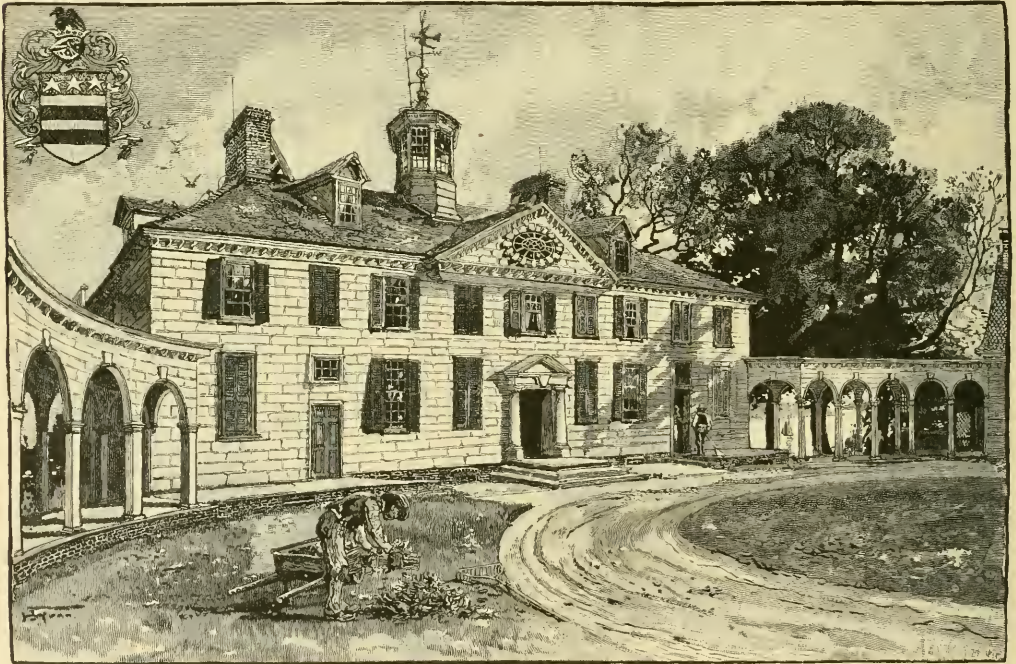
"Some were," said Uncle Tom. "Chief Justice Marshall served for thirty-four years; Chief Justice Taney for twenty-eight. In fact, for the period of sixty-three years, from the days of President John Adams to those of President Abraham Lincoln, the great office of Chief Justice was filled by just these two men, each of whom lived to be very old men, but were always very useful, learned, and upright judges."

"So you see, boys and girls," continued Uncle Tom, "the Supreme Court of the United States is a most important feature in our governmental system. It is the safeguard of the citizen, the last resort of the State, the balance-wheel of the nation. It is American in design, in conception, and in operation. Within its sphere its power is absolute; but the Constitution puts upon it such checks that it can never be tyrannical. It protects alike the greatest of the American States and the humblest of American citizens. From its mandates there is no appeal; but those mandates can neither destroy the rights of States nor abridge the privileges of that local self-government that makes America free. Its decree is law; but that decree is not to establish the will of a judge, but to register



DETAIL OF IONIC CAPITAL IN THE SUPREME COURT CHAMBER.

the will of the people. The Supreme Court is our explanation of how liberty can work according to law. 'Without it,' said Daniel Webster, 'the Constitution would be no constitution, the Government no government.' And Professor Bryce, the English writer on America, calls it 'the living voice of the Constitution.' Before its organization no nation had anything so wise, so just, so protective, so helpful. The noblest minds in America have been proud of its powers; the most eminent of European thinkers have been enthusiastic in its praise. Without it our nation might become a prey to jealousies, a victim to sectional disputes, and drift into disunion or anarchy. With it behind him every American knows that his liberties will be protected, his interests guarded, his rights maintained. It embodies the wisdom, the justice, the purity, and the power of all that is wise and just and pure and strong in American life. Indeed, as has been declared of it, the Supreme Court of the United States is the crowning marvel of the wonders wrought by the statesmanship of America. Come; our lecture for the day is over. Let us go to luncheon, and then: All aboard for Mount Vernon!"

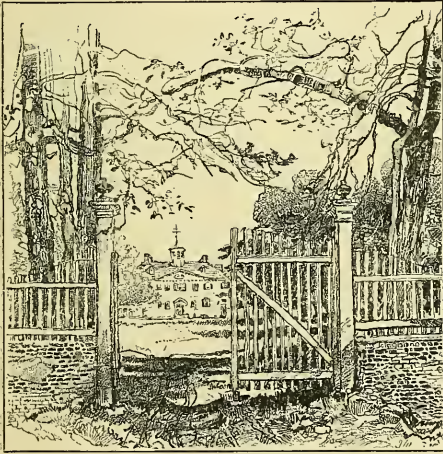


MOUNT VERNON — SOUTH FRONT.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS

A trip to Mount Vernon—The “trolley” ride to Alexandria—Who directs the ambassadors, generals, and commodores?—The tourists visit and find out all about the three great departments devoted to the business of the State, the Army, and the Navy—The Great Seal of the United States—West Point and Annapolis.



THE OLD ENTRANCE TO MOUNT VERNON USED IN WASHINGTON'S TIME.
(To-day the “trolley” for Alexandria starts from this gate.)

THE young people had a delightful trip to Mount Vernon. They sailed down the broad Potomac, as, sparkling in the bright spring sunshine, it flowed between the Maryland and Virginia slopes on its way to the broader Chesapeake. Every mile of this beautiful waterway reminded them of that great patriot whose name they all revered, and whose work seemed so linked with everything they had seen and studied.

Here, as a boy, George Washington, coming from his Rappahannock home, had spent many a happy day. Here, a lad of the field and the farm, he had grown into that sturdy and stately manhood that was so filled with greatness and glory. Here he had fished and hunted; here he had trapped and tramped; here he had “practised” as a young surveyor; here lay the green acres of his broad plantation; and here, between the trees, the boys and girls caught, at last, a glimpse of the comfortable old Virginia mansion forever famous as the home of Washington.

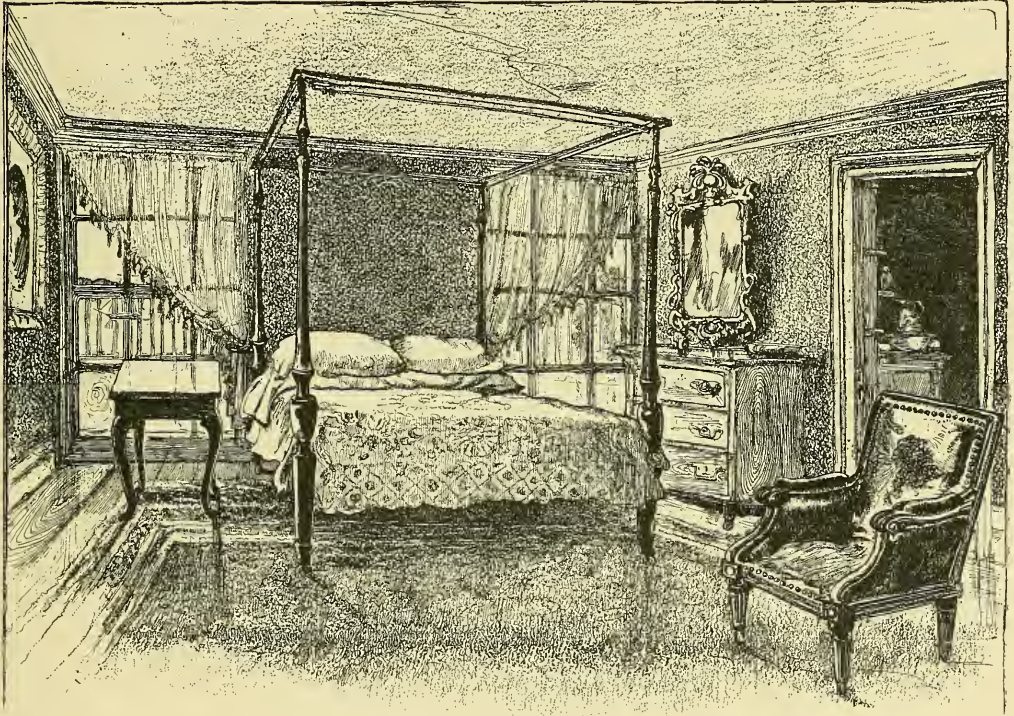
They climbed the hill from the boat-landing. They stood, awed and silent, before the modest tomb within which they saw the marble sarcophagus that holds the ashes of the great American. They talked with the old negro who guarded that sacred shrine — the last of the slaves of the Wash-



PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

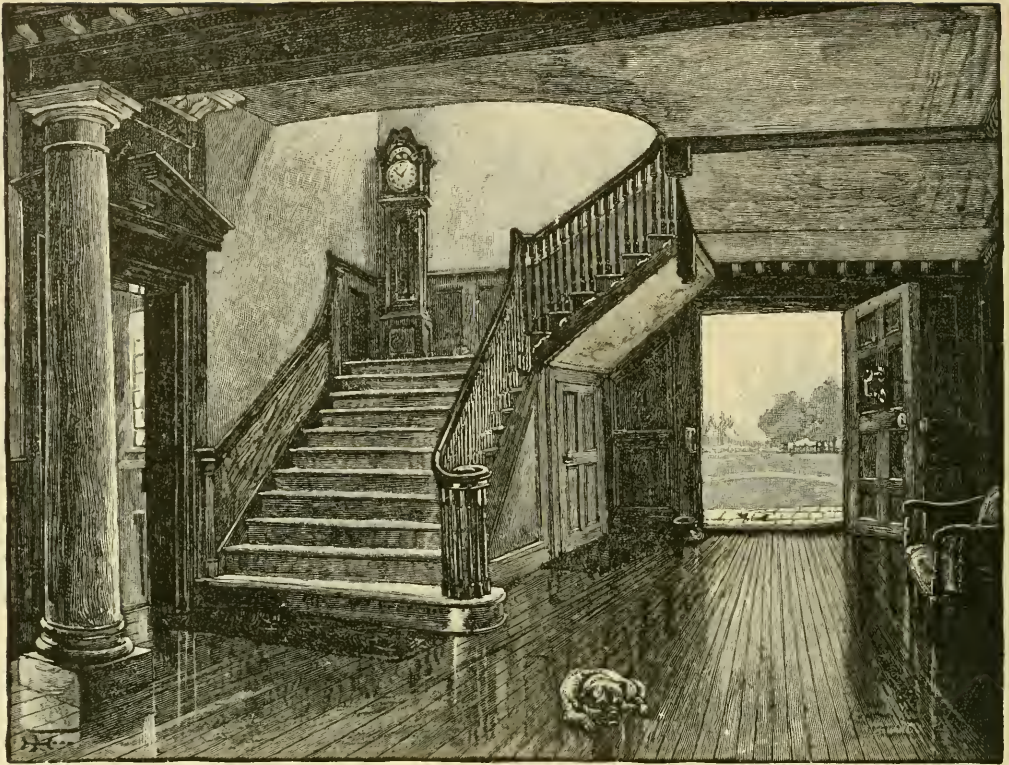
ingtons; and then, touched and thrilled with all the memories that cluster about that most impressive spot, they walked on to the rambling old mansion, with whose appearance every American is familiar, and whose broad portico, tall white pillars, and sloping roof are precious to every man and woman, every boy and girl in America, or wherever, in the wide world, live those who reverence greatness and love patriotism, virtue, integrity, and nobility of soul.

They walked through that famous house, now so well cared for and kept in order by American women — the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association — and furnished in quaint, old colony style by the patriotism of American States and the affection of American school-children. They looked, with strange sensations as to the apparent impossibility of the thing, upon the bed on which Washington died, and that little attic chamber in which his noble wife so soon after breathed her last. They saw Lafayette's gift to



THE ROOM AT MOUNT VERNON IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED.

Washington—the key of the Bastille, that grim old prison of the French kings, destroyed by a long-suffering and liberty-desiring people; they saw the harpsichord, or old-time piano, at which pretty Nellie Custis had cried through her practising and “shown off” before company; they looked into all the gate-guarded rooms of the mansion, fenced off from remorseless relic-hunters; they ranged the whole house from the wide door-sill to the wasp-haunted cupola. Then they strolled about the grounds. They saw the old deer-park that bordered the river; they looked at the spring-house on the slope; they sent the wild rabbits scurrying before them in the undergrowth of the Mount Vernon woods; they looked, again and again, at the



THE HALL, MOUNT VERNON.

(The key of the Bastille hangs on the wall to the left.)

beautiful river-view of which Washington was so fond, as he would pace his pillared portico, or check his horse on the hill.

They passed to the rear—which was really the front of the house—where the broad lawn stretched off toward the highway; they saw the old conservatory with its English gardens and its famous hedge of box; they sat beneath the tree planted by Washington; they peeped into the well-kept offices and outbuildings; they puzzled out the sun-dial on the lawn; they took a drink of milk at the buttery.

Then, strolling to the old entrance to the estate, they took — “Great Edison!” cried Jack, when the incongruity of the thing was thus forced upon him, “a trolley to Mount Vernon?”—they took the electric cars and whizzed across the Virginia fields, through buttercups and daisies, to famous old Alexandria, where Washington went to church, where Braddock had his headquarters, and where Ellsworth was killed in the early days of the Civil War.

Thence they went by train to Washington, only six miles away. And as they crossed the famous Long Bridge that spans the Potomac, and over

which so many thousand boys in blue had marched into Virginia and to death, Jack said:

“Seems to me, Uncle Tom, all of our great Americans have been soldiers at some time. If ever there should be another war —”

“Which God avert,” said Uncle Tom, solemnly.

“Of course I don’t mean another civil war, Uncle Tom,” explained Jack; “but a good old-fashioned war with some big bully of a foreigner — I’d like to be a major-general.”

“Modest youth!” said Uncle Tom.

“I don’t think you’re right, Jack,” Bert declared. “It seems to me our greatest Americans have been statesmen like Jefferson, and Webster, and Marshall, and Clay, and Sumner, and Lincoln.”

“We’ve had just as great men in the navy, too,” said Roger, who dearly loved salt water. “I think it must be fine to be an admiral. Look at Perry, and Decatur, and Lawrence, and Farragut, and John Paul Jones.”



“HERE GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD ‘PRACTISED’ AS A YOUNG SURVEYOR.”

“Well, they all did their share,” said Marian. “I think it would be as fine to be one as the other.”

“But somebody has to be behind statesmen, and generals, and admirals, I suppose, to tell them what to do,” said Christine. “How are they all selected — ambassadors, and generals, and commodores, and all that — and told what to do? Who has the directing of all these men, Mr. Dunlap?”



THE HOME OF THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS.

“I’ll show you to-morrow, young folks,” said Uncle Tom.

So it came to pass that, after breakfast the next morning, Uncle Tom guided his party up Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House and the President’s grounds. Then, turning into Fourteenth Street, they walked toward Executive Avenue and entered the southwest doorway of the magnificent building they had already visited the day they had hunted up the original Constitution.

“This is the power-house for the machinery that runs ambassadors, gen-

erals, and admirals," Uncle Tom announced. "This is the joint home of the State, War, and Navy Departments. Let us go in and investigate."

They stepped into the elevator and, in the pleasant library of the State Department, they found again their friend the custodian. He greeted them pleasantly, and willingly showed them over the big building.

In the State Department they studied Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence, with notes and corrections made by the hands of Franklin and Adams.

They looked at the great seal of the United States, and inspected the strong steel safe, or "state-paper case," which is to be the resting-place and home of the great state papers of the nation until the separate and absolutely fireproof building which is in contemplation is ready to receive them. In this case, they were told, are to be kept the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's commission as commander-in-chief, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, the Emancipation Proclamation, and other papers of equal value and importance.

They visited the richly furnished offices of the Secretary of State and his chief assistants; they saw the great and gorgeous reception-room in which the Secretary gives audience to foreign ambassadors and ministers; they saw that repository of important official papers—the Bureau of Indexes and Archives; they visited the Bureau of Rolls and Library, crammed with the correspondence of the founders of a nation.

In like manner they roamed over the whole building. They saw the offices of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy; they peeped into many of the special rooms occupied by the officials of these departments; they saw the offices devoted to the use of the General of the Army, his aides-de-camp and staff, the portraits of all the secretaries of war and of all the commanders-in-chief of the army from Washington's day; they even saw General Jackson's sword, and the bullet that killed President Lincoln.

Roger lingered, with enthusiasm, about the splendid models of the new war-ships in the corridors of the Navy Department; while in the central court of the War Department the boys and girls studied, with interest, the life-size figures that showed the military costumes of the Revolutionary army and of the regular army of to-day.

There was, indeed, much to occupy the sight-seers in that palatial building, with its four and a half acres of floor space, its two miles of corridors, and its five hundred and sixty rooms, in which three great departments of government carried on business. They were footsore and weary as they left the building by the wide north doorway; and, crossing Pennsylvania



ONE OF OUR NEW WAR-SHIPS, THE "INDIANA."

Built of steel plate, eighteen inches thick, with military mast and fighting tops; three immense dynamos; two turrets, each carrying two thirty-inch guns; thirty-eight other guns; fourteen boats and launches; two screw propellers; a great steel ram; weight, 20,000 tons; cost, three and a half millions of dollars.

Avenue, they sat down to rest in one of their favorite havens, beneath the wide-spreading trees of Lafayette Park.

As he dropped upon the bench, Bert said, "Well, all that was worth seeing, was n't it? But I've heard and seen so much that I don't know just how to check it all off. Let's see, Uncle Tom; the State Department stands at the head of the Government bureaus, does n't it?"

"Yes, by age and custom," Uncle Tom replied, "though not absolutely by merit. The Department of State was not mentioned by name in the Constitution—in fact, none of the executive departments were. It was established by an act of Congress on the twenty-seventh of July, 1789, and was first called the Department of Foreign Affairs. In September of the same year the name was changed to the Department of State. Its chief officer is known as the Secretary of State, and he, as you know, is appointed, as are all the heads of these eight executive departments, by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Secretary of State is not prime minister, as some people will tell you. Our nation recognizes no such officer."

"But he is the President's chief adviser, is he not?" inquired Bert.

"Well, he is so considered," Uncle Tom admitted, "and his position in the Cabinet is esteemed, what Jack might call, its 'plum.' He certainly occupies, by public consent, the place of greatest dignity and honor in the President's Cabinet; he stands first in succession, in case of the deaths of the President and Vice-President; but he has no more to say than any of his colleagues."

"But just what does he have to do in that grand office where we saw him sitting?" asked Marian.

"He has many duties," her uncle replied. "Although the chief purpose of the Government of the United States is home development and protection, these depend very largely upon our relations with the other nations of the world. To conduct these relations properly is the business of the State Department. It is through the Secretary of State that our Government must communicate with foreign governments. Whether we make a treaty with the Queen of England or send our sympathies to France when her President dies, the communication must be prepared in the office of the Department of State and must be sent or signed by the Secretary. To look after our interests abroad, we have men called ambassadors, ministers, and consuls, at the courts or in the cities of foreign nations all over the world. The Secretary of State conducts all correspondence with these officials. In like manner, foreign governments have representatives living in the United States to look after their affairs here, and the Secretary of State is the only official through whom they can conduct official business. He is also

the organ of communication between the President of the United States and the governors of the different States of our Union; in his hands are placed the conduct and charge of all treaties with foreign nations; he has the keeping, also, of all the laws made by Congress, after they have been approved by the President; he issues or publishes all laws, resolutions, presidential proclamations, and treaties; he records and issues to Americans who are going abroad the passport or certificate that all persons must carry to show that they are simply visitors and not dangerous persons."

"We don't need such certificates of good behavior here, do we, Uncle Tom?" asked Jack.

"No," replied his uncle. "The United States is a free country, and does not demand anything of visitors so long as they behave themselves. Besides these duties, the Secretary makes frequent reports to Congress on our business connections with other countries and the opportunities for American enterprise abroad. He is also the keeper or custodian of the great seal of the United States, which is stamped upon all important civil communications,



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

such as commissions or appointments of higher officials, executive proclamations, pardons, and so forth. A seal, you know, used to be the same as a signature when people did not know how to write; to-day it means authority and consent. A document bearing the great seal of the United States, together with the signatures of the President and the Secretary of State, means that such document is the official act of the United States of America. You saw the seal in the State Department. Who can describe it?"

"I think I can," said Roger, slowly. "It is a spread eagle with the shield of the United States on his breast, in his right talon an olive branch, in his left a bunch of arrows; above his head is a cloud-wreath encircling a sunburst in which are thirteen stars, and in his beak the eagle holds a scroll bearing our motto: *E pluribus unum.*"

"Very good, Roger," said Uncle Tom; "that is capitally described. And what does *E pluribus unum* mean, Master Latin Scholar?"

But before Bert could translate, the whole party exclaimed in chorus, "Out of many, one!"

Bert, however, did not intend to lose all the glory of his classical information.



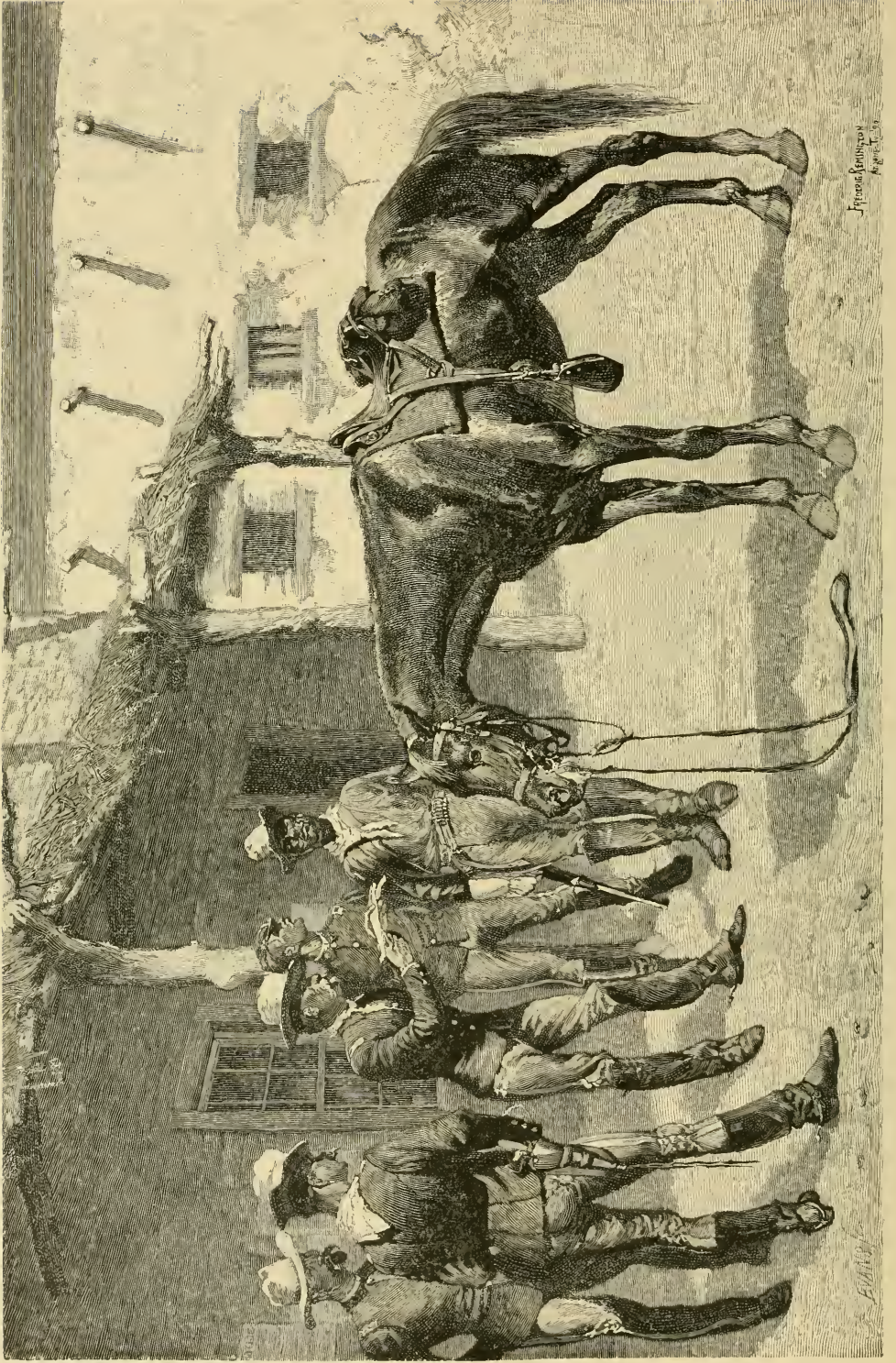
"TAPS." (CAVALRY BUGLER OF THE REGULAR ARMY IN FULL UNIFORM.)

"That 's from Virgil," he added. "Our Latin teacher told me so. It comes in a poem called 'Moretum,' and *moretum* was a kind of soup the old Roman 'hayseeds' used to make out of herbs and cheese well pounded together, and of which the poet said,

'Color est in pluribus unus.'

"Good for Virgil!" cried Jack. "But say; does n't that sound too much as if the United States were always in the soup?"

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed the girls; and Uncle Tom protested, "Never, sir, never! For our great seal signifies by its olive branch and its bunch of ar-



THE "REGULARS" ON THE PLAINS. AN ORDER FROM THE GENERAL COMMANDING.

rows the power of peace and war, vested in our Congress; the thirteen stars in the sunburst stand for a new constellation or nation taking its place among the great powers of the earth; the shield on the eagle's breast, with nothing else to support it or hold it in place, means that the United States of America must rely for success solely upon its own virtue; and the motto in the eagle's beak takes us out of Virgil's soup, Master Jack; for, as Holmes says:

‘As well might the Judas of treason endeavor
To write his black name on the disk of the sun,
As try the bright star-wreath that binds us to sever,
And blot the fair legend of Many in One.’”

“Holmes against Virgil, every time,” cried Jack. “I accept the amendment.”

“But what are the departments that the Secretary of State controls?” asked Christine.

“The Department of State is divided into seven bureaus,” replied Uncle Tom. “These are: a diplomatic bureau, having charge of the correspondence with American ministers abroad; a consular bureau, which communicates with the consulates of the United States; a bureau of indexes and archives, which registers and indexes correspondence and preserves state papers; a bureau of accounts, having charge of appropriations and funds, and the buildings and property of the department; a bureau of rolls and library, that keeps all the rolls, treaties, laws, books, and documents.”

“That’s the room where our friend the custodian is engaged, is it not?” asked Marian.

“Yes,” her uncle replied, and continued his enumeration: “A bureau of statistics to compile and furnish facts as to our commercial relations; and a bureau of law for the investigation of claims against or by foreign nations, and other law questions that may arise in the business of the department.”

“My, though!” said Marian; “that is a good deal to do, after all. No wonder they keep so many clerks busy over there,” and she waved her hand at the massive building of the State Department.

“But there are other clerks there, too, you know, Marian,” Christine reminded her. “How is it with the War Department, Mr. Dunlap?”

“The Department of War was created by act of Congress on the seventh of August, 1789,” replied Uncle Tom. “Its chief officer is called the Secretary of War. He has charge, under the direction of the President, of all our military affairs, and his department is divided into eleven bureaus, each under a chief who is an officer of the regular army.”

“But I should n't think they would have much to do in time of peace,” Bert said.

“To fight is not so much our duty as to guard against fighting,” Uncle Tom replied. “And this is the meaning of many of the duties of the Secretary of War. He has the custody of all records relating to the army, to supplies, transportation and distribution of our soldiers' food, clothing, and equipments; he looks after the signal service, that collects and transmits information for the army by telegraph, telephone, or a code of signals. He also looks after the Military Academy at West Point, where they turn boys into army officers —”



HENRY KNOX, THE FIRST SECRETARY OF WAR AND WASHINGTON'S FAVORITE GENERAL.

“That 's where I should like to go,” said Jack, who had just been reading Captain King's “Cadet Days.”

“You 'd have to work hard enough there, Jack,” said Roger, who also had read the story, and knew how the boys had to study and drill.

“The Secretary of War also looks after the survey and improvement of all our rivers and harbors; he locates bridges over all navigable streams; keeps our national cemeteries in good order and condition; and keeps track of all the State Militia, though he has nothing to say as to their enlistment, drill, or direction. His chief

officers are the Adjutant-General, who makes public all military orders of the Commander-in-Chief, looks after the army correspondence, enlistments, commissions, and army records, and reports on the strength and discipline of the army; the Inspector-General, who looks after the condition of the army and its belongings and accounts; the Quartermaster-General, who looks after the houses, horses, equipments, stores and transportation of the army, and has charge of the soldiers' cemetery over there at Arlington, that we must visit, and the other national cemeteries; the Commissary-General, who looks after the food of the army; the Surgeon-General, who looks after the health of the army; the Paymaster-General, who pays the army; the Chief of Engineers, who looks after our forts, bridges, surveys, and harbor and river improvements; the Chief of Ordnance, who looks after the guns, swords, and weapons of the army; the Chief Signal Officer,—who is ‘Old Probabilities,’ Marian; the Chief of Records and Pension Office, who keeps all the records of the regular and volunteer armies and reports on pensions due retiring soldiers; and the Judge-Advocate-General, who looks after army trials and courts-martial and reports on questions of law. So, you see, there is a good

leads the list with twelve thousand National guards; Idaho ranks lowest with two hundred."

"And that other gentleman in the big building across the avenue," said Marian; "what does he do?"

"What, the Secretary of the Navy?" Uncle Tom queried.

"Ah! that's my man," put in Roger, the lover of the sea.

"Well, he is never much of a sailor, Roger," said Uncle Tom, laughing. "You might think the head of the War Department a soldier, and that of the Navy Department a sailor. But they are not. Their business is neither to fight nor to sail, but to direct those who know how to fight and sail. The Department of the Navy was a governmental afterthought. Up to 1798, the naval affairs of the United States were controlled by the War Department. But on the thirtieth of April, 1798, an act of Congress created the Department of the Navy, with the Secretary of the Navy as its chief officer. He has the supervision of all matters connected with the naval establishment of the United States. The bureaus of his department are nine in all, and they look after: 1, the building and good order of all United States docks and navy-yards; 2, the equipment of war-vessels and the recruiting of seamen and marines; 3, the supplying of war-vessels with rigging, stores, maps, charts, flags, lights, etc., the publication of charts and surveys, and the care of the naval observatory and chart-drawing office; 4, the making of war material for use at sea, the arming of vessels, the trial of big guns, small arms, and torpedoes; 5, the building, fitting out, and repairing of vessels; 6, the designing, running, and repairing of the marine engines and machinery that make our war-vessels go; 7, the purchase and supply of food and clothing for the navy; 8, the health of our gallant 'blue jackets,' and, 9, their punishment when they are bad. The men in charge of these bureaus are officers in the navy, not below the grade of captain, and they are expert sailors, even if the Secretary of the Navy is not."

"Where are all the navy-yards, Mr. Dunlap?" asked Roger. "I have visited ours at Charlestown, and it is mightily interesting."

"Yes, they are interesting," said Uncle Tom. "Let me see. There is a navy-yard here at Washington—I pointed it out to you yesterday, you remember, as we sailed down to Mount Vernon; it is also headquarters and ordnance yard. There is one at Brooklyn—"

"I've seen that," Jack broke in. "It was a busy place, I tell you, when they had the naval parade."

"At Charlestown, in Massachusetts—"

"That's the one I saw," said Roger.

"At Kittery, Maine, just below Portsmouth; League Island, Pennsyl-



A GREAT NAVAL HERO.— ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

(BRONZE STATUE BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.)

vania, not far from Philadelphia; Norfolk, in Virginia; Pensacola, in Florida; and Mare Island, near San Francisco, in California. There is also a naval torpedo-station at Newport in Rhode Island."

"And is there not a school for making midshipmen, just as there is a school for making soldiers at West Point?" Christine asked.

"Yes; the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, not so far away from here," replied Uncle Tom.

"When you go to West Point, Jack," said Roger, "I'll go to Annapolis."

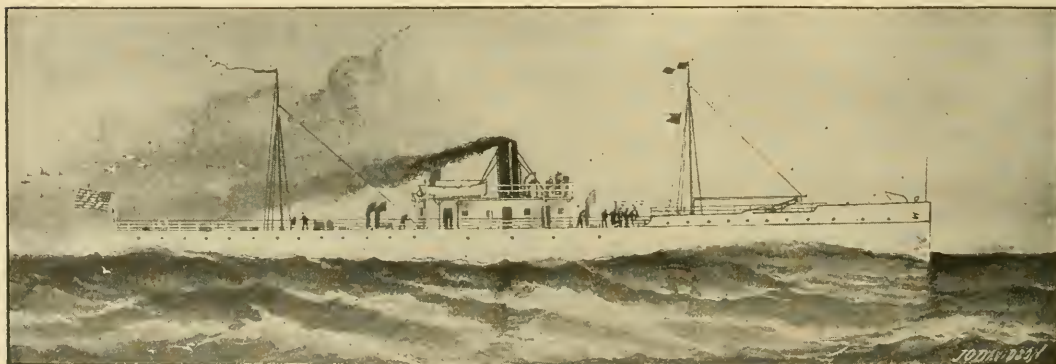
"All right," Jack responded. "You'll have to study quite as hard there as I shall at West Point. But the day we graduate, you and I will clasp hands and strike an attitude, and, while the girls here wave the star-spangled banner over us, we will all sing the chorus:

'The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!'"

"Which reminds me, boys and girls, of one other thing in our present line of talk," Uncle Tom announced. "The Secretary of the Navy is the official custodian of the flag of the United States."

"Why is that?" asked Bert.

"Well, I can't precisely say," his uncle replied. "Perhaps from the fact that the flag is more in use by naval vessels at sea or in foreign ports than it is on the land; perhaps from the fact that the device of a flag bearing the stars and stripes came from the marine committee of the Continental Congress; perhaps because of John Paul Jones and the victories of our flag at sea. But, from whatever cause, the Secretary of the Navy is the custodian of the national colors, and that, certainly, is a charge of honor and glory. Come, are you rested enough for another trip? Let us go to lunch, and then to Arlington."

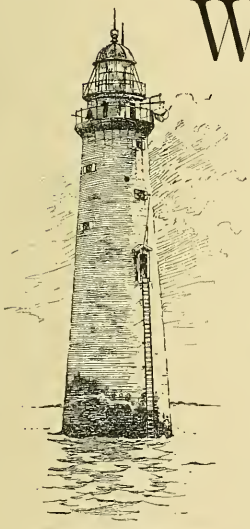


THE DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

CHAPTER IX

THE TREASURY AND THE POST-OFFICE

The Soldier's Home—An old soldier's idea—A visit to the Treasury Department—How the Government makes and spends money—The Post Office Department—The Postmaster-General and his helpers—The children see the curious Dead Letter Office.



A QUEER THING FOR THE TREASURY
DEPARTMENT TO LOOK AFTER.

WHILE at lunch Uncle Tom changed his mind and his plans. Instead of the trip to Arlington, he gave his young people a pleasant ride through fields and woods to the Soldiers' Home in the northern suburbs of Washington.

"You see," he explained, "we have just been studying the War Department, where they pull the wires that move the soldiers; now we will visit one of the places where they put the old soldiers on the shelf, when their fighting-days are over."

In a sightly spot stood the Soldiers' Home. "It was an old soldier's idea," Uncle Tom explained. "See! there he stands in bronze,—the hero of Lundy's Lane, the conqueror of Mexico," and Uncle Tom pointed to the brow of the hill where stood the fine statue of General Winfield Scott.

Jack took off his hat in salute. "He looks just as he must have appeared when President Jackson sent for him, does n't he?" said Jack.

"When was that, Jack?" inquired Marian.

"Why! don't you know," her brother responded—"at the time South Carolina braved 'Old Hickory' and threatened to go out of the Union? Then the hero of New Orleans called for the hero of Lundy's Lane. He smashed down his corn-cob pipe on the floor—why! it must have been in that very room in the White House that you showed us, Uncle Tom!—and burst out, 'By the Eternal! the Union must and shall be preserved. Send for General Scott!'"

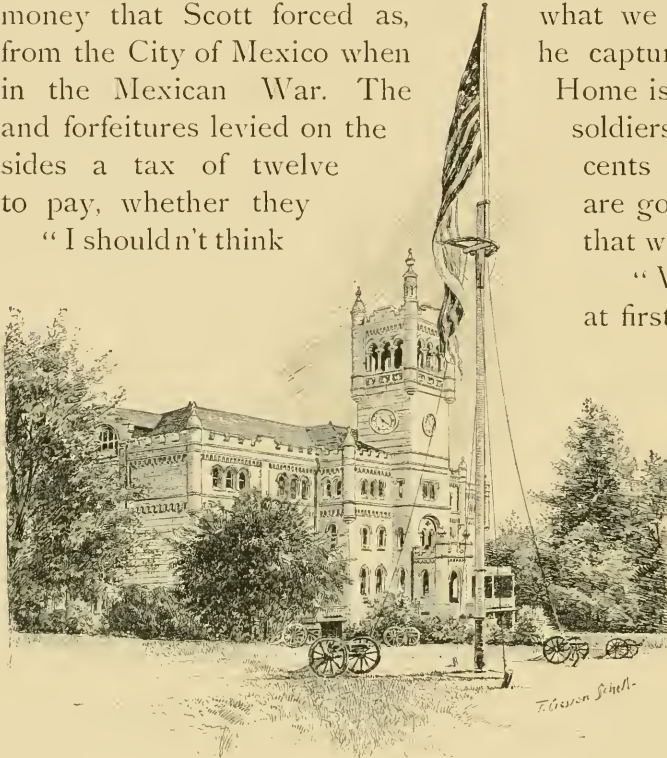
“Good for you, Jack! you told that story well,” said Uncle Tom. “Yes; you did see the room in the White House in which Jackson smashed his pipe — and ‘nullification.’ The hero of Lundy’s Lane became, you know, in 1847, the conqueror of Mexico. And it was from that very campaign in Mexico that this Soldiers’ Home re- money that Scott forced as, from the City of Mexico when in the Mexican War. The and forfeitures levied on the sides a tax of twelve to pay, whether they

“I shouldn’t think

sulted. For it was built with the what we call, an indemnity or fine he captured that old Aztec capital Home is maintained to-day by fines soldiers of the regular army, be- cents a month that they all have are good or bad.”

that would support it,” said Roger.

“Well, it might not seem to, at first,” replied Uncle Tom, “but the accumulated fund is really a large one. Why, I remember to have heard that, a few years ago, the Government held more than a million dollars representing the forfeited pay of deserters from the army and the unclaimed money of dead soldiers. So, you see, the Home has quite a fund behind it.”



THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

“Is n’t the idea of this Home something like that big French building where they have the tomb of Napoleon?” Bert inquired.

“What; the Hôtel des Invalides, in Paris?” said his uncle. “Yes, something on that plan. It’s not a bad place for these six hundred old soldiers to live in, is it? Just see what they have: this big marble building with its Norman tower, these beautiful cottages,—in that one over there President Lincoln used to spend his summers,—that stone chapel, the hospital, the library, these many acres of hill and valley, and this splendid view! See! off there is the ever-present and always-beautiful dome of the Capitol; and off this way—you can just see it, girls, a dim outline on the horizon—is the dome of Sugar Loaf Mountain in the Maryland hills, a good sixty miles away.”

It was, indeed, a beautiful situation and a superb view, and the tourists

left, after spending a pleasant afternoon, feeling glad, indeed, that the faithful old and invalid bluecoats had so fine, so comfortable, and so well kept a retreat in which to spend their years of rest from active and honorable service.

The next morning Uncle Tom took his party of investigators to a great granite building on Pennsylvania Avenue to the east of the White House.

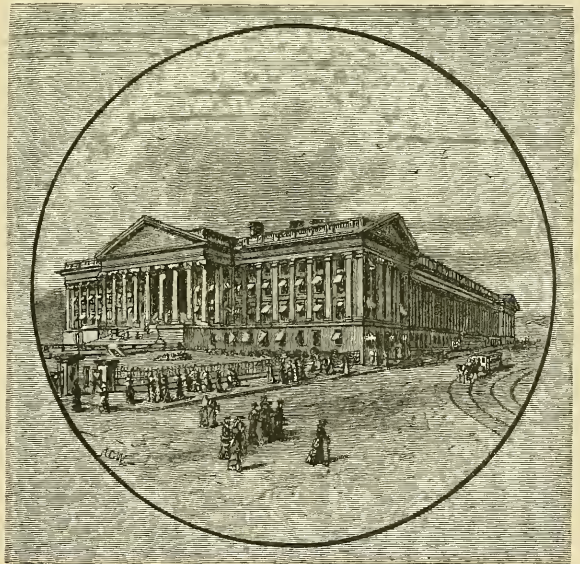
As they approached it Bert declared that it looked like some of the old Grecian temples of which he had seen pictures, and Uncle Tom told him that it was, in fact, a study in Grecian architecture, the east front being modeled after the temple of Minerva at Athens.

"It costs a great deal of money to run the Government of the United States, boys and girls," he said, "and to provide us all with money of a general standard. We should be terribly mixed up if every State and city made its own money. Values could never be depended upon, and a national currency is absolutely necessary. This is the building where our money is made, handled, and distributed to the people. Let us go in and study the Department of the Treasury."

"There 's room enough here, I should think, to make lots of money," said Jack. "What a big building it is!"

It was a big building. The young people echoed the figures given them by the official who showed them around, with all that appreciation of bigness that young America delights in. The Treasury Building, he told them, was three hundred feet long by six hundred deep; it had nearly three hundred rooms above its sub-basement, and it gave employment to nearly thirty-five hundred people, without counting those employed in the mints and subtreasuries in other parts of the Union.

"You will be interested to know, Jack," said Uncle Tom, "that your old hero, General Jackson, when President, is said to have marked out with his cane the size of this great building, and, striking that cane into the earth, with his usual emphasis announced, 'Here! right here, I want the corner-stone laid!' and there it was laid."



THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

“Well, Old Hickory had an eye for big things, had n't he?” said Jack.

“Yes,” replied their conductor; “but, big as it is, it is not large enough for Uncle Sam's money-chest, my boy. We are a great country, you know; and to care for the money the country uses requires a great building. Even with all this to work in we are crowded for room. Already another big establishment has been built just below here on Fourteenth street for the use of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing; and, some day, additions will



THE GOVERNMENT BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

have to be made to the Treasury Building itself, or separate ones built for the use of some of its departments.”

They found very much to interest them in this vast structure—“not so much the national storehouse as the national counting-house,” Uncle Tom

explained ; “ for here,” he said, “ the business of casting up the Government’s accounts and paying out the Government’s money goes on.”

Under the conduct of their courteous guide the “ tourists ” visited the most interesting portions of the vast Treasury Building. They went from



COUNTING AND EXAMINING SHEETS OF BILLS.

the money-vaults in the basement to the document-room in the attic, and after that walked down Fourteenth street to “ the Treasury annex ”—the interesting and busy Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where bank-bills, government-bonds, and revenue-stamps are made.

In fact, they saw so much in their tour of the Treasury Department, and their heads were so full of facts and figures, that Marian declared she was all ready to be folded up and filed away with the other public documents, tied with red tape and neatly labeled “ What I know about making money.”

They peeped into the spacious offices of the Secretary of the Treasury ;

they inspected the portraits of dead and gone secretaries in the corridor (for no living secretary is permitted to have his portrait displayed in the Treasury gallery); they saw, in what is called the Secret Service Department, the ingenious things done by people who try to rob or defraud the Government by making counterfeit money.

They stood in the handsome bronze balcony and looked down into the splendid marble Cash Room, where a force of cashiers were paying out the people's money. They visited the Redemption Room, which Christine called a money hospital, because here the torn and worn-out bills were examined and counted before going to be "mashed up" into pulp in the room set apart for their destruction.

They saw the Life-saving Service Department, from which is directed



PRINTING SHEETS OF BILLS.

that splendid corps of men who fight wind and wave to save the shipwrecked sailors on lake-shore and sea-coast. They saw the great steel vaults that hold millions of money, and Roger actually held in his hand for a single moment one hundred thousand dollars!

“My! would n't I like to own all that is in that building,” Jack said as the tourists left it at last and turned down Pennsylvania Avenue.

“Covetous already — eh, Jack?” said Uncle Tom. “You'll have to go home and read the tenth commandment, I fear.”



AT THE MACHINES FOR NUMBERING BILLS.

“And what good would all the money do you?” asked philosophic Bert. “Too much is as great a bother as too little.”

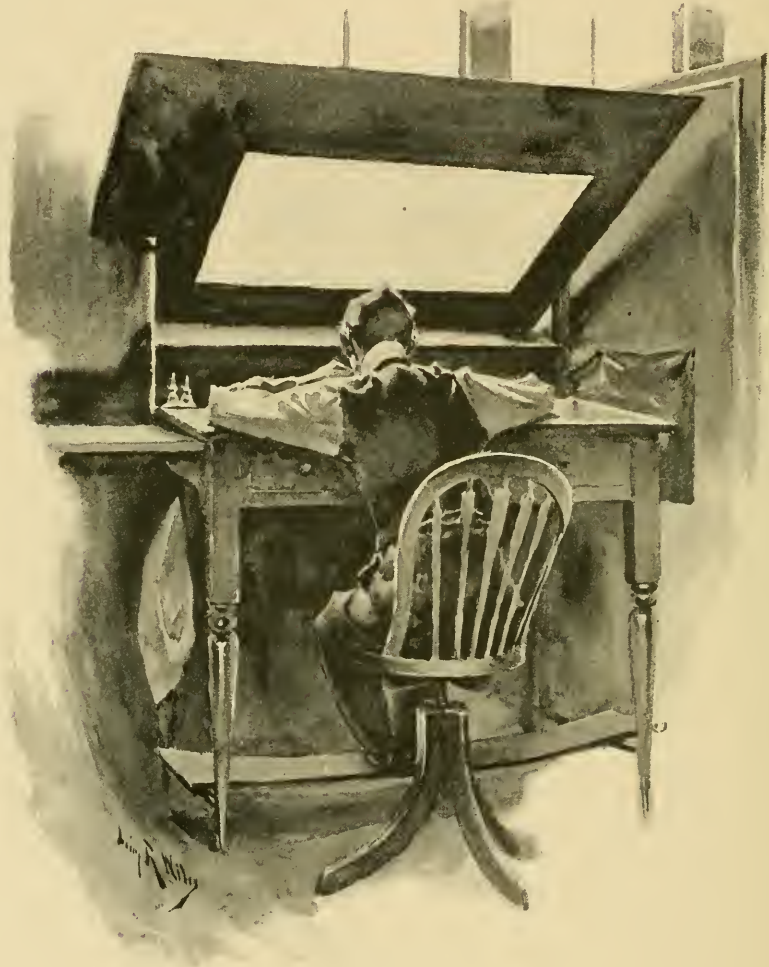
“I'd be willing to risk it,” said Jack.

“But it did seem to me,” Christine declared, “as if that big Treasury Department was just full of detectives and guards against stealing, from top to bottom. Why is it, Mr. Dunlap? Is all the world dishonest?”

“By no means, my dear,” Uncle Tom replied. “But one of the best ways to stay honest is to guard against temptation. Then, too, in all business offices, you know, checks and guards are needed, not so much against possible dishonesty as against carelessness and incorrectness. It is so in the Treasury Department. Carelessness could wreck the whole concern and seriously cripple the Government; so the officials have to be on the

watch all the time and hold every person employed to a strict account. Accuracy is as necessary as patriotism."

"The Treasury is a very important department of the Government, is n't it, Uncle Tom?" Marian asked.



ONE OF THE STEEL-ENGRAVERS AT WORK.

"As important as it is extensive," her uncle replied. "It was one of the earliest bureaus established, having been created by Act of Congress on the second of September, 1789. Alexander Hamilton, to whom, you remember, we owe the leading features of our Constitution, was the first Secretary of the Treasury."

"I don't suppose it was a very big treasury as long ago as that," said Roger.

“Just a little office with a few clerks,” replied Uncle Tom. “But there Hamilton laid the foundation of our present vast financial system.”

“And it is a very responsible position now, is n’t it — the Secretaryship of the Treasury?” queried Bert.

“It is indeed,” his uncle said. “The Secretary of the Treasury is the caretaker of the nation’s money. He receives it; he pays it out. He collects what is paid to the Government in taxes and customs.”

“Taxes are what we pay, and customs are what outsiders pay — is not that it, Mr. Dunlap?” asked Roger.



TREASURY CLERKS LEAVING THE TREASURY BUILDING AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK.

“In brief, yes,” replied Uncle Tom. “We pay a certain amount of money every year to run our Government; this we call taxes; an officer of the Treasury Department, known as the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, through his army of assistants, collects these taxes. Customs are the moneys paid by those who bring into the country goods from foreign lands. The



HAULING THE MORTAR CAR — U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE. (IN CHARGE OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.)

officer in charge of this department of the Treasury is called the Commissioner of Customs. When the money from the taxes and customs is paid into the Treasury, it is placed in the care of an officer of the department, known as the Treasurer of the United States. He has charge of the money



FIRING THE MORTAR—U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

vaults and the Cash Room we have just seen, and he pays every bill, from the salary of the President to the national debt.”

“Just think what a lot of money he must handle!” said Jack, still thinking of the Treasury vaults.

“And this money, as you have now seen,” said Uncle Tom, “is in gold and silver or in bills.”

“But bills are not really money, are they?” Roger asked.

“No; they are, rather, promises to pay money, or orders on the Treasury for money,” said Uncle Tom.

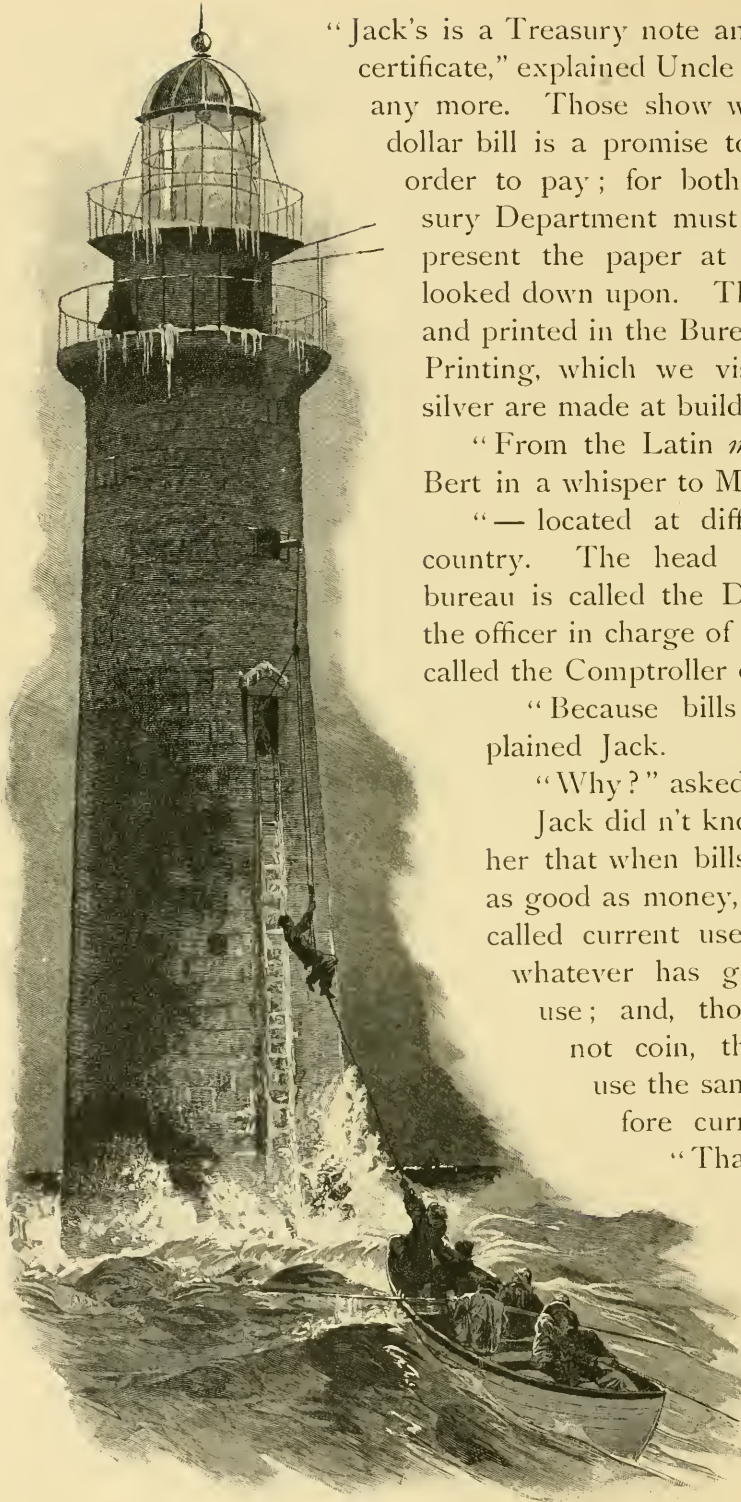
“Why, is that so? I thought bills were money!” cried Jack.

“Just look at a bill and see,” said Marian.

So the boys stopped in the street and each one drew from his pocket a dollar bill for examination.

“This reads,” said Jack, “‘The United States of America will pay to bearer one dollar in coin.’”

“And mine says,” Roger read, “‘This certifies that there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States one silver dollar payable to the bearer on demand.’”



“Jack’s is a Treasury note and Roger’s is a silver certificate,” explained Uncle Tom. “Never mind any more. Those show what I mean. Jack’s dollar bill is a promise to pay; Roger’s is an order to pay; for both of them the Treasury Department must pay you coin if you present the paper at the Cash Room we looked down upon. The bills are engraved and printed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which we visited; the gold and silver are made at buildings called mints —”

“From the Latin *moneta*, money,” said Bert in a whisper to Marian.

“— located at different points in the country. The head of this coin-making bureau is called the Director of the Mint; the officer in charge of the making of bills is called the Comptroller of the Currency —”

“Because bills are currency,” explained Jack.

“Why?” asked Marian.

Jack did n’t know, and Bert informed her that when bills were held to be just as good as money, they were in what is called current use; hence currency is whatever has general adoption and use; and, though bank-bills were not coin, they were in current use the same as coin, and therefore currency.

“That’s very good, Bert,” said Uncle Tom,

“and really tells the story. As you saw, however, the Treasury Department has to do with other things besides making and collecting money.

It has to borrow when we are hard pressed, as we were in the Civil War, and thus run up what is known as the national debt—a debt the nation owed for money borrowed to carry on the war.”

“How much was it?” asked Jack.

“Twenty-seven hundred million dollars,” Uncle Tom told him.

“Gracious!” was all that the children could say. They really could not conceive the vastness of the sum. It was simply an immense figure to them.

“To borrow this money the Government gave bonds, or pledges that the nation would pay back the sums borrowed, or give up its property to those who loaned the money. All these bonds were issued, and the payment of the national debt attended to by the Treasury Department. As you saw, too, the department manages our lighthouses, our coast-surveys, and our revenue cutters; it sees that all steamboats are properly and safely run, and it directs the life-saving service on our coasts.”

“That is very funny work for the Treasury to do,” said Jack.

“I should think those things belonged to the Navy Department,” said Roger.

“One would think so at first,” said Uncle Tom; “but these matters really come under what is termed our revenue service, and that is in charge of the Department of the Treasury.”

“There are many other duties that belong to this important department of the Treasury,” Uncle Tom added, as he stopped before a great square



THE NIGHT PATROL — LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

building that looked like a vast Italian palace, "that I cannot now tell you of. But they all run in line with the management of the finances of the nation, and include such important matters as the management of the national debt,



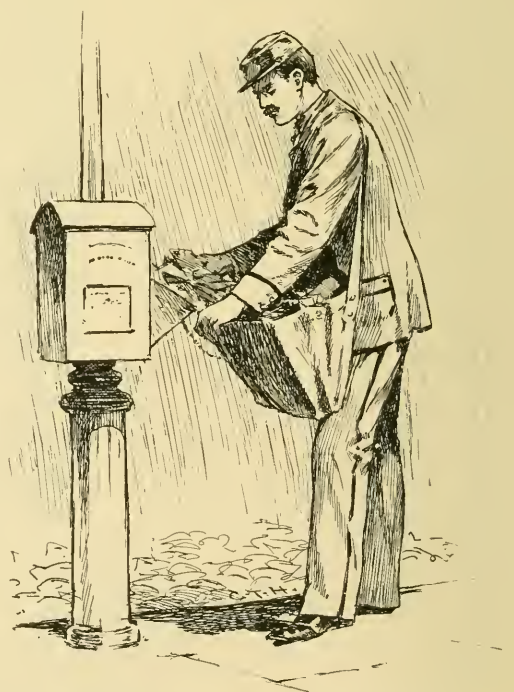
"THERE! THAT'S DONE."

the national currency and coinage, the oversight and good care of the national banks, the internal revenue system, the customs and custom-houses, the merchant and passenger marine service, the lighthouse system of the country, the coast and land surveys, the inspection of steam vessels, the life-saving service, and the marine hospitals. So, you see, the Secretary of the Treasury and his army of assistants find enough to keep them busy, and they try to do the business of keeping the Government accounts in a businesslike way. Now, here's the department that sells you a splendid steel engraving of George Washington for two cents. Let's go in and examine the place."

"Oh, Uncle Tom, do let us buy a lot of those portraits, can't we?" cried Marian. "Only two cents? and are they really fine! My, how cheap!"

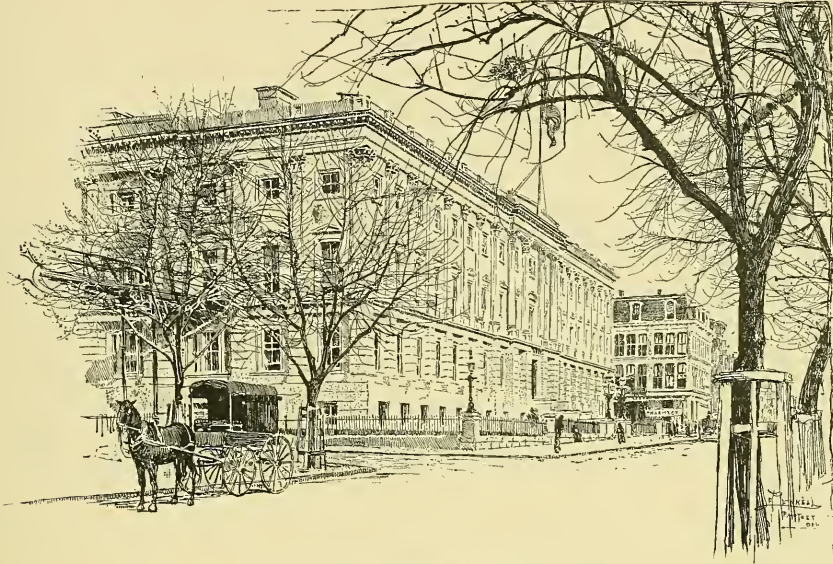
"Goosey!" exclaimed Jack, with superior contempt. "You'll feel cheaper, I guess. Don't you know that old chestnut of a joke? Can't you buy a two-cent postage-stamp with Washington's head on it? This is the Post Office Department;" and, laughing at Marian's discomfiture, the whole party climbed the wide steps and stood within the portals of the Post Office Department.

"The department we are about to investigate," said Uncle Tom, as they entered the building, "is, to me, both unique and interesting. To you it seems but a simple thing to take a sheet of paper, write a line to a friend, fold the sheet, put it into an envelop, write your friend's address on the envelop, stick a postage-stamp on it, and



"FOR YOU MEN IN GRAY UNIFORMS HAVE WALKED."

drop it into the nearest mail-box, with the exclamation, 'There! that 's done.' And when, before the week is out, the postman brings to your door an answer from your friend, five hundred miles away, you never think of it as a remarkable performance. And yet it is."



THE U. S. POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

"Of course it is — to get an answer," said Jack. "The fellows I write to take more than a week; eh, Roger?"

"Well, I don't know; I think I'm a pretty prompt correspondent, Jack," replied the boy from Boston.

"The time between your dropping your letter in that mail-box and the moment the postman rings your door-bell and hands you the reply," Uncle Tom went on, "is filled with work done for you by the Government of the United States. For you men in gray uniforms have walked; for you horses have galloped, locomotives puffed, and cars rolled. For you, men in your own city, and men in the city in which your friend lives, have labored day and night, in secret, behind closed doors, using locked boxes, locked bags, locked cars, and locked compartments — doing a public service in a private way, solely for your convenience, and at a cost to you of only two cents. And the power that does it all is this Post Office Department."

"Has it always been so, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired.

"Not with such excellent and reliable machinery," replied her uncle. "The Post Office Department was created by Congress on the 22d of September, 1789. The head of the department — who is not called a secretary,

you know, but the Postmaster-General — was not recognized as a cabinet officer and adviser of the President until Andrew Jackson's day."

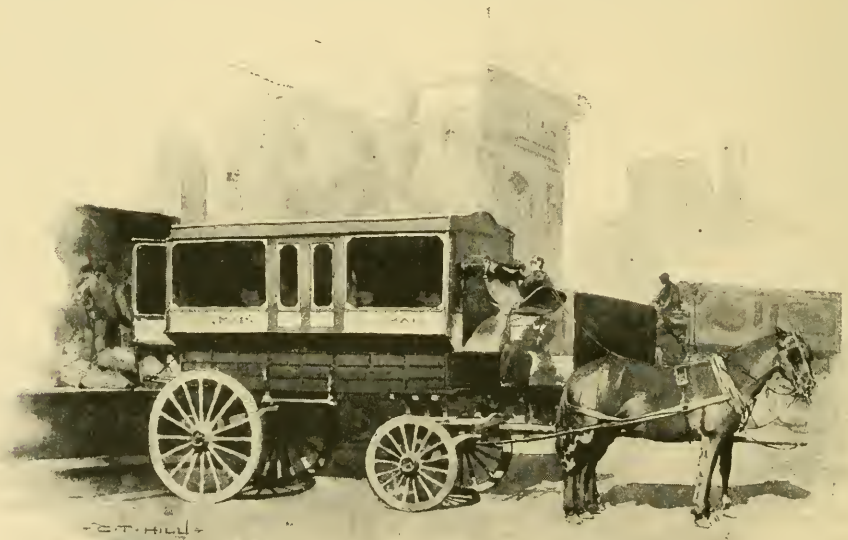
"My man, again," said Jack. "He was a 'hustler,' Old Hickory was."

"The duties of the Postmaster-General," Uncle Tom went on, "include, in the directing of his department, the management of both the domestic and foreign mails, contracting for the transportation of the mails on land and sea, the manufacture, supply and sale of postal necessities such as stamps and stationery, arranging postal treaties, under the President's direction, with foreign nations, appointing clerks and postmasters —"

"I thought the President did that," said Bert.

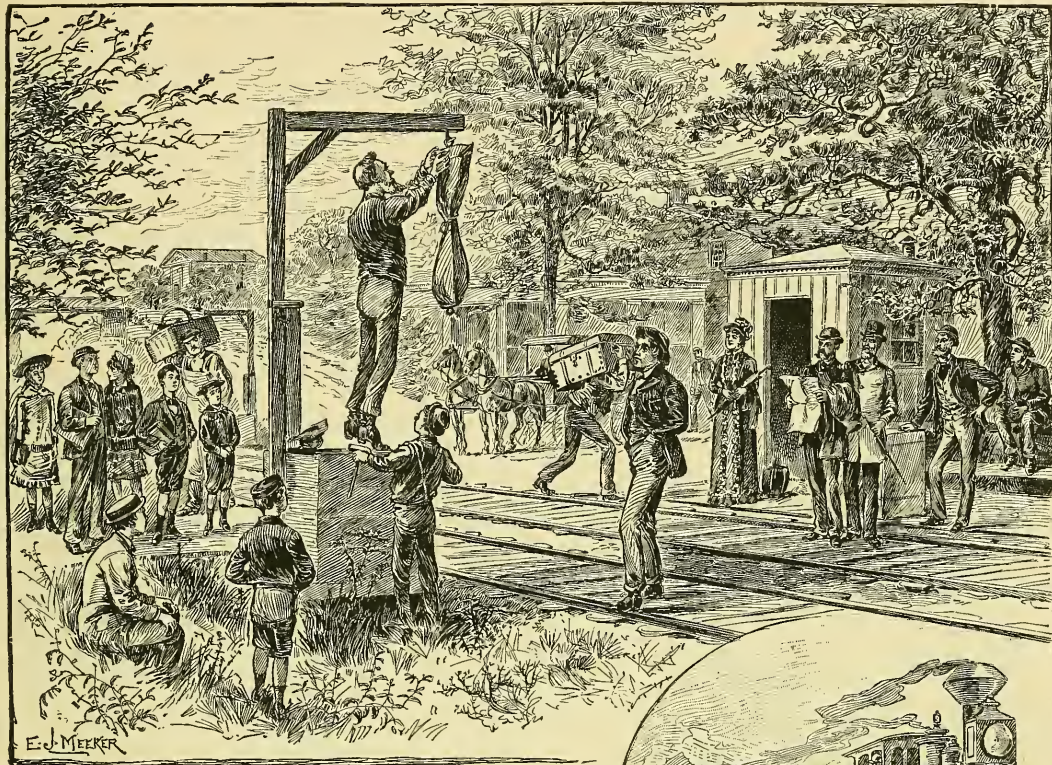
"The Postmaster-General appoints all postmasters whose salaries do not exceed one thousand dollars," Uncle Tom explained. "He also sees to the establishment and discontinuance of post-offices, the proper management of all offices, and the spending of the money appropriated by Congress for the postal service of the nation."

"I don't see but that he has plenty to do," Bert said. "This handling of the mails is a big business. I never stopped to think of it before."



A MAIL WAGON RECEIVING MAIL AT THE NEW YORK GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

"We rarely think much about what has come to be a matter of course," said Uncle Tom, as they strolled leisurely through the corridors and hallways of the great building, reading the office and department signs, and peeping into one room and another, whenever it seemed proper or desirable.



AT A WAY-STATION. GETTING READY FOR A FAST MAIL-TRAIN.

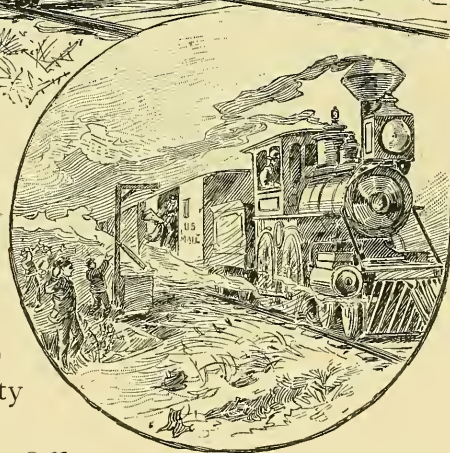
“Just think of what the Postmaster-General is chief,” said Uncle Tom. “He has nearly seventy thousand post-offices to look after, doing a business that brings to the department an income of nearly eighty millions of dollars.”

“My, though! I did n’t know the Post Office Department was as rich as all that,” Marian exclaimed, with a laugh.

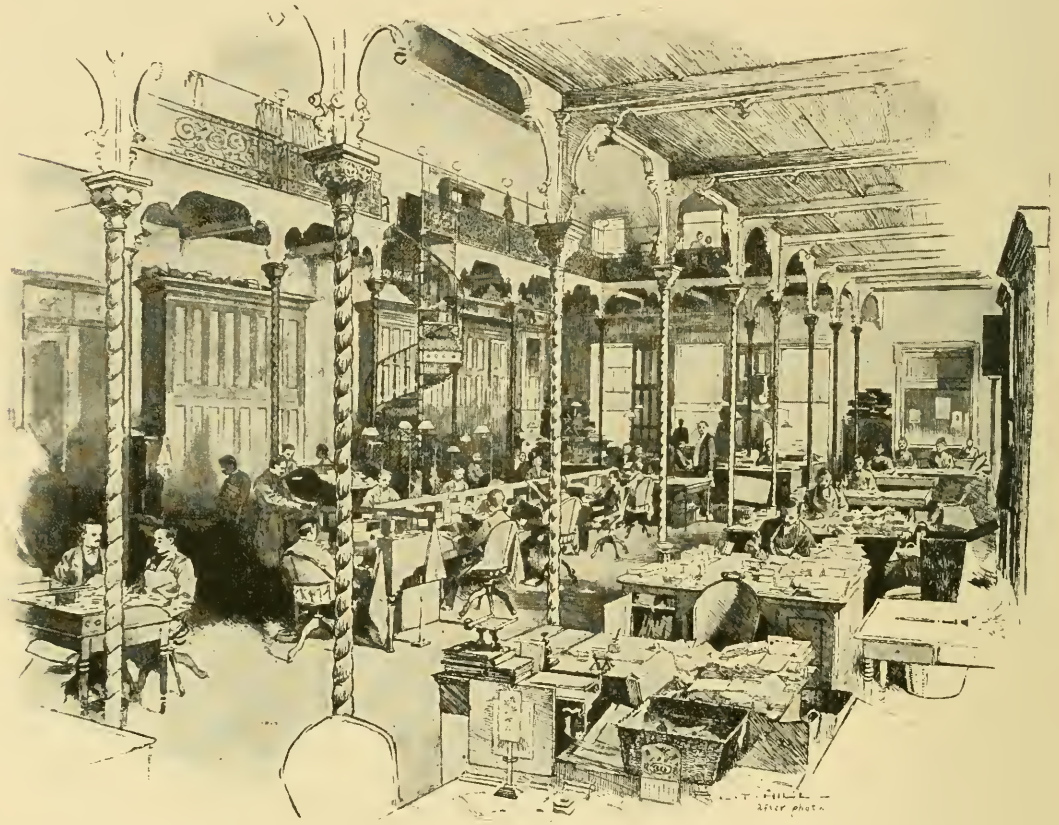
“Wait a bit, Marian,” said Uncle Tom. “I did n’t say it made that amount. The postal business of the country brings in nearly eighty millions of dollars each year, but it costs more than eighty millions a year to run it; so, you see, it is not rich after all. It loses money every year.”

“Why, that is n’t right,” cried Jack. “It ought to come out square.”

“We are getting there gradually, Master Jack,” his uncle explained. “For whereas the Post Office is now nearly self-supporting, in past years the business used to run way behind. It costs to do work well, you know. Why, last year it is estimated that more than four thousand million pieces of mail-matter were posted in this country—more than in Germany, France,



and Austria put together. Think what that means in work and care! There are over six hundred free delivery offices in the country — that is, towns and cities in which the postman leaves your mail at your door without cost to you.”



INTERIOR OF GENERAL OFFICE — DEAD-LETTER DEPARTMENT.

“Well, why should n't he?” said Jack. “Don't we pay taxes to be looked after?”

“We do, and some day there will no doubt be both free delivery and free postage throughout the Union,” said Uncle Tom. “But even now it is a great advance over the work of fifty years ago. Time was when you had to go to the post-office yourself, even in large cities, or pay a penny for every letter brought to you from the office.”

“Why, yes,” said Roger; “I remember my father telling stories of the time he was a boy, and the fun the fellows used to have with ‘Mr. Badger the penny-post.’ That must have been the man they used to have to pay a penny a letter to.”

"And I have seen letters," said Jack, "sent to my grandfather by his father when he was a boy that had no postage-stamps and no envelopes. They were just folded square, fastened with sealing-wax, directed and marked: 'postage one shilling.'"

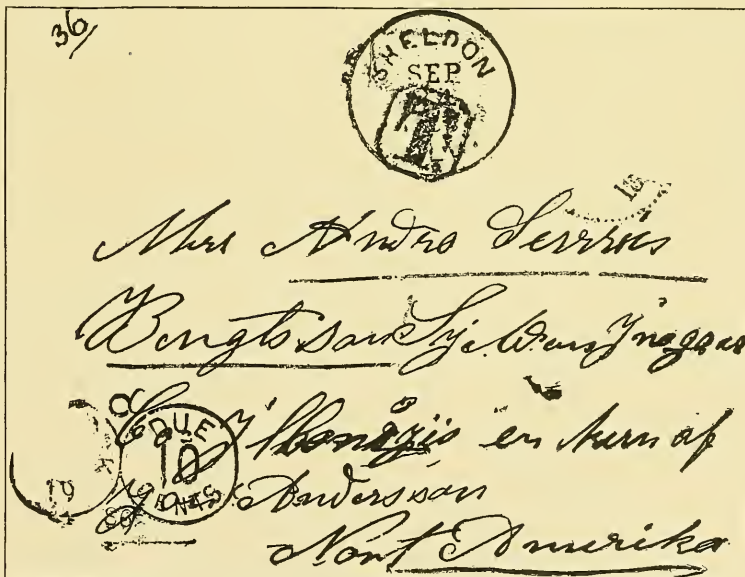
"Well, to effect all this change in postal rates, postal facilities, free and special delivery, railway mails, postal-cards, money-orders, and postal-notes (which, by the way, the Government has just given up making) has been the business of this Post Office Department whose home we are now visiting," said Uncle Tom. "The postal service really dates back to the time of the Roman Empire, but it is only within the past fifty years that it has become the people's service, and this progress America has undoubtedly led."

"Hooray for us!" cried Jack.

"See; here is the office of the Postmaster-General," Uncle Tom announced as they peeped into a finely furnished room.

"Fine, is n't it?" said Roger. "But why 'general'? He is not an army officer."

"The office of Postmaster-General," said Uncle Tom, "was formerly a government monopoly in European kingdoms. In Austria it was the feudal property of a private family, carrying with it the title of general, and the dignity was hereditary — that is, descended from father to son. So the title remained after the dignity was transferred from private parties to government, and the director of the department in nearly all countries is called the Postmaster-General."



THIS LETTER WAS SENT FROM SWEDEN AND FOUND THE OWNER AT SELDON, ILLINOIS.

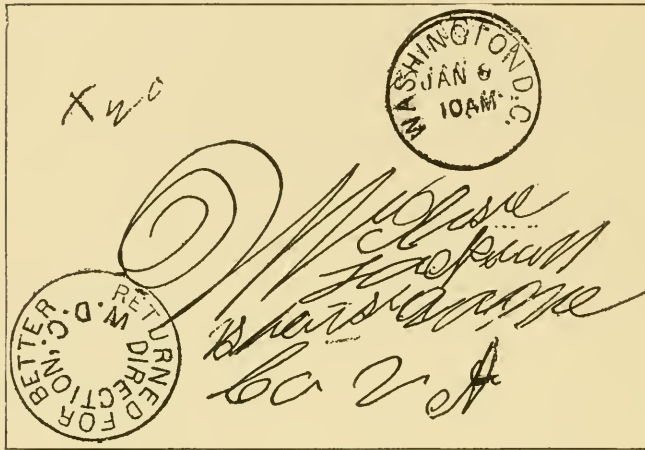
They passed rapidly by many pleasant and roomy offices.

"These are the other departmental offices," explained Uncle Tom — "the four assistant Postmasters-General, the superintendent of foreign mails, and the chief of the money-order system."

"What is that, Mr. Dunlap?" Christine inquired.

"The department handles money for the people who wish to send it from point to point. It would be unsafe to send real money in the mails;

for there are bad people who steal letters. So the Government takes your money and gives you an order on another post-office. This order you send to your correspondent and his post-office pays him the money when he presents the order. This is a very great convenience. To show how much it is used and appreciated I can tell you that last year there were sent in the mails,



TO MRS. LUCY JACKSON, SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

postal money-orders and postal-notes amounting to nearly one hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

"And here," said Uncle Tom, climbing the stairs to a small gallery room, lined with cases like a museum, and bidding the children look down upon a floorful of busy people — "here is where carelessness is rewarded."

"Rewarded? How?" cried Marian.

"This is the Dead Letter Office," said Uncle Tom.

"It does n't look very dead," said Roger.

"No; it's about the liveliest place in the whole building," Jack declared.

"The letters are dead, not the office," explained Uncle Tom. "A letter which is misdirected, poorly directed, or not directed at all, or one on which the postage is not paid, or only what they call short-paid, is said to be 'dead.' It is really not alive enough to travel to its proper destination. And so it is sent here for treatment."

"The letter-hospital, is it not?" said Christine. "Are there many such pieces of carelessness?"

"Twenty thousand a day," Uncle Tom replied.

"My-ee! are people as careless as that?" said Marian.

"And some of the letters have money in them, I suppose," Bert suggested.

"Nearly three millions of dollars in money, checks, and drafts came to this Dead Letter Office last year," said Uncle Tom. "Most of it, however,

was carefully traced and returned to its owners. Just look here," he added, turning to the museum cases. "See what queer things people send by mail. These things have all been taken from letters or mail parcels that found their way to this office."

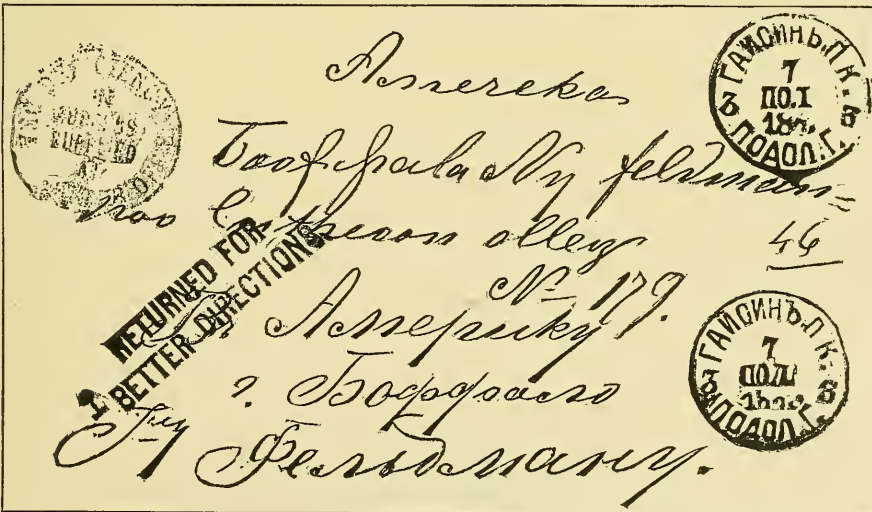
It was an odd display, indeed. There were rings and dolls and diamonds; salad-oil, false teeth, and easter-eggs; brandy, bowie-knives, and bibles; hat-boxes, washboards, barbed wire, kid gloves, and playing-cards; fans and pans and wedding-cake; sea-shells, arsenic, and toys; old coins, coffee-pots, stuffed birds, skulls, snakes, and babies' socks—it was a collection that made the children wonder, alike at people's odd fancies, at the carrying power of the United States Mail, and at the carelessness of the world in general.

They saw, too, letters so poorly addressed that no one could make out who they were intended for; one of them actually read:

"The postmaster will please send this to my son out west who drives a yoke of red oxen and the railroad runs through his place."

"Gracious, Roger!" cried Jack. "That beats the letter I got last year."

"What letter was that, Jack?" asked Roger.



THIS LETTER WAS PROPERLY DELIVERED TO MR. FELDMAN, 179 LUTHERAN (ALLEY?), BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Innocence, you forget all about it, don't you?" Jack cried. "You remember it, Marian? It was addressed in poetry—and there's the fellow who sent it," he added, pointing to Roger.

"Oh, yes, I remember it," cried Marian. "I do believe I know it by

heart. We all thought it was so cute. It was written up and down the envelop, and it said :

‘ Hey, diddle, diddle !
Right in the middle
Of New York City renowned,
There lives a youth
Of features couth,
And skin not freckled but browned.

‘ Mr. Postmaster bright,
Please use all your might
Young Jack Dunlap to discover ;
And if it is said
The postage ’s not paid —
This letter you ’ll please to turn over.’”

“ Good for Roger !” exclaimed Uncle Tom. “ Why, you ’re quite a poet, and a clever one too — which is more than they all are, and I suppose the real address and the postage-stamp were there when the postmaster ‘ turned over ’ the letter ? ”

“ Certainly they were,” said Jack. “ But the real direction was quite small and modest, so as to make sure that the poetical address should attract attention.”

“ Well, the Post Office could tell many funny stories, if all its records and its doings were made public,” said Uncle Tom. “ Tired out, all of you ? ”

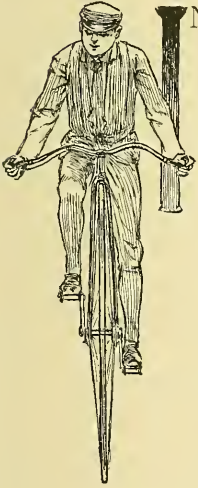
They were pretty well tired out with their morning tramp through two great departments ; so, coming out of the big Post Office Building, they stepped aboard the Pennsylvania Avenue “ cables,” and were soon speeding away to their hotel, for luncheon and rest.



CHAPTER X

THE DEPARTMENTS OF JUSTICE, OF THE INTERIOR, AND OF AGRICULTURE

Uncle Tom preaches rest—He shows the tourists the Attorney-General's Department—How the Government goes to law—What the Department of the Interior is—The Department that attends to the weather and that helps the farmers—A trip to Arlington—Christine repeats Lincoln's Gettysburg oration.



IN spite of their opposition, Uncle Tom prescribed for his tourists an afternoon of rest.

They protested against this enforced idleness, but to no avail.

"I am the Health Department of this expedition," he declared, "and I am not going to have you meet the fate of too many excursionists, who follow out a cut-and-dried plan of sight-seeing only to go home shattered wrecks."

"Not much of a shattered wreck about me," Jack declared; "why, I could down any one of you in a foot-ball tackle now, or beat the whole team in a hundred-yard dash. Come, try me, Uncle Tom."

But Uncle Tom remained firm; so the girls rested in their room, and the boys took things easy in Uncle Tom's "council chamber," or sat in the comfortable chairs in the hotel reading-room and watched the passing people.

Toward evening, Uncle Tom relaxed his guardianship and mounting the boys on bicycles, he took the girls in a carriage, and the whole party rode out to that picturesque region of rocks and woods and ravines where, in the broken and beautiful lands along Rock Creek, Congress has set aside a great tract of hill and valley for a future zoölogical garden and national park.

The next morning was cloudy and wet, but nothing could dampen the

ardor of investigation, and the tourists, well shod and protected, sallied out seeking new fields to conquer.

Uncle Tom paused, first, before a handsome five-story building, on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the Treasury.

"This," he said, "is the Department of Justice. It is the office of the Attorney-General, the law adviser of the President and a member of his Cabinet."

"But I thought the Supreme Court was the law department of the Government," said Bert.

"Boy, boy!" cried Jack, "much sight-seeing hath muddled thy massive brain. These gentlemen in this building fight things out for us in the Supreme Court; don't they, Uncle Tom?"

"Yes, they do," said his uncle. "The Supreme Court is a branch of government; this is a department. The Supreme Court expounds and decides; the Department of Justice advises and pleads. They are in no way related to each other. The office of Attorney-General dates back to the Act of Congress creating the office on the twenty-fourth of September, 1789; but the creation of the office into an executive department was not effected until 1870. At that time all the officers who, under the law, conducted the legal business of the Government, were united under a special head in this Department of Justice, and the Attorney-General was made its official chief."

"And he, you say, is the President's lawyer, is he?" asked Roger.

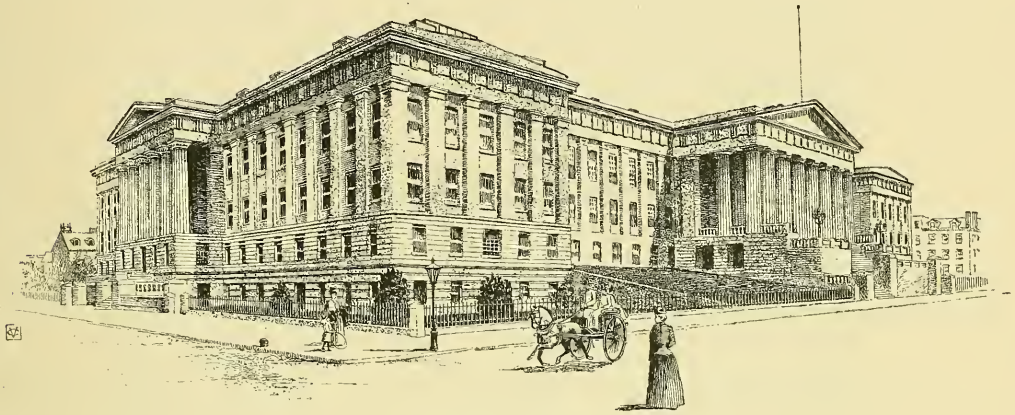
"In a general way, yes," Uncle Tom replied. "He is a member of the Cabinet, he advises the President on all legal questions that arise in the administration of the laws, and he gives advice and opinions to the heads of the other departments when requested. You see, a great government has no call to be a tyrant; it must act cautiously if it wishes to serve the people who live under it; it tries to follow Davy Crockett's advice—"

"Member of Congress from Tennessee and hero of the Alamo?" queried Jack.

"That's the man; one of the most eccentric and picturesque figures in American history," replied Uncle Tom. "And his advice was, 'Be sure you're right: then go ahead.' That is what the United States wishes to do; hence we have this Department of Justice. So the Attorney-General is called upon for advice before action; he sees that the lands belonging to the nation have what is called 'clear titles'—that is, that the Government is really the owner; and he appears in person or by one of his subordinates on behalf of the Government when any question in dispute, to which it is a party, is brought into the courts for trial."

"Why, does the Government ever go to law?" asked Roger.

“Very often,” replied Uncle Tom. “*The United States against Richard Roe* is a frequent case in court, and the Attorney-General, or one of his associates, has to appear in court, to plead in behalf of the nation. This is, especially, the duty of those lawyers all over the land whom you have, perhaps, heard of as United States District Attorneys. They serve in a certain district, set apart by law. They represent the Government in all cases in



THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

which the United States is a party in action. They conduct civil cases which the United States either brings or defends, and they prosecute all offenders against the laws of the United States.”

“Oh, yes — the District Attorney! I’ve read about him in murder trials,” Jack proclaimed. “He’s the fellow who always tries to hang the murderer.”

“Oh, Jack! you don’t read those dreadful things, do you?” cried Christine.

“Why not?” said Jack. “It is the duty of every American, my dear child, to be up in all the questions of the day,” he added, with quite the air of a patriarch.

“Very good, Jack,” said Uncle Tom; “but you are confounding the State and the United States District Attorneys. The latter appear as prosecutors only in crimes against the United States; and murder — except upon the high seas — is a state rather than a national offence.”

They continued their brisk walk down the avenue, and then Uncle Tom turned with his party into Seventh street and paused where a great portico, that reminded classical Bert of the famous Parthenon at Athens, gave entrance to a plain but noble-looking building.

“This,” said Uncle Tom, “is the Department of the Interior.”

“That’s a funny name,” said Jack. “Interior of what?”

“Why, the interior of the nation, Master Jack. It is what is known in

England as the Home Department. It means the department in charge of the internal affairs of the nation."

They entered the great granite building.

"This used to be known as the Patent Office," said Uncle Tom, "because this whole first floor was used as an exhibition hall for the display of the models made by inventors who ask from the Government what is called patent rights, or the right to sole ownership in the machine or device they have invented."

"That's men like Edison, Morse, Howe, Whitney, Ericsson, and lots of other fellows who get up things to do something?" asked Roger.

"But, why should n't they have sole ownership?" asked Jack.

"They should certainly," replied his uncle, "but unless they show that they really did invent it, some one else might try to do the same thing and then no one could tell who should profit by it. The Patent Office was established to give the right of possession to the one who puts in undeniable proof of invention."

"But this is not the Patent Office now, you say?" Marian inquired.

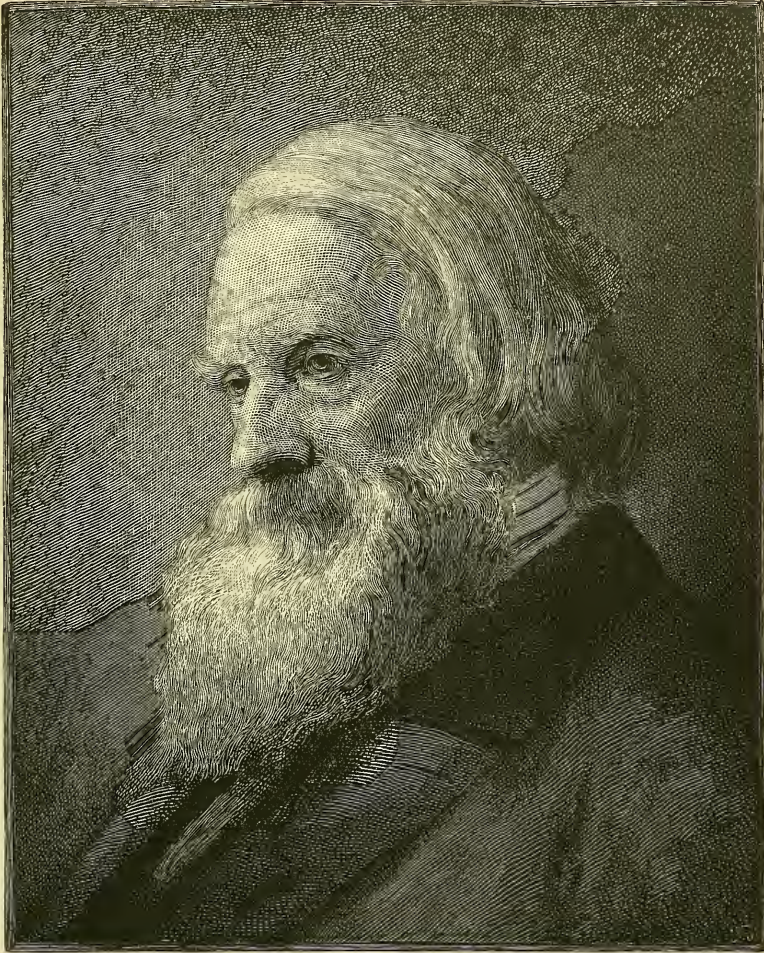
"No; the old exhibition hall that I remember, with its forest of tinted columns and arches and its floor of white marble, is a thing of the past," responded her uncle. "The business of the Interior Department has crowded out the models. They are now in temporary occupation of the upper portion of the Washington Post Office Building, awaiting the completion of the grand new District Post Office farther up the avenue; and this big building is now, really, the Interior Department."

"And what is attended to in this building now that the models of patents have been removed?" asked Bert.

"Look about you and see," his uncle returned. "The old hall of arches familiar to me has been partitioned off into a whole swarm of offices."

They walked hastily through the building, glancing here and there, reading the names of the bureaus and divisions that crowded the Department Building. Into some offices they glanced, others they entered, some they passed with just a look; and as they left the building and walked briskly toward its most extensive annex — the unique Pension Building — Uncle Tom discoursed upon the Department of the Interior.

"The Department of the Interior," he said, "meaning, as I told you, the department in charge of the internal affairs of the nation, was created by Act of Congress on the third of March, 1849. Previous to that time the affairs it now controls were in charge of the other departments. The Secretary of State looked after patents, copyrights, the census, and the public documents; the Secretary of the Treasury had charge of public lands,



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, FIRST PATENTED IN 1837.

mines, and mining; the Secretary of War looked after the Indians; and the pensions or payments to disabled soldiers and sailors were in charge of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy. In 1849 these matters were all grouped together and placed in charge of a new department, called the Department of the Interior; a Secretary was placed in command, and to its business were added, later, the Bureau of Education, the oversight of railroads, the geological surveys, the national parks (such as the Yellowstone and the Yosemite), the affairs of the Territories, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Department of Labor.”

“Well,” said Bert, “seems to me the Secretary of the Interior has a regular jumble of things to look after.”

“Looks as if he were a national Jack-of-all-trades,” was Jack’s comment.

“Yes, it does seem as if his business is to do everything that nobody else looks after,” said Uncle Tom. “But some of these are very important. Every ten years, you know, he has to ‘count noses,’ to see how many



ELI WHITNEY, INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN, PATENTED IN 1793.

people live in the United States, find out what they are doing, and how the country is growing. This is called ‘taking the census.’”

“From *censeo*, to count,” said Bert, the Latin scholar.

“I reckon,” put in Jack, the punster.

“Then, too,” continued Uncle Tom, “he has to take care of the public

lands. There is a great deal of unoccupied and unsettled land in the West that belongs to the nation. To any one who will settle on these lands and turn them into homes the Government gives one hundred and sixty acres — called a homestead — without charge, only stipulating that the man or woman to whom this tract is given (and called from this a ‘homesteader’) shall build a house upon it and live there at least five years.”

“That ’s liberal enough,” said Jack.

“But I should think all the land must be given away by this time,” said Christine.

“Oh, no,” Uncle Tom answered; “we are a big country and there is yet a great amount of land not occupied. There is plenty of chance for an American citizen to get a home for nothing, if he has only pluck and push enough to go West and make one for himself.”

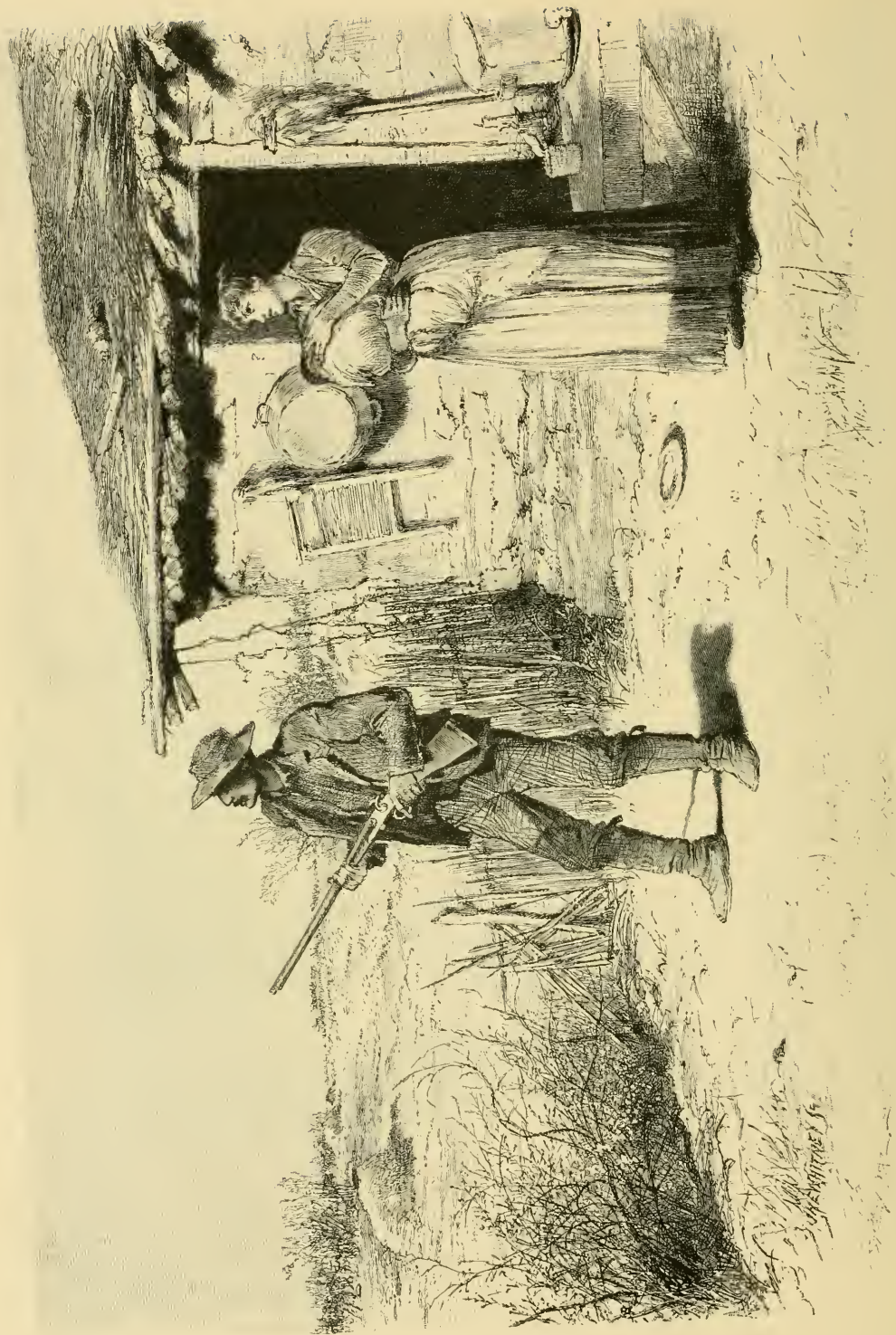
“‘And Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,’”

hummed Jack.

“One of the most important duties of the Secretary of the Interior,” said Uncle Tom, “is the care of the Indians.”

“The wards of the nation — is n’t that what somebody calls them?” queried Bert.

“Yes, they are that, in a certain sense,” his uncle answered. “Sometimes the nation has been a most unwise and reckless guardian, and the Indian question was for a time quite a problem. But we are doing things better now, and some day the Indians will, I hope, be as good citizens as will be the other peculiar people who find homes within our borders. Then, too, the Government sells land for development, at low rates; it gives away, or grants, as it is termed, tracts of land to States and towns for public purposes; and, in order to open up new lands, it grants many acres of land to railroad companies who will build a line of railway in the new section. The management of this land business and the laying out or survey of the land thus opened up to settlement are in charge of the Secretary of the Interior. He also directs the explorers who go out to trace the rivers, measure the mountains, locate and test the mines and report upon the geological, scientific, and practical value of the hitherto unknown sections of our country. He looks after the printing and distribution of the annual reports of all the Departments of the Government; he superintends, as I have told you, the patent business of the country, so that inventors can have their rights and help on the progress of the nation; he collects and distributes, in what is called the Bureau of Education, a great mass of valuable information in



"HOMESTEADERS."

relation to schools and education in the United States; he gets together for the information and use of the people facts as to the condition and progress of labor in the land, and, in this big building we are now approaching, he makes up the accounts and distributes each year, in what are called pensions, monthly payments to those soldiers or sailors who have been hurt while fighting the battles of the nation, or to the widows and orphans of those who have died in its defense on land and sea."

"Well, he does have his hands full," said Marian; and then Uncle Tom and his party walked through the big Pension Building — a curious shell of a building, almost barn-like outside and a vast open court within.

"Why, it's more space than contents, is n't it?" said Christine, as they all stood by the central fountain and got, each of them, a "crick in the neck" trying to study the high iron roof and the encircling galleries.

"It does seem something like a spendthrift of a building with its vast waste space and its acres of air," said Uncle Tom. "But it is a departure from the Grecian temple style of most of the public buildings here, and so gives to their architecture that variety which is said to be the spice of life."

Then Uncle Tom looked at his watch.

"We have still time for the remaining department," he said, and crowding his company into a herd he rode with them past the green spaces about the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum and stopped at the entrance to the Agricultural Grounds.

They visited, first, the attractive-looking brick building standing in the midst of its gardens, built for and occupied by the Department of Agriculture.

"This, too, you see, is, like the Pension Office," said Uncle Tom, "a rather pleasant relief from the Grecian temple style of the other Government Buildings. It is said to be modeled, in design, after the palace of the French kings at Versailles when that famous building was a hunting château rather than the splendid palace it became in later years. And here the latest created department has its home."

"What is it, and what does it do?" inquired Bert.

"It is the Department of Agriculture," said his uncle. "It grew out of a gradually increasing demand that was occasioned by the development of practical and scientific farming in this country. Nearly every State in the



A CORNER OF THE AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS.

Union has now what is called an Agricultural College where the science of farming is systematically taught. The Government, to develop this branch of useful information, created by Act of Congress, on the eleventh of February, 1889, the Department of Agriculture, and placed at its head the Secretary of Agriculture."

"He must be 'some pumpkins' then, I suppose," said Jack.

"Well, he has some really important duties," replied Uncle Tom, ignoring and yet answering Jack's rather flippant comment. "His duty is to collect and diffuse useful information on subjects connected with agriculture; he acquires and preserves all attainable information by means of books and correspondence, by practical and scientific experiments and by the collection of statistics, and of new and valuable seeds and plants; he cultivates and propagates such as may require a test or seem worthy of propagation, and he distributes both information and seeds among farmers, fruit-growers, and agriculturists."

"I call that valuable work," said Roger.

"It is, Roger," Uncle Tom answered. "Agriculture is as necessary to the development of a nation as art. It is more desirable than statecraft, more noble than war, more lasting than internal improvements, more productive than law; for upon it both the welfare and subsistence of a nation depend. To me, this new department is full of interest and promise. Here; the museum will interest you most. Let us go in and examine it."

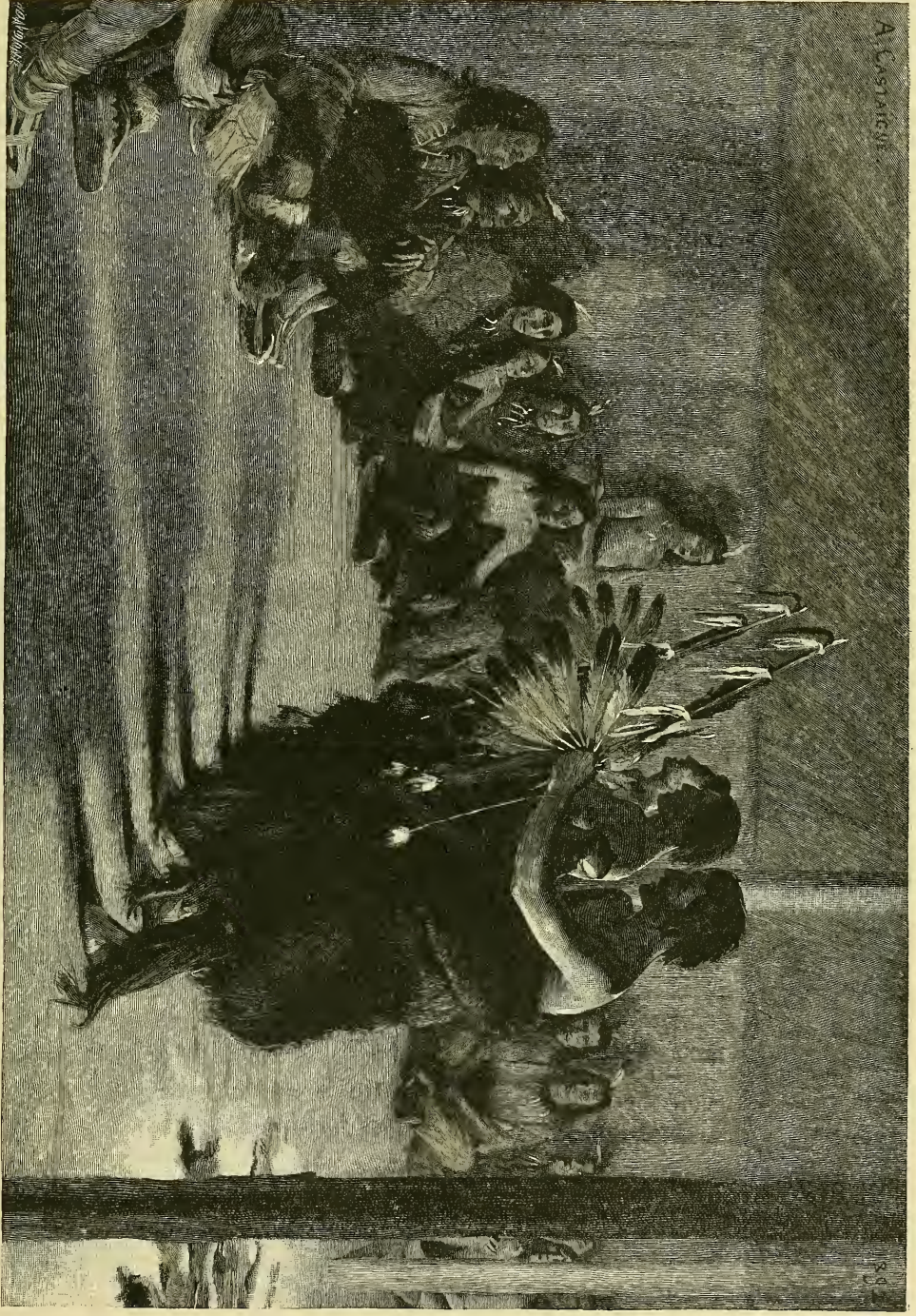
The large and well-arranged museum attached to the department did interest them. The boys and girls spent a pleasant hour visiting and inspecting it. They saw all it contained—from giant pumpkins to gipsy moths, and from sections of native trees to silk-worm culture, and the habits of prairie-dogs. They visited the arboretum and the plant houses; they brought away some choice seeds for planting, and learned that the divisions of the department included the Weather Bureau, the Statistician, the Entomologist, the Botanist, the Chemist, the Microscopist, the Propagating and Seed Division, the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Forestry and Ornithological Division, Irrigation and Road Inquiry, Pomology and Vegetable Pathology, and the Office of Experiment.

"Gracious!" cried Jack, "big names enough to cultivate and propagate and vegetate and irrigate and agitate the whole country, are n't there?"

"I like this, though," said Marian, as she wandered among the flower-beds, admiring, inhaling, exclaiming. "It makes you think of the country and the spring flower-shows, does n't it?"

"I like it, too," said Jack; "it's such a capital place for growing girls and boys. Can't they put us in the Agricultural Museum, don't you think,

A. EASTMAN



“WARDS OF THE NATION” ENGAGED IN AN INDIAN DANCE KNOWN AS “CIRCLING THE LODGE.”

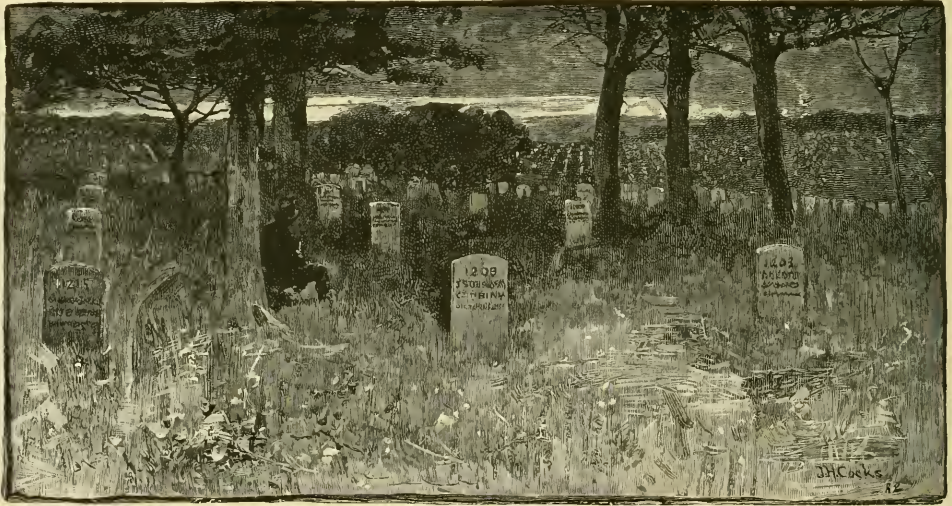
Uncle Tom, as healthy specimens of what the nation can raise?" and he stretched himself to his full height and worked his muscular arms with all the pride and assurance of a well-developed young athlete.

The rest of the party laughed at his fun and at what Bert called his "physical culture"; then Marian asked, "Well, where do we go now, Uncle Tom?"

"Now we go to luncheon, my dear," returned her uncle, glancing at his watch. "After that, if the weather is promising, we will ride to Arlington."

The weather did prove promising, much to the tourists' satisfaction. The lowering morning gave place to a brilliant afternoon, and Uncle Tom and his party, all in high spirits, filling the comfortable wagonette, drove through Georgetown to the Aqueduct Bridge and across the flashing Potomac to the heights of Arlington.

"You have studied our Government and its departments," said Uncle Tom; "you have, at least, gained an idea of the great truth our nation stands for, and the strength it has attained. You, no doubt, are ready to swing your caps and proclaim, with all the vigor of healthy young lungs,



"THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD." SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, ARLINGTON.

the ability of the United States of America to prove to the world the meaning and glory of liberty."

"We are; we are!" cried Jack, enthusiastically; "and liberty with a capital L, too."

"But do you know, boys and girls, through how much of struggle that ability has been attained?" Uncle Tom said, with more than usual solemnity.

nity in his voice. "Do you know that liberty can come only through loss, and progress only through pain? Here, at Arlington, we are to see how the nation honors the memories and shrines the bones of those who, by loss and pain, secured the liberty we enjoy."

They rode through the woods and up the slope to the shaded crest of the hill on which stand the barracks and quarters of Fort Myer, and so on, past the cavalry-practice fields, to the gateways of Arlington.

"Why, it is just a big graveyard, is n't it—like Greenwood and Mount Auburn," said Christine, who really had not given thought to the purpose of the place they were to visit.

"Yes, my dear," replied Uncle Tom, "Arlington is one of the National Cemeteries devoted to the sacred care of the nation's dead."

"Then there are more than this one? How many, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired.

"More than one, Bert! Why, there are eighty-two of these National Cemeteries, in which are buried nearly three hundred and thirty-two thousand of the nation's dead," his uncle answered. "But, to my mind, this cemetery of Arlington and the one at Gettysburg are the most interesting and impressive."

They drove up the broad roadway between forests of shafts on the left and a seemingly countless array of low granite headstones on the right. At the great amphitheater they left their carriage.

"What does it say on that bronze tablet, Bert?" said Roger. "There are lots of them along the borders of the drive."

"It says—why, look here, Jack!" exclaimed Bert, "it is part of that piece you spoke at school last Decoration Day."

Jack inspected the low bronze tablet. "Sure enough; so it is," he said. "That splendid poem by O'Hara, don't you know?"

"It is a splendid one, indeed, Jack," Uncle Tom assented. "Can't you repeat it for us, here, where it is so appropriate?"

Then, standing on the grassy plain of the column-bordered amphitheater, where older orators had spoken glowing words, Jack, with his usual facility at "elocuting," as the boys called it, recited part of O'Hara's noble lines perpetuated so many times in bronze along the driveways of Arlington:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the Dead.

“No rumor of the foe’s advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow’s strife
 The warrior’s dream alarms;
 No braying horn nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

“The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle’s stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout are past.
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter’s blight,
 Nor Time’s remorseless doom
 Shall dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds their glorious tomb.

“Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave.
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.”

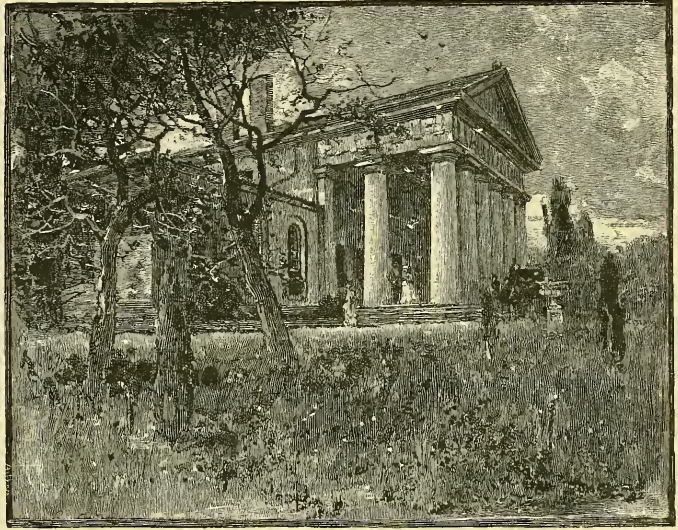
For a moment no one spoke. Then they walked slowly up the path to the old mansion, touched at once by the beauty of the spot and the deep significance of its purpose.

Standing upon the great portico of that historic house, they looked — at first speechless with admiration, then vocal with little exclamations of delight — upon the famous panorama spread before them — Washington city, the Potomac, the monument, and the dome, seen from the heights of Arlington.

“Oh! is it not beautiful?” said Christine.

“It is indeed,” said Uncle Tom. “This is a view that never wearies, and yet, do you know, boys and girls, the sentiment of this spot is, for me, more impressive than its situation. Here you are standing on the portico of one of the noblest specimens of a Virginia manor-house of a century ago. Beside these tall white pillars great men have gathered and looked upon this same view that so holds us in admiration. To this spot came Washington, while yet the old manor-house stood near by; this mansion was built by George Washington Custis, Martha Washington’s grand-son; here, in his old age, came Lafayette, filled with tender memories of the patriot who

had been almost a father to him, and here, until the opening of the Civil War, lived the Lees, descendants of Custis the builder. From its doors went General Robert Lee to assume command of the Confederate forces, and to its doors came the advance of that army of deliverers who marched to the defense of Washington. During the war it was camp, headquarters, and hospital; and, in 1864, the property was purchased by the United States for its present use. How well it has been cared for, and how largely Arlington has been used, these neatly trimmed terraces, these green lawns, these flower-beds, these splendid trees and these shafts and headstones testify. See! here, almost at our feet, rest those great



ARLINGTON HOUSE, NOW IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

heroes of the Civil War — Sheridan the general and Porter the admiral. All about us you may read names made famous in the great struggle for the Union, and out yonder, where the shaded grounds stretch away toward Fort McPherson, are camped, in what O'Hara called 'the bivouac of the dead,' twenty thousand private soldiers, victims of battle-field and hospital. Do you see that round summer-house, rather grandiloquently styled the Temple of Fame, there by the Amphitheater, blazoned with the world-famous names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Farragut? In that great granite sarcophagus, close beside it, are gathered the bones of twenty-two hundred and eleven 'unknown dead' — men who had as much ambition, as much at stake, as much to live for, as much to die for as Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Farragut.

"It is these things, boys and girls," continued Uncle Tom, gathering his little congregation about him, "that touch me deeply and prompt me to try to make you restless young people see how great a boon is liberty, and how men have been willing to fight for it and die for it that their children—that you, boys and girls, may live in comfort and security beneath the folds of the beautiful flag that flies as the symbol of liberty and union. Whenever I look at that casket of unknown dead, shaded by the so-called Temple of

Fame, I think of the words of one of the great writers of the world: 'By their stripes we are healed; by their deaths we have lived.'

"We do feel it; I am sure we do, Mr. Dunlap," Christine said solemnly, and Jack, as quick to be touched by sentiment as moved to mirth, exclaimed with boyish emphasis, "Why, of course we do, Uncle Tom. You older folks think that we boys and girls are just up for fun and nothing else. But I tell you we think of these things too, and we know that what we enjoy to-day, and all that that white dome over the river stands for, are what they are because all these men who lie about us here marched away from their homes to fight and to die more than thirty years ago."

Uncle Tom dropped his hand affectionately on Jack's shoulder.

"I believe you do, my boy; I believe you do. And never, never forget it," he said.

*Address delivered at the dedication of the
Cemetery at Gettysburg.*

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are crea-
ted equal.*

*Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long-
endure. We are met on a great battle-field
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field, as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives
that that nation might live. It is alto-
gether fitting and proper that we should
do this.*

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedica

~~cato~~— we can not consecrate— we can not
 hallow— this ground. The brave men, liv-
 ing and dead, who struggled here have con-
 secrated it, far above our poor power to add
 or detract. The world will little note, nor
 long remember what we say here; but it can
 never forget what they did here. It is for
 the living, rather, to be dedicated here to
 the unfinished work which they who fol-
 low here have thus far so nobly advanced.
 It is rather for us to be here dedicated to
 the great task remaining before us— that
 from these honored dead we take increased
 devotion to that cause for which they gave
 the last full measure of devotion— that
 we here highly resolve that these dead shall
 not have died in vain— that this nation,
 under God, shall have a new birth of free-
 dom— and that government of the people,
 by the people, for the people, shall not per-
 ish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19. 1863.

FACSIMILE OF THE STANDARD VERSION OF LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Copied by Mr. Lincoln for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair, held in Baltimore in 1864.

“Somehow, it makes me think of Lincoln and that speech of his at Gettysburg,” said Christine.

“You spoke that at school on Decoration Day, too, did n't you, Christine?” said Marian.

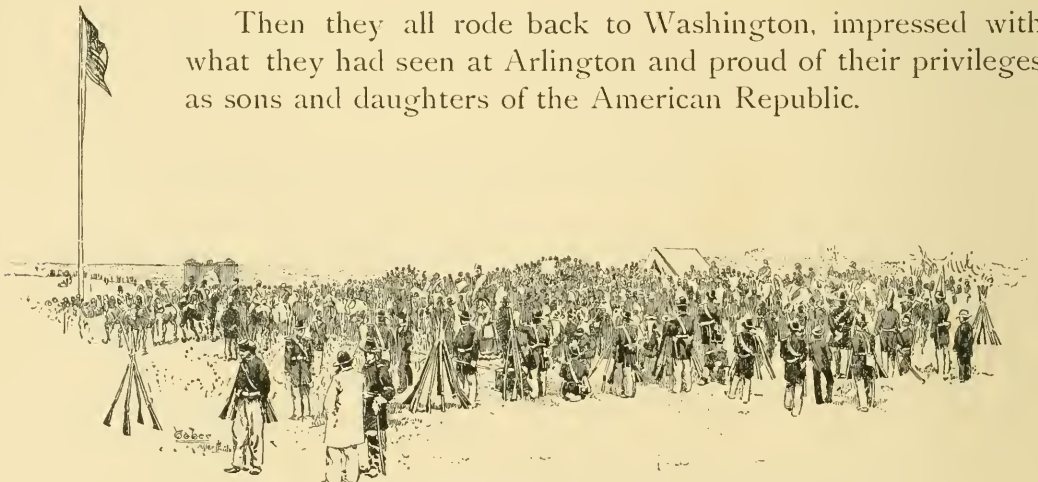
“Did you?” said Uncle Tom. “That marvelous speech? Recite it for us, Christine—here, right here—within sight of the city where Lincoln lived and labored; here, amid the graves of those he called to battle for the Union.”

And Christine, a simple figure in her dark traveling-gown, standing out in relief against one of the great white columns of historic Arlington House, gave, quietly, modestly, but so sincerely and effectively that Uncle Tom’s eyes grew misty and the tourists all stood hushed and silent, that brief but wonderful Gettysburg speech that is one of the brightest memorials left the world of the great martyr-president :

“Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

“The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

Then they all rode back to Washington, impressed with what they had seen at Arlington and proud of their privileges as sons and daughters of the American Republic.

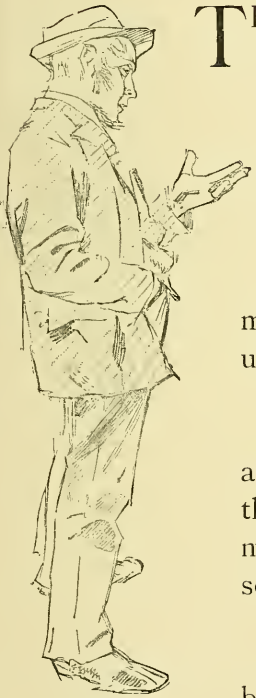


CONSECRATION OF THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.
The gathering that President Lincoln addressed.

CHAPTER XI

THE OFFICE-HOLDER

An army of workers — Women in the departments — How men and women are selected to work for the Government — The Civil Service Commission — A talk on patriotism.



A POLITICIAN.

THEY were talking that evening, in Uncle Tom's "council chamber," of all they had heard and seen that day, alike amid the buzz of the departments and the stillness of Arlington. And, as now statistics and now sentiment would be uppermost in the conversation, Bert, with a mind bent on learning details, inquired :

"How many office-holders are there, Uncle Tom?"

"Under the United States Government, I suppose you mean — and in all branches of its service?" observed his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Bert.

"Oh, there 's a regular army of them," Uncle Tom asserted. "Let me see — I should say fully two hundred thousand; though it must be explained that considerably more than half that number are employed in the postal service of the United States."

"As many as that!" exclaimed Roger.

"Why, yes," replied Uncle Tom; "you must remember that there are nearly seventy thousand post-offices in the United States; knowing that, it will not take you

long to use up at least one hundred and twenty thousand of the two hundred thousand government positions. The eighty thousand that remain are distributed among the other branches of the service."

"That, of course, does n't include the army and navy," said Jack.

"No," his uncle replied, "nor such people as district attorneys, United States marshals, pensioners, and so forth. If we count in all who take the

Government's money, either for work performed or for services formerly rendered, you can see that the two hundred thousand would swell to nearly a million. The civil list, however, if I may so term it, embraces in round numbers the two hundred thousand I first mentioned."

"What do you mean by the civil list, Mr. Dunlap?" asked Christine.

"By the civil list," replied Uncle Tom, "I mean the list or pay-roll of those persons who are connected with the civil service of the United States, and by the civil service I mean all those persons in the employ of the United States who are not in the military or naval service, and by whose labors the executive and administrative departments of the Government are carried on."

"That would seem to take in everybody," said Roger.

"Yes, everybody. Let me see," said Uncle Tom, "I have the number of those in departmental service somewhere among my papers, and these are the people who practically direct and control the actions of others throughout the Union and in foreign lands. "There are, you know, two classes of government officials—those who are elected and those who are appointed."

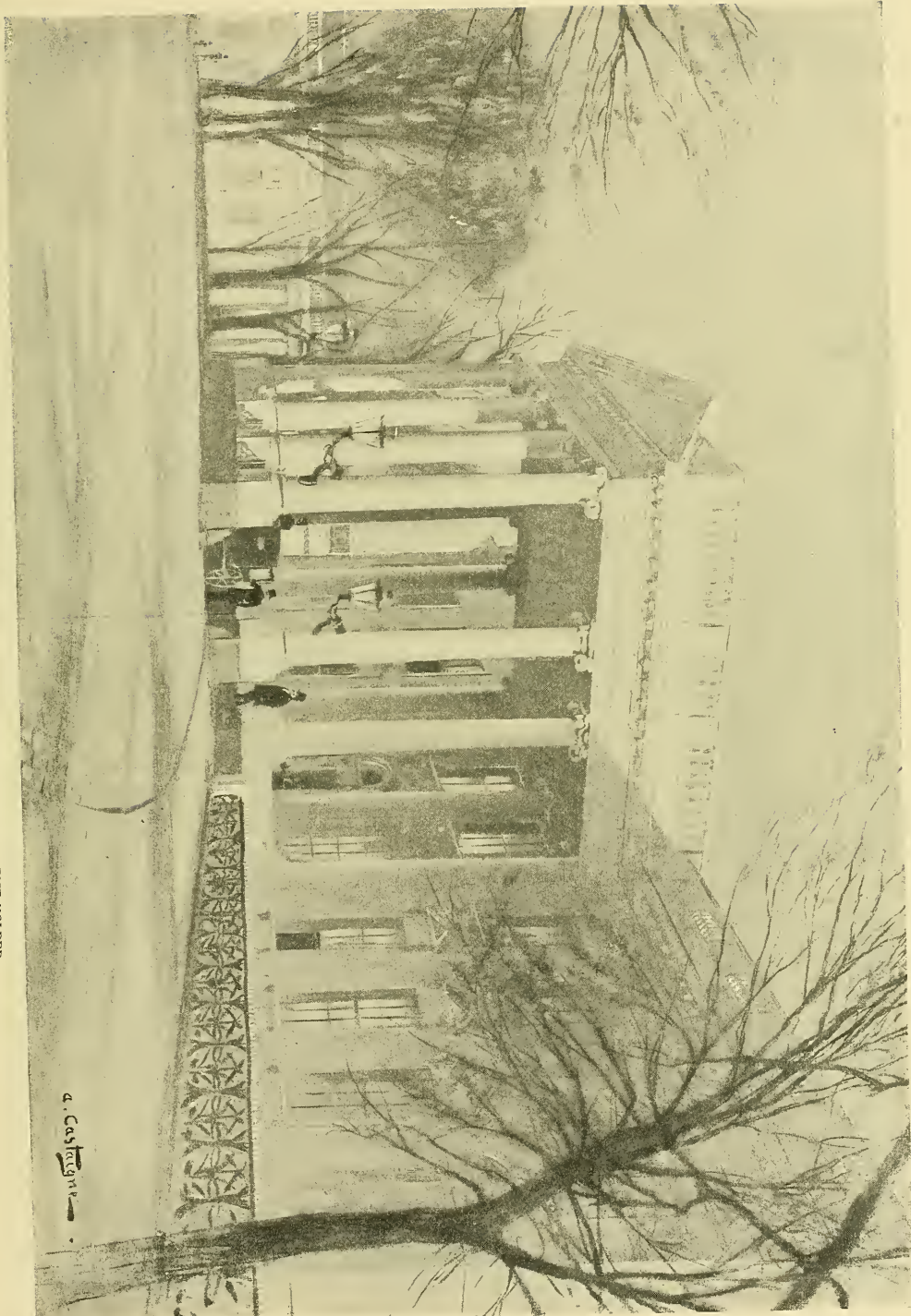
"But most of them are appointed, are they not?" asked Bert.

"Certainly," said his uncle. "The President and Vice-President, the Senators and Representatives, are elected, and yet, because they are in receipt of salary from the United States, they are, so far, to be included in its civil service."

Uncle Tom opened his table drawer and began a search for the memoranda he desired. "I don't often fling figures at your heads, boys and girls," he said; "but in this case they will enlighten without mystifying you. Ah, here it is."

And Uncle Tom read the list. It embraced the number of officers and employees in the service of Congress, at the White House, and in the several executive departments, showing the great army of office-holders employed at the nation's capital alone.

"Outside of the military and naval, the diplomatic and consular service, the postal service, *et cetera*," said Uncle Tom, "the persons doing duty in the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the Government are as follows: Congress, 583; Executive Office (that's the President's staff, or, as it was originally called, the President's household), 20; Department of State, 97; Treasury Department, 4176; War Department, 1640; Navy Department, 174; Post-Office Department (not counting postmasters, letter-carriers, railway postal clerks, etc.), 663; Department of the Interior, 4102; Department of Justice, 102; Department of Agriculture, 458; Department



THE PORCH OF THE WHITE HOUSE — THE HOME OF THE CHIEF OFFICE-HOLDER.

A. Castagnier

of Labor, 66; Government Printing Office, 2960; the District of Columbia (which is 'run' by the United States, you know, in partnership with the people of the District, the Government paying one half and the local taxpayer the other half of expenses), 171; the Supreme Court of the United



WOMEN AS OFFICE-HOLDERS — A GLIMPSE AT THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

States, 23; and miscellaneous offices, more or less permanent in their character, nearly 1000. There! that foots up over sixteen thousand people. Add to these the postal service of the United States, with its ninety thousand postmasters, clerks, and letter-carriers, its inspectors, agents, railway clerks, special service; the officers of the United States Circuit and District courts, of the customs, the consular service, etc.,—sixty thousand and more in all,—and you reach the two hundred thousand people I spoke of as engaged in the civil employment of the United States.”

“That’s a big lot,” said Jack. “I hope they all are ‘civil.’”

“Well, they certainly should be,” said Uncle Tom. “They are all servants of the people, as the President told you he was. Some of them, I suppose, are gruff and sometimes lacking in courtesy; but as a rule they are gentlemen and ladies, and we must, here as elsewhere, make exceptions of such people as try to lord it over their fellow-beings, simply because they can’t stand the responsibility of being what Shakspeare describes as

‘man, proud man
Dressed in a little brief authority.’”

“And woman, too,” added Jack.

“And woman, too,” admitted Uncle Tom. “For you must remember that quite a number of the persons in the service of the United States are women.”

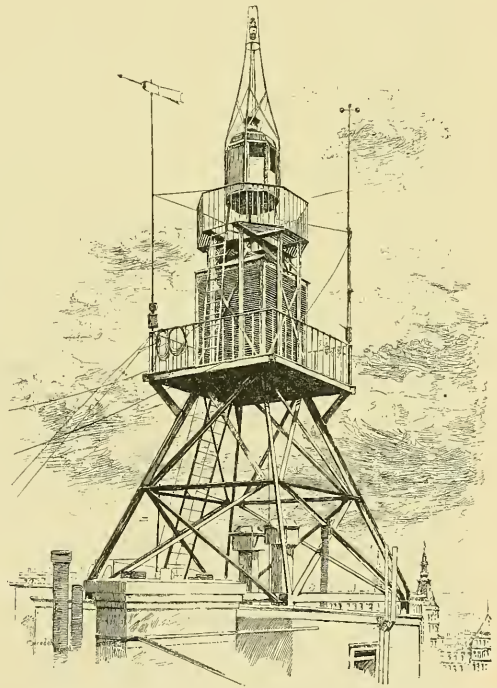
“Why, to be sure,” said Marian. “You know we saw a lot of them in the Treasury Department and other buildings. How many are there, Uncle Tom?”

“Oh, I should say, from fifteen to twenty thousand—almost one in every ten,” Uncle Tom replied. “There are over seven thousand women post-masters, you know.”

“You see, Jack Dunlap, we’re getting there,” Marian said to her brother, with a toss of her head—for the Dunlap children were old-time disputants on the “woman question.”

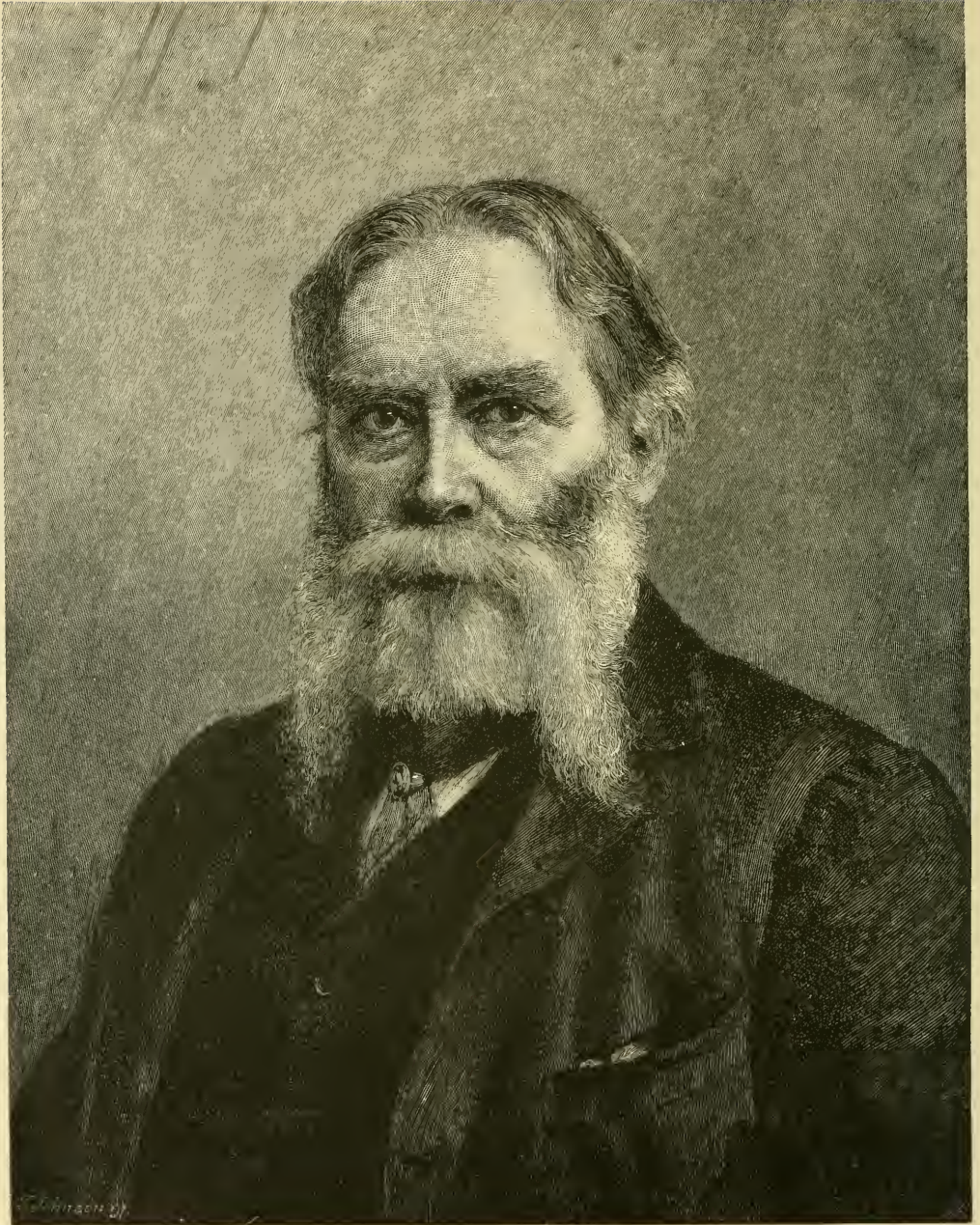
“I suppose the civil service has grown right straight along from the beginning, has n’t it?” asked Roger.

“Steadily,” replied Uncle Tom, “though more rapidly of late years. In fact, the history of our civil service is the story of a rapidly growing nation. Before the adoption of the Constitution the civil service included only those officials appointed by the Continental Congress and the Congress of the Confederation. And these were scarcely worth mentioning. For, you see, there were no revenue laws and no revenue officers; there were no executive departments, no clerks and no employees. When the Constitution was adopted, it gave the General Government power to appoint men to serve it, but during Washington’s administration the employees of the Government were, as he himself declared, ‘a mere handful.’ It was possible for him to give his personal care and



A BREEZY OFFICE — SIGNAL-SERVICE STATION ON TOP OF THE “EQUITABLE” BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

supervision to their selection and appointment. Gradually, as the business of the departments grew, the number of office-holders increased. The first official ‘roll’ of persons in the employment of the Government was compiled and sent to Congress by President Jefferson in 1802. This ‘roll’ shows that



J. Russell Lowell

ONE OF OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED OFFICE-HOLDERS, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, POET AND ESSAYIST, MINISTER TO SPAIN 1877-1880, MINISTER TO ENGLAND 1880-1885.

the entire number of persons holding office, including about a thousand post-masters, was twenty-six hundred and twenty-two, with a pay-roll of one million dollars a year. In 1850 the number of employees had reached thirty-three thousand; in 1880, one hundred thousand, and to-day it is just double that number."

"Well, I don't know as that is so very many for such a big country as ours," said Roger.

"It means that in our population of sixty-six millions about one person out of every three hundred and thirty has a hand in running the Government and draws a salary for his services," said Uncle Tom. "The English civil service foots up half a million employees. So, you see, our proportion of office-holders is not so very great. And most of them do good service and faithfully earn the millions of dollars we pay out each year in salaries and wages."

"It is considered a fine thing to be ambassador or consul, is it not, Mr. Dunlap?" asked Roger.

"Yes," Uncle Tom replied, "and rightly so. For they are representatives of the nation in foreign lands. For the time being they are the nation. The friendless American abroad always feels that he has one friend at least to whom he can turn, and he knows that the flag that flies over the consulate is his badge of protection."

"And have not some of these offices abroad been filled by famous Americans?" Bert inquired.

"Indeed they have," said Uncle Tom. "Presidents have repeatedly honored those whom the nation honored by making them ministers or consuls to foreign parts. Thus did President Pierce appoint Hawthorne—"

"Who wrote 'Twice-Told Tales' and the 'Wonder-Book'?" broke in Marian.

Uncle Tom nodded. "Yes, and the 'Scarlet Letter,' esteemed one of the greatest of American romances," he said. "President Pierce made Hawthorne Collector of Customs in Salem, and afterward sent him across the sea as United States Consul at Liverpool. Washington Irving was sent to Madrid as American Minister at the Court of Spain, and there wrote his famous 'Alhambra,' and, later, James Russell Lowell, one of America's noblest poets and essayists, was sent as minister to Spain and afterward to England. Other men celebrated in literature or in professional life have served their country at home or abroad, as officials of the Department of State, and their country has felt proud of her representatives."

"But does the President have to pick out all these people?" said Marian; "and, in England, does the Queen have to? My patience! I don't know as I

care to be either President or Queen. No wonder he looked tired out and said he had so much to do!"

"You can curb your sympathy, my dear," laughed Uncle Tom. "Neither the President nor the Queen has to choose the 'civil servants'—as



OFFICE-HOLDERS WHO HAVE A HARD TIME — SURF-BOAT DRILL, LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Jack might call them. The President has, to be sure, a good deal more of this to do than the Queen, but both in Great Britain and in this country appointments to office are made either by the heads of departments or by a special board of selection known as the Civil Service Commission."

"Why, see here, Uncle Tom!" cried Jack; "I thought that in this country it was a question of the ins and the outs. I thought that when my party, for instance, comes into power, I turn out all the fellows who belong to Roger's party, and when Roger's party comes in, it is—*vice versa*. Ah, ha, Mr. Bert! I got it right that time, did n't I?"

"Your Latin was right, Jack, but your statement not altogether so," said Uncle Tom, laughing. "It was formerly the rule that, upon a change of political parties in control of the Government, the ins showed the outs the door."

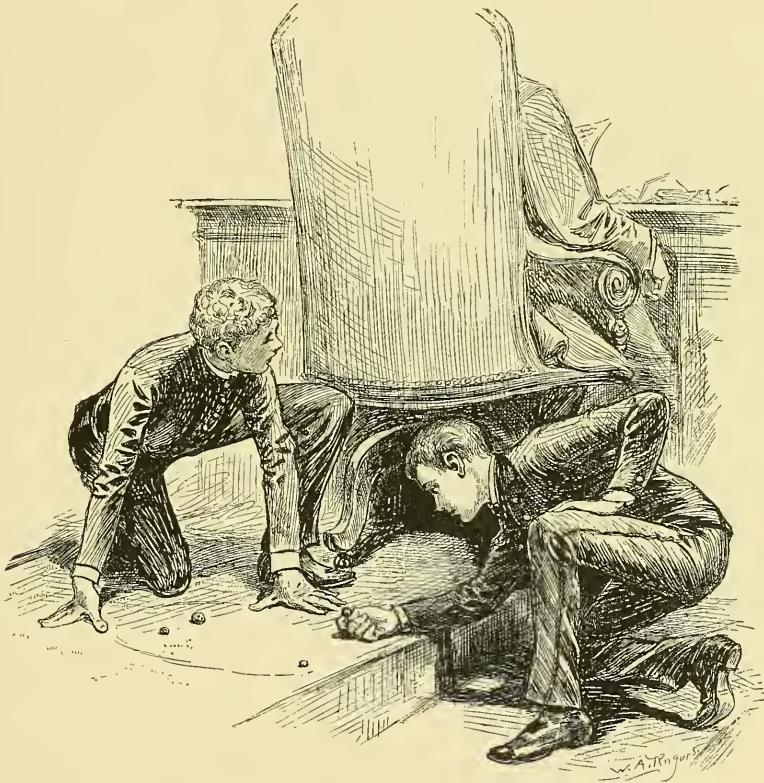
"To the victors belong the spoils," quoted Jack. "That was what 'Old Hickory' declared, was n't it?"

"No, no, Jack," said Uncle Tom. "Don't try to pile too much on your

old hero. It was not President Jackson, but a supporter of his, Senator William L. Marcy, of New York. He declared in a speech in the United States Senate, in 1832, that 'the politicians, when contending for victory, avow the intention of enjoying the fruits of it. They see,' he added, 'nothing wrong, in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.'

"Well, is n't it so now?" asked Bert.

"To a far less extent," his uncle responded. "The nation has seen the unwisdom and experienced the risks of this overturn of offices at every change of political control and, by what is called Civil Service Reform and Tenure of Office, it has largely limited the power of crippling the public service that the removal of experienced workers and the appointing of green hands often meant."



OFFICE-HOLDERS WHO HAVE AN EASY TIME — SENATE PAGES PLAYING MARBLES
BEHIND THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

"And what are those?" inquired Jack. "They sound big enough and hard enough to scare off the most persistent office-seeker."

"Tenure of office means that a man shall be appointed to an office and be permitted to remain in that office for a stated time —"

"From *teneo*, to hold," explained Bert.

"Thanks, awfully," acknowledged Jack the careless.

"So," continued Uncle Tom, "if I make Christine an inspector of dairies for four years, and Roger is elected President before those four years are up, he cannot turn Christine out of her office, until her time expires, unless she has done something that would make it wrong for her to hold office."

"Would n't voting for Roger's opponent come under that head?" queried Bert.

"No," said Uncle Tom. "She can be removed only 'for cause'; and political opposition is not cause."

"'Cause why?" put in Jack; "it's her privilege as an American, and not an offense to anything except Roger's feelings. He would n't like to have Christine on the other side, would you, Roger?"

"Of course not," said Roger. "But I would n't turn her out; I'd keep her in, or give her a better office, you know, because she's my cousin."

"Oh, Roger!" exclaimed Uncle Tom. "That's nepotism; and the people are especially down on that."

"Nepotism? What's that?" asked Roger, almost as if he were guilty of the crime already.

"Come, what is it, Bert?" Uncle Tom asked. "Air your classics again."

"Nepotism?" queried Bert. "Why, that's from — *nepos*, a nephew. I don't see how that comes in. Christine is Roger's cousin — not his nephew."

"I should think not! The idea!" exclaimed Christine.

"It really means favoritism to relations," Uncle Tom explained; "running back still further, Bert, to a Greek word signifying kindred. It is the old system of giving persons power because of relationship rather than worth, and our folks do not like that. The American people, indeed, have been opposed to it from the start, and prefer to have their rulers follow Washington's example. He, you know, refused to appoint his nephew to a place in the Government, because he was his nephew; and that policy has held with most of our Presidents since Washington's day."

"Well, then," said Bert, who never lost sight of the real topic, however the others might wander off, "tenure of office means holding office for a set time; now, what is civil service reform?"

"That means," said Uncle Tom, "a reform of the Civil Service, so as to put and keep in office those best fitted to do the work of the office, without respect to how they vote, or what party they prefer. It was long talked of by the best Americans — those who really desired the welfare of their country. And it led finally to an Act of Congress, passed in 1883, and

known as the Civil Service Act, the object of which was to regulate and improve the Civil Service of the United States. This law provided for the appointment (by the President) of three commissioners, and also a chief examiner, a secretary, and other employees. They were to be known as the Civil Service Commission."

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "I saw their office in the Concordia Building on Eighth street. And does this Commission make all the appointments?"

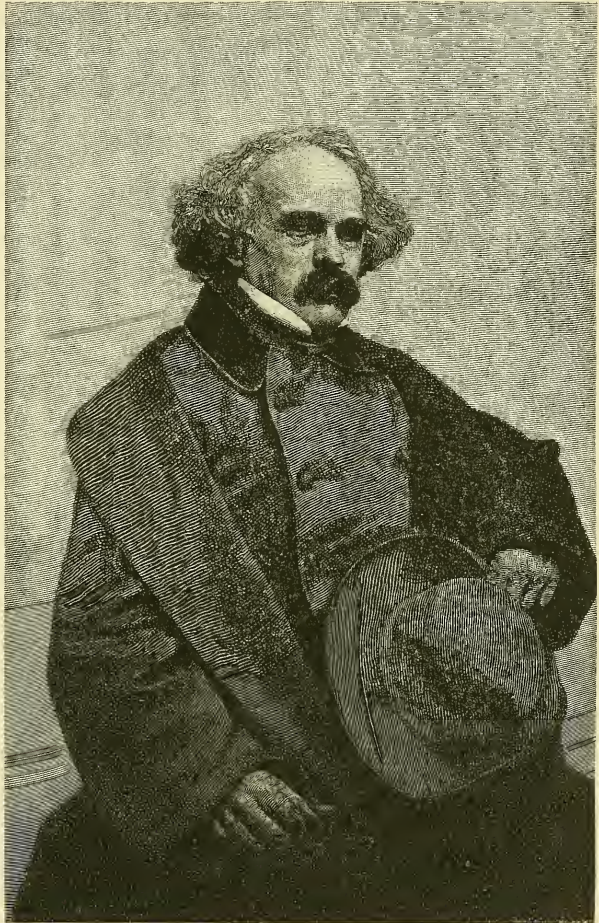
"By no means," said Uncle Tom. "It really makes none. It examines and recommends. The head of the department appoints. But he is compelled to appoint to the vacancy one of the applicants recommended by the Civil Service Commission as having satisfactorily passed the examination."

"Gracious! it's like getting into college, is n't it?" said Jack. "I guess I won't apply for a position. It's too much like school."

"It makes merit and proficiency the test," said Uncle Tom, "and is therefore an excellent way of securing capable officials. Only a small proportion of the office-holders, however, are thus appointed. But the law works well, and is gradually being extended so that in time it will doubtless be applied to most persons seeking offices under the Government. To-day, out of the two hundred thousand offices in the gift of the Government, about fifty thousand come under the civil service rules, and are filled by applicants who have passed the examinations."

"Well, that gives us so many good officers, at any rate," said Bert.

"Yes," said his uncle; "you see, about one fourth of our public servants



THE GREAT NOVELIST, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AN OFFICE-HOLDER IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, AND, AFTERWARD, A CONSUL ABROAD

in numbers, but really nearly one half in importance,— so far as their duties are concerned,—are included in what is called the classified service; that is, those to whom the civil service rules are applied. This classified service, as it is called, embraces applicants for office in the departmental service at Washington, in the customs service, in the postal service, in the railway mail service, and in the Indian service.”

“And the rest?” asked Marian.

“The rest,” said Uncle Tom, “belong to what is called the unclassified service, and are appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate, or by the heads of departments subject to the approval of the President.”

“What is the objection to this civil service appointment—if there is any objection?” Roger inquired. “Is there?”

“Oh, yes,” said Uncle Tom; “some people do object. They are those who still believe in the old Jacksonian theory of the victors and the spoils, and those who say that permanence in office will create what they call an official aristocracy.”

“By that they mean, I suppose,” said Jack, “that the fellows who hold office without fear of removal will feel too big for their boots and just lord it over the rest of us, because they think they are in to stay. Is n’t that it, Uncle Tom?”

“Yes, that ’s about it, in Anglo-Saxon, Jack,” replied Uncle Tom, laughing at Jack’s way of putting it. “The claim is that permanence in office will make those who hold office haughty and overbearing. But I do not think so. The American boy—yes, and the American girl—prefer to set their eyes on something worth attaining, toward which they can climb the ladder of success, step by step. A place under government leads to nothing. It is no goal for the ambitious, and those who fill the offices have, as a rule, the desire for something better than to be all their lives nothing more than office-holders.”

“Then, on the whole, Uncle Tom, you think,” said Bert, “that our office-holders compare favorably with the rest of the people, do you?”

“Why, certainly,” replied his uncle. “Bad men, lazy men, shiftless, unprofitable, and selfish men, creep in everywhere. You will find in our army of public servants, as you will in positions of trust everywhere, all sorts and conditions of men—and women, too. But I believe we are well served, and that the men and women to whom we intrust the details of government are, as a rule, loyal, conscientious, able, and efficient.”

“Somebody’s got to do our work,” said Roger. “And if they did n’t do it well, I guess they would hear from us.”



Washington Irving

A FAMOUS OFFICE-HOLDER — WASHINGTON IRVING, AUTHOR OF "THE SKETCH-BOOK" AND THE "ALHAMBRA,"
MINISTER TO SPAIN 1842-1846.



SCIENTIFIC OFFICE-HOLDERS — SOUNDING THE DEEP SEA
ON BOARD THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION STEAMER
"ALBATROSS."

"We are the people!" declared Jack. "And we've got the say, when it comes to that."

"Yes, and we have a large section to look after, too," said Uncle Tom. "The Government is not served in Washington only. Our public servants are at work for us all over our broad land and, indeed, throughout the world. Seventy thousand post-offices make just so many centers of federal authority in the nation. The ten assay offices and mints for refining our gold and silver and turning them into coin; the nine subtreasuries, in as many of our large cities, for handling our money; the sixty-three custom-houses by river, lake, and sea; the two hundred and fifty lighthouses, and the same number of life-saving stations along our coasts; the two hundred big government buildings, in as many cities and towns, flying, every day, the Stars and Stripes,—these with land offices, weather bureaus, Indian agencies, and many other important government offices, to say nothing of our forts and arsenals and navy-yards, and our embassies and consulates in foreign lands, serve to surround the name of the United States with respect, to elevate it into power, and to dress it in authority."

"And let anybody assail it if they dare!" cried Jack, roused to enthusiasm. "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot! Hooray for General Dix!"

"No one will attempt it, Jack," said Uncle Tom; "so curb your combative-

ness. We shall never, I am sure, have a foreign war. Our position isolates us; our strength at home is a standing menace to foreign invasion. Our little regular army, supplemented by the organized militia of our States, is the nucleus for a fighting force of nearly eight millions of men, whom danger could call to arms. But defenses and defenders that might repel a foreign foe are of small avail if the people are not patriots. True patriotism means self-government. The people are the nation, and the people must be their own defenders. It is for them to see to it, not only that the thousands who serve them as public servants are honest, capable, and reliable, but that they themselves are filled with the spirit that responds when duty calls—whether that duty be to speak, to vote, to labor, or to fight in behalf of the land they love. This, after all, boys and girls, is what makes a people, what makes a nation, what makes a home land great. Give it to us, Jack, in the words of a poet. Tell us what constitutes a State. I've heard you rehearsing it to speak at school."

"What do you mean, Uncle Tom—that piece of poetry I learned last winter?" asked Jack.

"Yes, that ode by Sir William Jones—who, by the way, died just a hundred years ago this very year of 1894," his uncle responded.

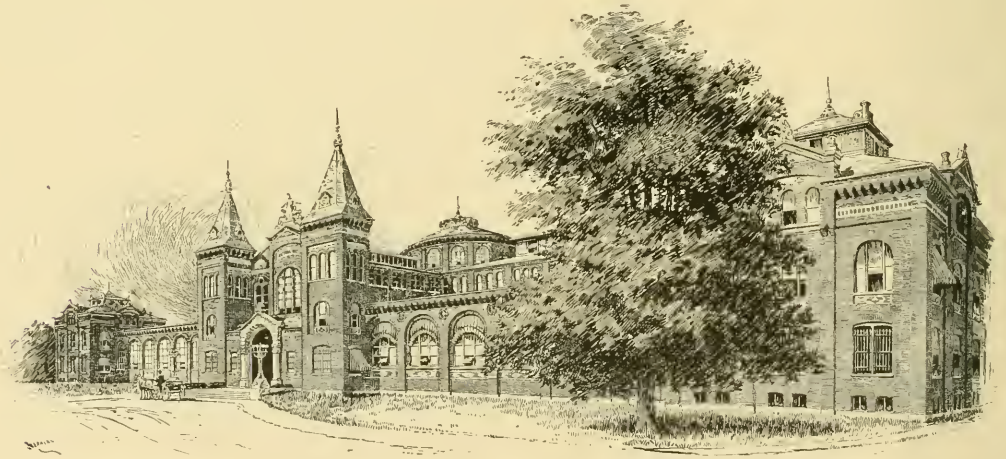
And Jack, nothing loath, gave well and intelligently the lines his uncle asked for:

"What constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No; Men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
 These constitute a State;
 And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks."

“Good for you, Jack, and many thanks,” said Uncle Tom. “That is a capital text for us all to preach ourselves a sermon from, here in the capital of our country, or wherever in our native land our duty may fall. We must be men—and women, girls, as well—ready to do the duty nearest us—worthy to be called Americans. The office-holder is our fellow-citizen; the public service is really what we make it. Unless we, as a nation, are worthy,—united, unselfish, patriotic, and progressive,—how can the men and women who labor for us in the public service be worthy? Remember what wise Ben Hanif the Arab said: ‘Ye shall know a plant by its flower, a vine by its fruit, and a man by his acts.’ It is our duty to see that we are good Americans, and then shall we be served by good Americans.

“But, come,” he added, dropping his earnest tones of counsel, “many words parch the throat, and statistics are but a dry dessert. Let us have some ice-cream. Press the button, will you, Bert, and the bell-boy will do the rest.”

So they had ice-cream all around and a half-hour of fun and laughter; after which came “good night” and bed.

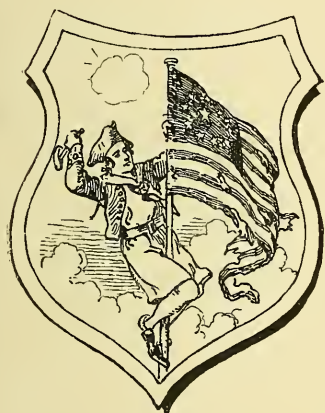


THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

CHAPTER XII

THE FLAG OF THE UNION

The flags on the Capitol—The meaning of a flag—The history of "Old Glory"—and its glory.



“UP go the flags on the Capitol! Congress is in session,” said Roger, as, standing on the broad sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue, the young investigators looked down that never-wearying vista that ends with the Capitol dome. “Why do they run up the flag, Mr. Dunlap?”

“The flag is the badge of possession,” Uncle Tom replied. “The American people, through their chosen representatives, are now in possession of the Capitol, officially. When Congress is not in session the Capitol is practically closed—although it is really always open. But it is not in use by the people for the business of law-making. The flag tells the story.”

“Does a flag mean possession, Mr. Dunlap?” inquired Christine.

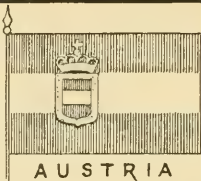
“In a general sense, yes,” answered Mr. Dunlap. “But it means more. It means possession, protection, pride, and patriotism.”

“Let us have p’s!” cried punning Jack. “That makes me think of

‘An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.’”

“Perhaps,” said Bert, “those four p’s mean that when an American sees his flag flying, it gives him the cue to behave himself—in other words, to mind his p’s and q’s!”

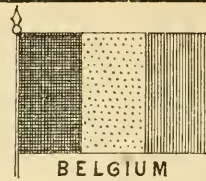
“Albert, my son,” Jack exclaimed with mock solemnity, “when a giant intellect like yours takes to making puns it is a sign for little wits like mine to take a back seat—in other words (as you say), to let my propensity flag!”



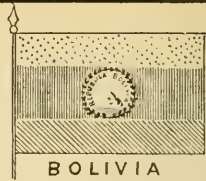
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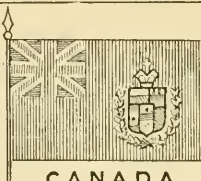
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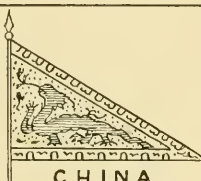
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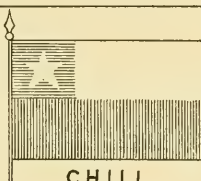
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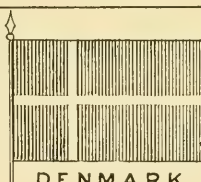
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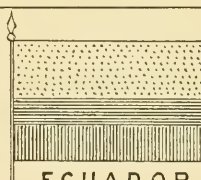
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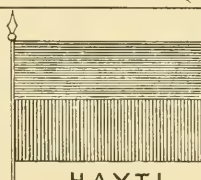
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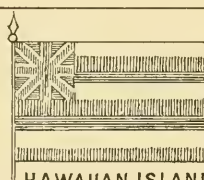
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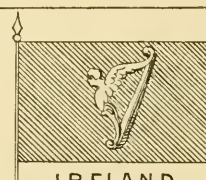
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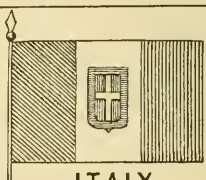
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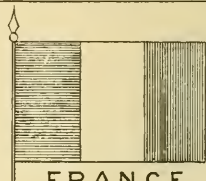
I T A L Y

Whereupon the girls cried: "Oh, Jack!" The boys groaned; and Mr. Dunlap said, "Excuse me, good people, if I button up my coat; if it is true, as somebody said, that the man who will pun will pick a pocket, Jack and Bert are certainly dangerous company, and my thin little pocket-book is not safe.

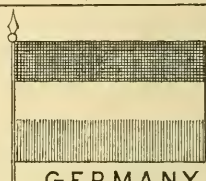
"But, joking aside," he continued, "I was right in my four p's—they explain the meaning of the flag. Practically, a flag is but a trade-mark. When a man goes into business, the first thing he does is to put out his sign to let people know who he is. Then he puts a label on the goods he makes, to show that he is responsible for the excellence of those goods and to protect himself from others who might try to take advantage of him. When a people set up for themselves as a State or a nation, they run up their flag as a badge of individuality. That flag is their sign and label in the face of the world. But, more than this, a flag



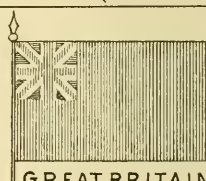
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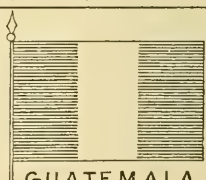
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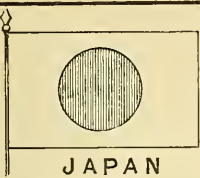
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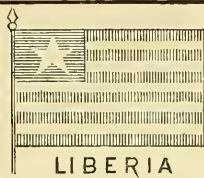
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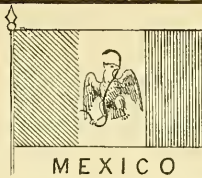
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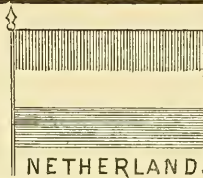
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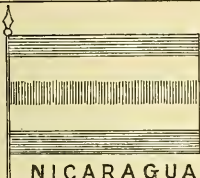
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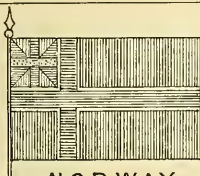
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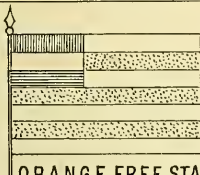
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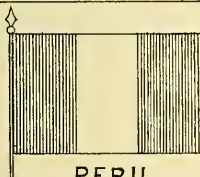
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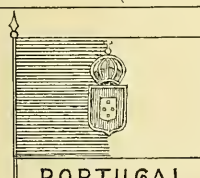
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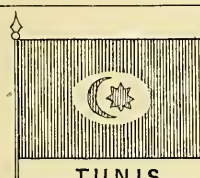
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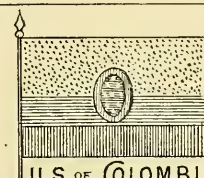
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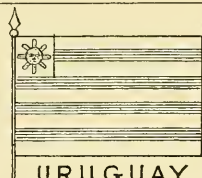
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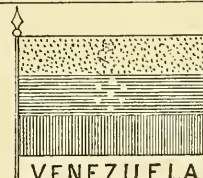
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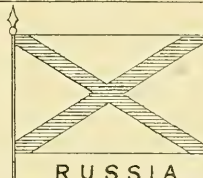
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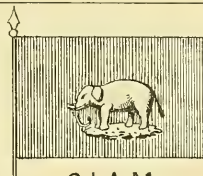
VENEZUELA

is a symbol of authority. The eagles of Rome meant power and possession, wherever they were displayed. So, now, do the red cross of England, the tricolor of France, the double eagle of Germany, the dragon of China, the stars and stripes of America; and, of course, we are, all of us, absolutely certain that, compared with the flags of other nations, our star-spangled banner is the most beautiful flag in the world. Victor Hugo, said, 'There are two things holy—the flag which represents military honor, and the law which represents the national right.' But, really, the flag means both honor and right. It means, to Americans, the noblest combination of liberty and law."

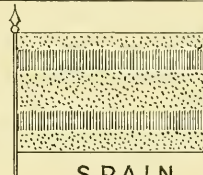
"Liberty and law!" exclaimed Jack, "that makes me think of that piece I used to speak in school—don't you remember it, Bert? Beecher on 'Our Flag.' Let's see. It ended up something like this"; and Jack, who was one of the prize elocutionists of his school



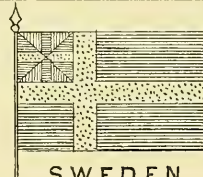
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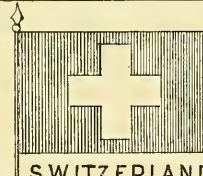
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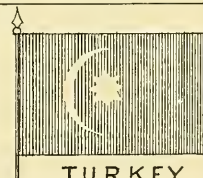
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SWEDEN



SWITZERLAND



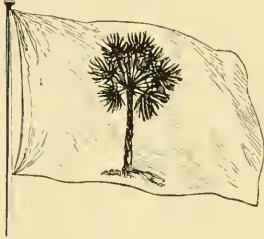
TURKEY

OTHER NATIONS.

by horizontal lines, green by diagonal lines, and yellow by dotted space.

and loved to "spout," gave them this extract from Henry Ward Beecher's stirring speech — and gave it well:

"Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star, every beam or stripe of light, means liberty: not lawlessness, not license; but organized institutional liberty — liberty through law, and laws for liberty!"

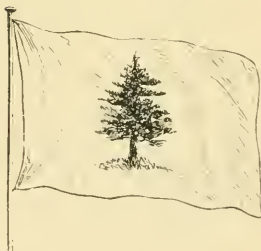


THE PALMETTO FLAG.

man who wanted to use it in a speech), clapped Jack on the shoulder, and said, "That 's great, my son; I wish you could write it off for me. Don't you ever forget it."

"But did the Stars and Stripes begin with the colonies, as Beecher said in his speech?" Marian asked. "I had an idea that the flag came with the Constitution."

"Huh!" exclaimed Jack, "our troops had to have a flag to fight under, did n't they? They could n't march along with a copy of the Constitution flying from a flag-staff or stuck on a bayonet — and it was n't written then, either. Of course the flag came first; did n't it, Uncle Tom?"

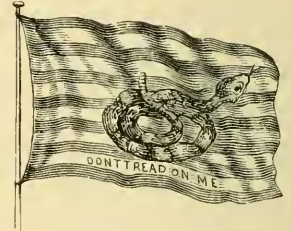


THE OLD MASSACHUSETTS STATE FLAG.

"Well, in one sense it did, Jack, and in another it did n't," his uncle replied. "For, really, the first official regulation establishing the flag of the United States as we know it to-day, did not become a law until the year 1818. That act provided that 'from and after the fourth day of July, 1818,' the flag should be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, with a union bearing twenty white stars in a blue field, a new star to be added whenever a new State was admitted into the Union. In accordance with that act of 1818 we now have our flag of thirteen stripes and forty-four stars."

"But what about the flag that they saw by the dawn's early light, and so proudly they hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?" Jack inquired.

"And there you have it!" cried Roger, pointing to the flag that streamed from the Capitol; while a gentleman who had evidently overheard the boy's repressed oratory (Jack declared he was a congress-



THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

“How many broad stripes and bright stars did that have in that perilous night?”

“Meaning the flag of Fort McHenry in the War of 1812, six years before the official act of Congress?” queried Roger.

“That ’s the very identical star-spangled banner I mean,” said Jack.

“That,” said Uncle Tom, “had fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. I saw it when it was exhibited in the old South Church, in Boston. It was a big fellow. It contained four hundred yards of bunting. It did, really, have ‘broad stripes,’ as the song says—each one was two feet wide. It is now, I believe, an honored relic at Yonkers, New York.”

“Then it was really the Stars and Stripes?” said Christine.

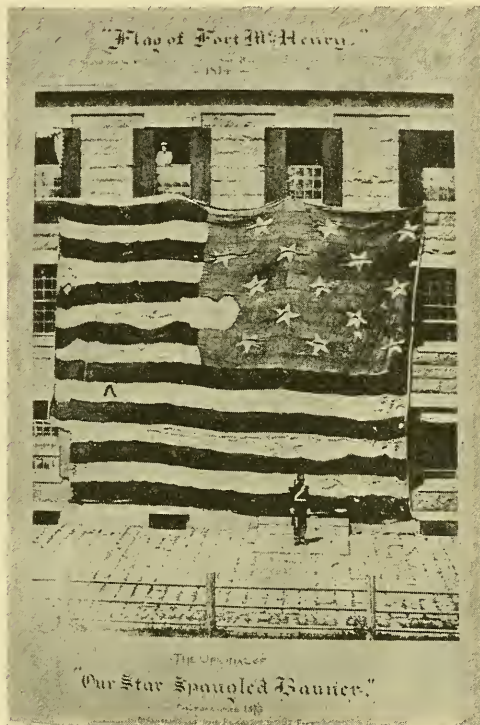
“Oh, yes, it was the Stars and Stripes, but not the well-proportioned flag we are familiar with,” Uncle Tom replied. “The story of the Stars and Stripes is quite interesting. The flags first used in the American Revolution were got up on the spur of the moment, or were those borne by local companies and organizations. Such

were the blue ‘liberty flag,’ the ‘appeal to heaven’ flags, the pine-tree flags of the North, and the rattlesnake flags of the South.”

“Why rattlesnake?” queried Bert.

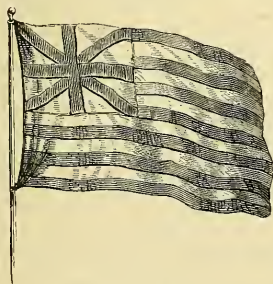
“A flag of warning,” Uncle Tom replied. “One was a yellow flag; one was white; one was made with red and white stripes, and one with blue and red stripes. But all of them showed a rattlesnake coiled, ready to strike, and bearing the warning, ‘Don’t tread on me!’ No colors were used at Lexington; none were displayed on the American earthworks at Bunker Hill. When the troops began

to gather for defense after the Bunker Hill fight, each company of soldiers flew its own ‘colony flag,’ or the ‘union flags’ of varying colors.



THE FLAG OF FORT MCHENRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1873 FOR A PAMPHLET BY CAPTAIN PREBLE. (DIMENSIONS OF FLAG, 29 BY 32 FEET.)



THE FLAG OF 1776.

A month after the battle of Bunker Hill, General Putnam hoisted at his camp on Prospect Hill (now the city of Somerville) a crimson flag, bearing the motto, 'An Appeal to Heaven.' The first suggestion of the Stars and Stripes seems to have come from a committee on which Franklin served. The flag recommended by the committee was one of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and with no stars in the union, but, instead, the red cross of England. This was the flag hoisted by Washington at his camp on Prospect Hill, on the first of January, 1776."

"I have seen the very place where that flag was run up," said Roger. "It is within gunshot of my cousin's house. It is right on the edge of Prospect Hill, in Somerville, where you can sweep the whole country, from the Washington Elm at Cambridge to Bunker Hill Monument and the dome of the Boston State House. A granite slab marks the spot, and it says—here, I've got it in my note-book—I copied it off last fall when we had a talk at school on 'Historic Spots around Boston'; and Roger showed a leaf in his note-book that read:

ON THIS HILL
THE UNION FLAG WITH ITS THIRTEEN STRIPES
' THE EMBLEM OF THE
UNITED COLONIES
FIRST BADE DEFIANCE TO AN ENEMY
JANUARY 1, 1776

"That's one nice thing about Boston folks," said Christine. "They mark all the historic places. Why, you can ride from Boston to Lexington and just follow the march and retreat of the British; and there is a slab where the first flag was hoisted, and there is a slab under the tree where Washington took command of the army—and all that. It makes history so interesting, I think."

"I'm glad to have seen that inscription, Roger," Uncle Tom said. "A note-book is good to have for such things, though I did make it one rule of our personally conducted party that no memorandum books should be taken. Well; that flag was used as 'the



WASHINGTON'S SEAL.

WASHINGTON'S LAST
WATCH-SEAL.

Union flag' for some months. The next year Congress took the matter under consideration, and, on the fourteenth of June, 1777, ordered that the flag of the thirteen United States be 'thirteen stripes, alternate red and white,' the union to contain on a blue field 'thirteen stars representing a new



BETSY ROSS, WHO MADE THE FIRST "STARS AND STRIPES."

constellation.' This 'official' flag was first displayed at Fort Schuyler, near what is now Rome, New York. It was designed under the personal direction of Washington. It was made by Mrs. Ross, in Philadelphia, and she held for some years the position of 'manufacturer of flags for the Government.'

"G. W. was right 'in it' every time, when anything was going on, was n't he?" Jack remarked.

"That is because he was interested in anything that bore in any way upon the business he had in hand—success," said Mr. Dunlap.

"I have read, somewhere," said Christine, "that the idea of the Stars and Stripes came from Washington's coat of arms. Was that so, Mr. Dunlap?"

“I have read the same thing, too,” Mr. Dunlap replied. “But I imagine it was more a coincidence than a suggestion—just as it was a coincidence that the baptismal robe of little George Washington was of white silk, bound with red silk and trimmed with blue ribbon. See: red, white, and blue! But I don’t imagine any one would say that our national colors were taken from Washington’s christening dress! I have seen Washington’s book-plate, and his coat of arms was, certainly, a shield with four stripes and three stars. But I believe it is now admitted that the stars and stripes of the flag were not suggested by that book-plate nor that coat of arms.”

“And I have heard,” said Jack, “that Mrs. Washington had a big mottled cat. This cat’s name was Hamilton, and it had thirteen yellow rings around its tail. It was that tail waving aloft that suggested to Congress the flag with thirteen stripes.”

“Jack Dunlap, you are incorrigible!” laughed Uncle Tom. “Where do you hear such stuff?”

“No; honest Injun, Uncle Tom,” said Jack, “I did hear that—though I must say, for the truth of history, that it was taken from the diary of a British officer, who also declared that he understood that Mr. Washington had thirteen toes to his feet—the extra toes having grown since the Declaration of Independence!”

“Oh, come now, that ’s sacrilege,” said honest Bert; “I don’t like it.”

“I don’t either,” protested Jack; “I was mad enough when I heard it. But I gave it to you, just now, merely as a contribution to history.”

“A contribution to satire, I imagine,” said Uncle Tom. “You will always find one side poking fun at the other, whether in war, in politics, or in religion.”

“Oh, I don’t believe in Mrs. Washington’s cat,” Jack declared. “I had



SIGN AT FRONT CORNER OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE FIRST "STARS AND STRIPES" WAS MADE.

much rather take that poet’s word for it who tells us that Mrs. Freedom, on her mountain height, ‘tore the azure robe of night, and set the stars of glory there’; and then that ‘she striped its pure celestial white with streakings of the morning light.’ That ’s much prettier, even if it is just a little ‘highfalutin.’”

“Well, it ’s a beautiful flag, anyway, whoever thought of the design,” Marian exclaimed; and Bert said, as he waved his hand toward the flag flying from the great white Capitol:

“Look at it! Is there anything more beautiful than that?”

“It is beautiful,” Mr. Dunlap assented, “alike in design, in colors, in proportion, and in significance. Think of what it means to Americans! Think of the ships it has sailed on, the forts it has waved above, the battle-fields on which it has floated, the ceremonies it has graced, the heroes whose coffins it has draped, the protection it has afforded, the patriotism it has aroused!

Practically, the star-spangled banner may be merely America’s trade-mark; but, boys, it has really been our pride, our inspiration, our poem in bunting.”

“Set to music by Washington and sung by all America,” cried Bert with more than his customary enthusiasm; while Jack, as usual breaking out into elocution whenever a good opportunity offered, capped Bert’s patriotic sentiment with Drake’s stirring lines:

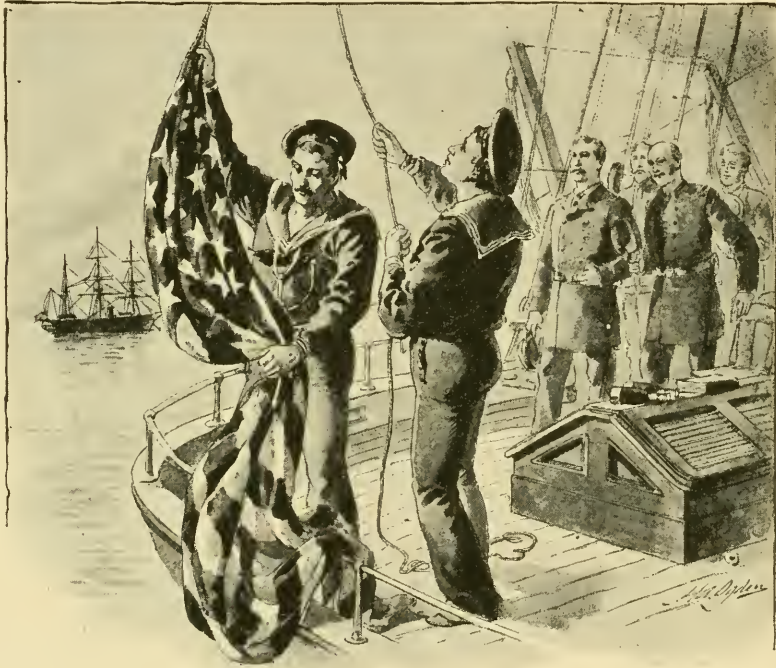
“Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.



NUMBER 239 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA — THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE FIRST
“STARS AND STRIPES” WAS MADE.

Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

"Those are the sentiments I like to hear from you, boys," said Mr. Dunlap. "There is nothing that so thrills the beholder with pride and patriotism as the streaming flag of his country. Senator Hoar says that the fairest vision on which his eyes ever looked was the flag of his country in a

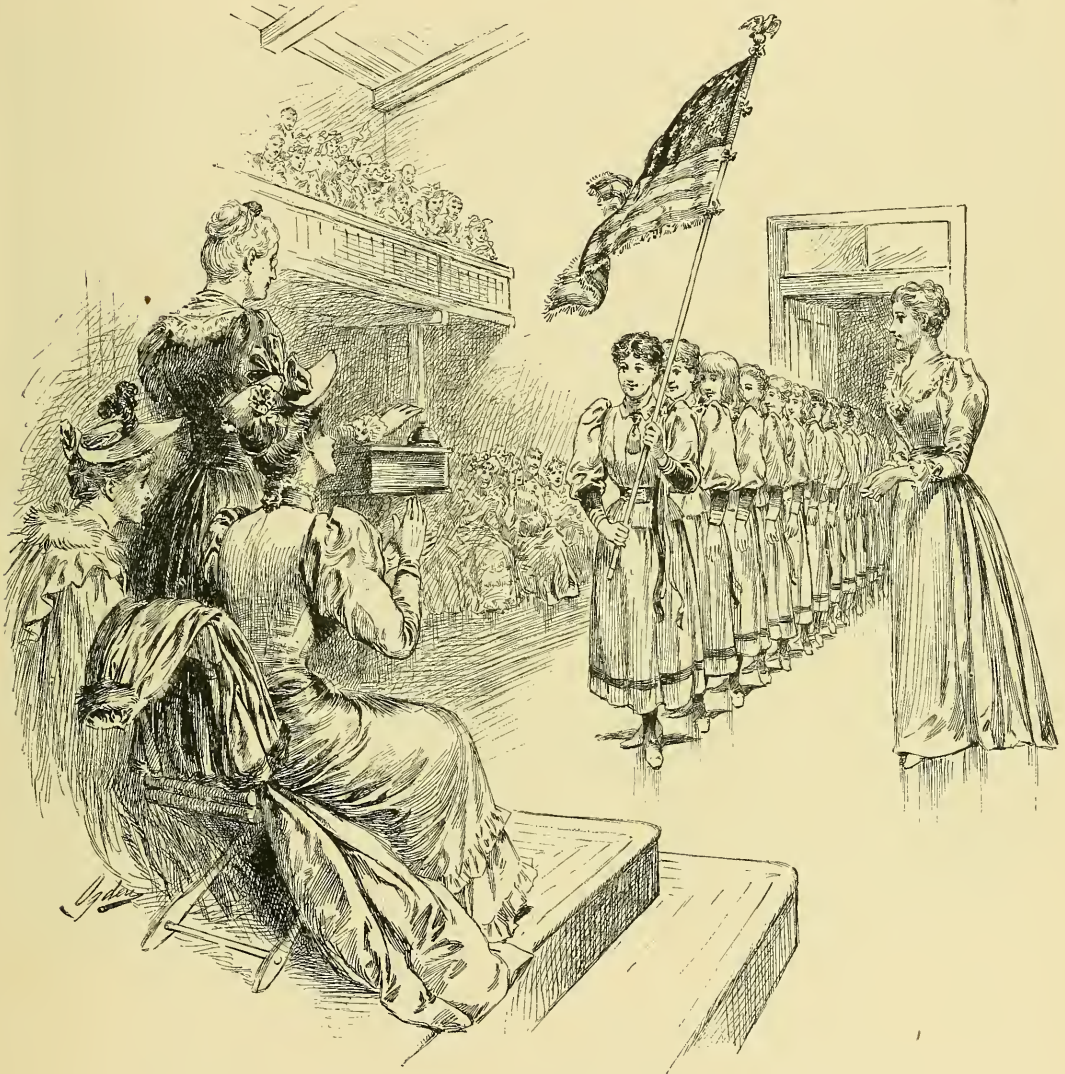


"EVENING COLORS" ON AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.

foreign land. On board a man-of-war the flag is almost reverently saluted, and the bugle-call 'Evening colors!' leads to a most impressive and beautiful ceremony. Your father, Jack, as a small New York boy, first saw Abraham Lincoln on his way to Washington saluting the people as he rode down Twenty-third Street precisely at the instant when he was passing beneath a great American flag from which streamed the prophetic words, 'Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.' That was a moment never to be forgotten. And one of the color-guard at West Point told me that among the most impressive sights he ever saw was stern old General Sherman saluting the flag as he once reviewed the battalion of

cadets at West Point. It was, with the old fighter, both an act of reverence and a lesson in veneration. The flag, boys and girls, is, next to our parents, our most tender and stirring memory."

"Well, I guess I felt just as proud as General Sherman," said Marian,

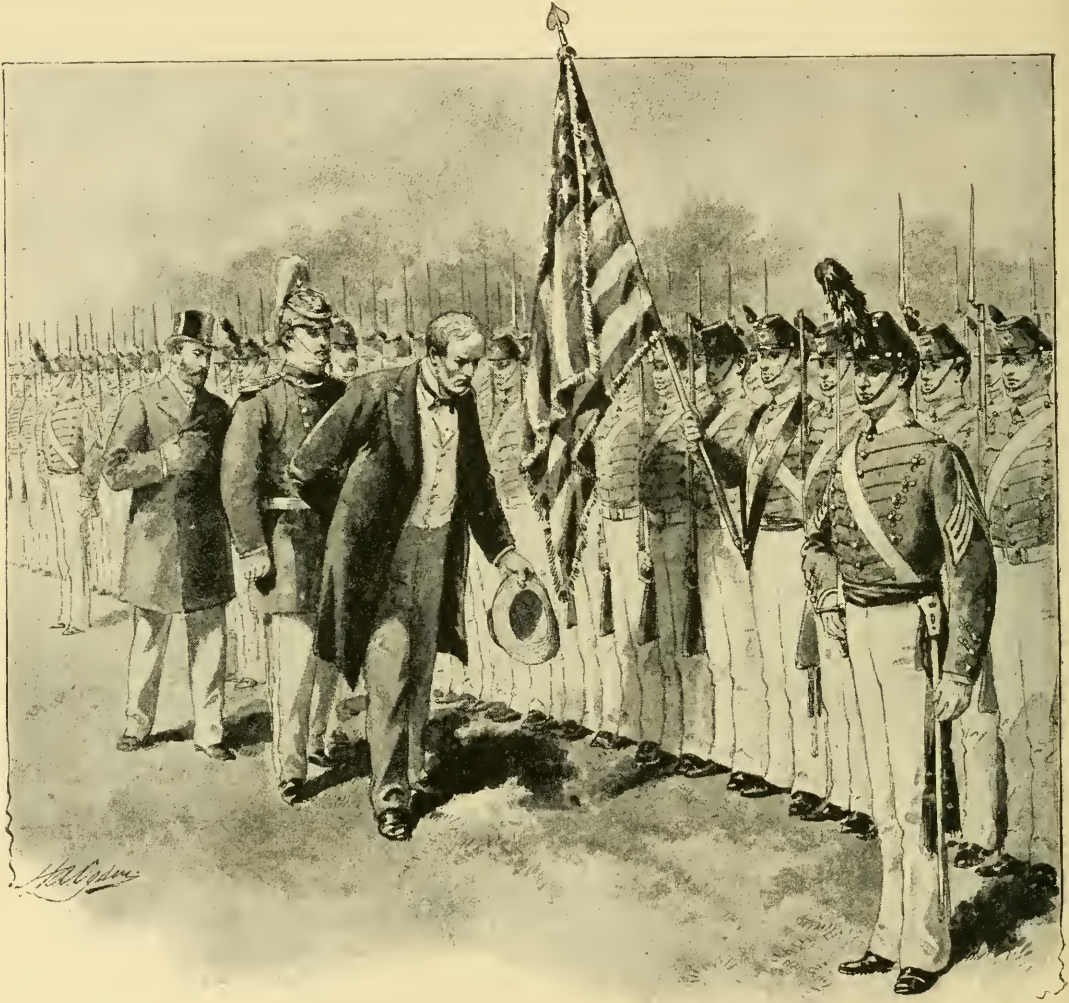


"WHEN I MARCHED AT THE HEAD AS COLOR-BEARER."

"when I marched at the head of our gymnasium class, as color-bearer, last Washington's Birthday."

"It is curious though, is n't it," said practical Bert, "to think of what a piece of bunting can do. For, after all, that is what it is."

“Yes,” said Uncle Tom, “the flag, I know, is only a piece of bunting; but think what that bunting flies for! I wonder if I cannot recall what Charles Sumner said? Jack’s eloquence impels me to a quotation, if I can only remember it. Sumner said of the flag: ‘It is a piece of bunting lifted



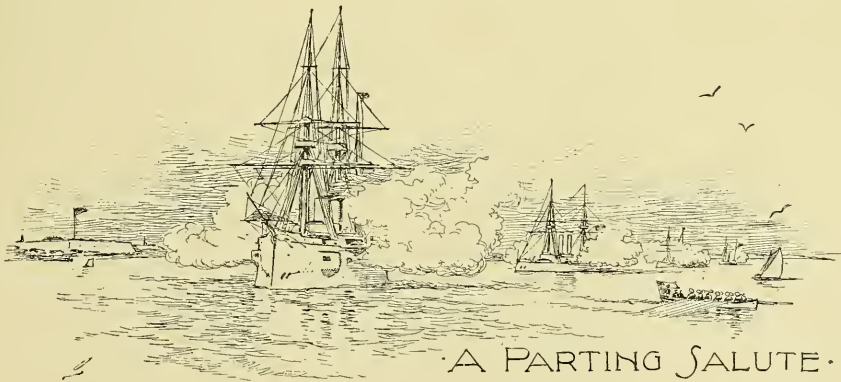
GENERAL SHERMAN SALUTING THE FLAG AT WEST POINT.

in the air; but it speaks sublimity, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every new State. The two, together, signify union,

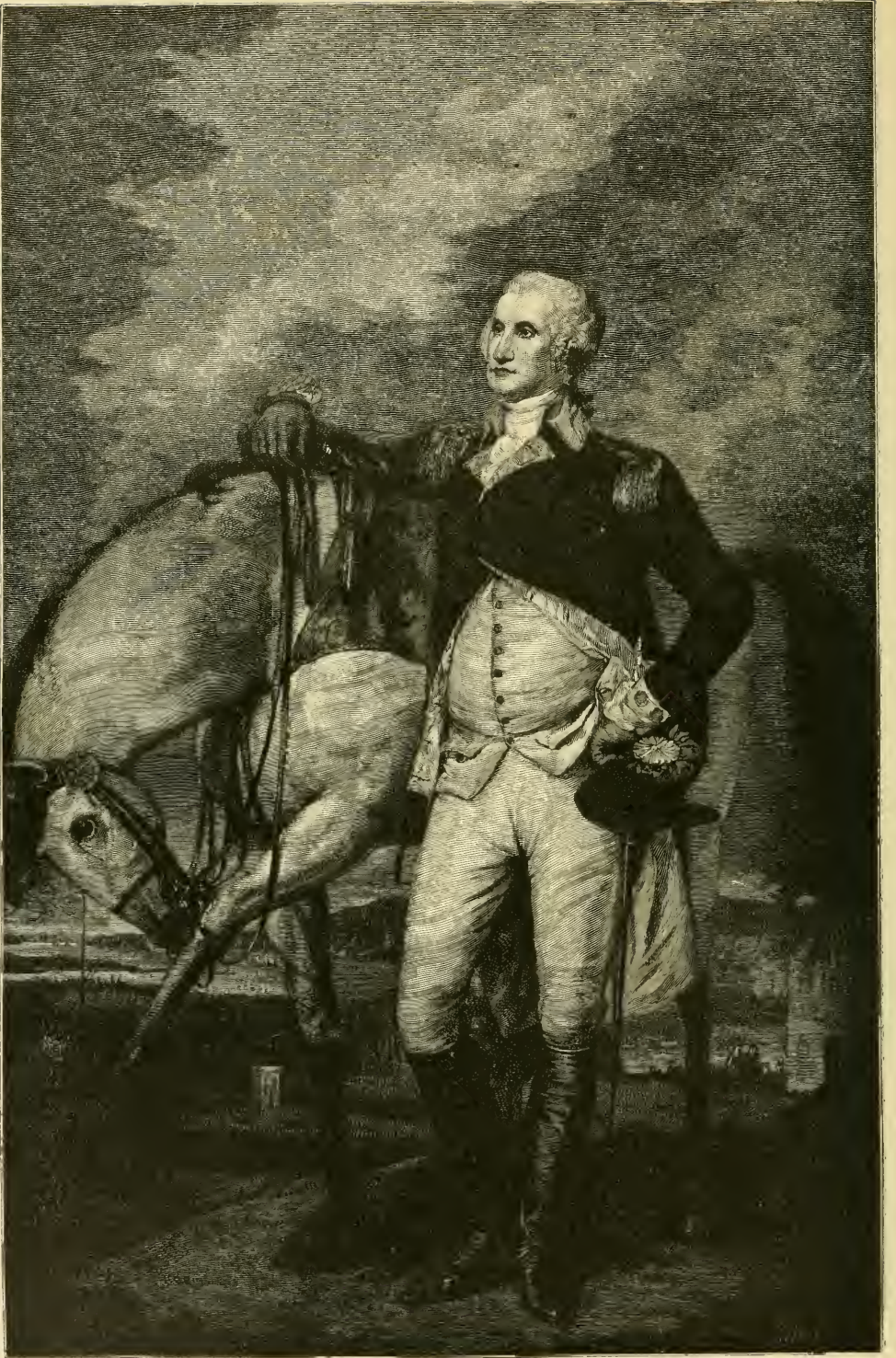
past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts, to be uplifted by all our hands.’”

“That ’s fine,” exclaimed Roger. “Oh, how I should like to be an orator!”

“Words are fine, Roger,” said Mr. Dunlap, “but deeds are better. Remember what the greatest of our orators, Daniel Webster, said: ‘When the standard of the Union is raised and waves over my head—the standard which Washington planted on the ramparts of the Constitution, God forbid that I should inquire whom the people have commissioned to unfurl it and bear it up. I only ask in what manner, as an humble individual, I can best discharge my duty in defending it.’ That ’s the proper spirit, boys. Whether or not you can sway people by your eloquence, you can be Americans. To be a loyal American, you must be a good citizen; and to be a good citizen, you must believe that you have a duty to do toward others. You can’t be a good patriot and be selfish. You must think of others as well as of yourself, and try to do what is best for all. You must help make the laws by your votes; you must help keep the laws by your lives. This flag of ours is the symbol of law—that is, it is the badge of America’s freedom, America’s power, America’s justice, and America’s protecting arm. It is not simply a holiday flag. It is, as Mr. Beecher said in that speech Jack quoted from, ‘our whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the people.’”



·A PARTING SALUTE·



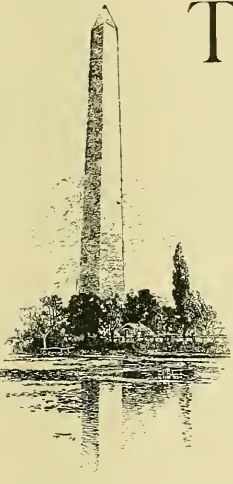
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(From a painting by John Trumbull, now in the City Hall, New York. This was painted in 1790, while Congress and the President were in New York.)

CHAPTER XIII

THE STATE, THE CITY, AND THE TOWN

The tourists visit the Washington Monument—The tall shaft leads to a talk on the union of States—Uncle Tom explains what a State is—He tells them of the government of cities and towns—How we are governed yet free.



THE next morning was cool, bright, and clear. "An ideal day for the monument," said Uncle Tom. And so, breakfast over, he and his "tourists" walked briskly across Pennsylvania Avenue and down Fourteenth street, headed for the Park, in which, half a mile south of the White House, there stood, springing upward from a little knoll, the one object that shares with the great dome of the Capitol the honor of never being absent from the eye of the visitor to the seat of our National Government—the tall, white shaft known as the Washington Monument.

The children had looked at and admired it from the very moment of their arrival at the capital. They had longed to visit the towering white marvel and look through the little slits they could just make out beneath its pointed top; but, true to their promise never to tease, they said nothing, and awaited Uncle Tom's word and lead.

They had viewed it from all sides and in all lights—from the city, from the Capitol, from the White House, from the river, from the heights of Arlington, and across the Virginia meadows—in the full glare of the sun, through the mist and rain, in the early morning, and in the soft twilight just before the night came down. It had held and attracted them from the beginning—a beacon fascinating by its very bigness (always an alluring quality for American boys and girls), and forever bringing to their minds a thought of the great patriot and leader in whose honor it had arisen at the bidding of a grateful people.

"How high is it, Uncle Tom?" asked Marian, as, climbing the gentle slope, they stood at the base of the monument and let their eyes travel up its shining wall of stone.

"Five hundred and fifty-five feet, five and one eighth inches, from floor to apex," replied Uncle Tom, who had stored his mind with figures, in anticipation of just such questions.

"Well! that is n't so very high," said Jack. "Why, from here" — and he squinted his eye once more along the towering shaft — "it looks about ten thousand feet to the top."

"No, five hundred and fifty-five feet is not so very high for a mountain," returned Uncle Tom; "but it's pretty good for a monument. For, please to remember, Master Jack, this Washington monument is the highest artificial elevation in the world. For we do not count the Eiffel Tower at Paris as a permanency or a monument."

"That's good enough for us," said Jack. "We don't want anybody to get any higher, do we, fellows. But — I say, Roger — how is your Bunker Hill monument?"

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," said the Boston boy, good-humoredly. "Bunker Hill's two hundred and twenty-one feet. That's high enough to fall from, I guess. You know that is the place where Warren fell. But this is the spot where the name of Washington will forever rise. And, of course, there is n't anything that can get as high as that."

"Good for you, Roger," cried Uncle Tom, patting his young friend approvingly on the shoulder. "That's the time you got ahead of Mr. Jack. Come, let us go in."

They passed through the door in the base of the monument and stood within the hollow shaft of marble. Seated upon the benches placed there for visitors they waited for the elevator which was to lift them to the top.

"When was this monument started and when was it finished, Mr. Dunlap?" Christine inquired.

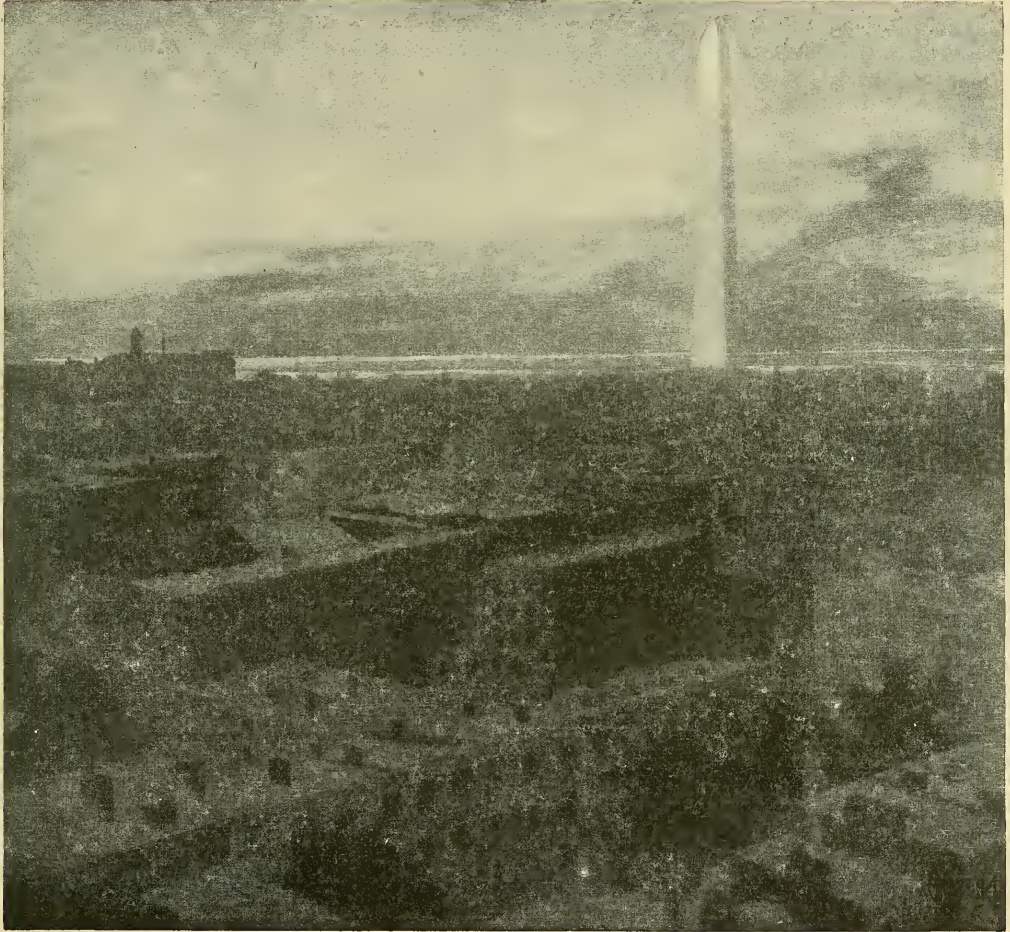
"The idea of a suitable memorial to George Washington," Uncle Tom replied, "was started in 1783, at the close of the American Revolution. It was to be erected, so the Continental Congress voted, 'at the place where the residence of Congress shall be established.' The plan, however, developed slowly. In 1835 the Washington Monument Association was formed; the design of Robert Mills was accepted; but it was not until the sixth of December, 1884, that the capstone of the completed monument was placed in position amid booming cannon and pealing bells. The corner-stone was laid on the fourth of July, 1848, and it is significant to remember that at that ceremony the old and the new were present. For in the company that witnessed

the laying of that corner-stone were Mrs. Hamilton, widow of Alexander Hamilton, 'the father of the Constitution,' and Abraham Lincoln, the father of our New America—then an almost unknown congressman from Illinois."

"That was curious, was n't it?" said Bert.

"And how appropriate!" said Marian.

The cautious elevator slid down its iron ways, discharged its cargo of



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

satisfied observers, speedily filled again, and rising, rising, rising — "Guess we 're bound for Mars this trip," said Jack—it climbed to the top, and the boys and girls at last stood within the small chamber with its four windows, built beneath the roof stones of the obelisk, five hundred and seventeen feet above the city streets.

"Can't anybody say but that we 're up in the world now, can they?"

said Marian, taking off her hat, which the stiff breeze persisted in setting awry. "My, my; what a beautiful view!"

It was a beautiful view. At their feet lay the city — its great Department Buildings looking like toy houses, even the grand dome of the Capitol dwarfed by distance. Twisting this way and that, the Potomac, like a silver ribbon, wound its way from the highlands to the bay. To the south stretched the woods and fields of Virginia, once alive with hosts of fighting men; to the north lay the Maryland hills, with Sugar Loaf towering above them fifty miles away; while along the west, a misty line upon the horizon, young eyes could distinctly trace the mighty masses of the Blue Ridge of Virginia sixty-five miles distant.

From one window an amateur photographer was carefully capturing a comprehensive snap-shot of the White House and the President's grounds, while from every other window the "ohs" and "ahs" of delighted observers came in continual chorus.

At last they were satisfied and prepared to descend. But not by the elevator — or "the alleviator," as Jack had called it when he heard that it really saved them from climbing eight hundred and ninety-eight steps!

"It is easier to go down than up," said Uncle Tom — whereupon Bert murmured "*Facilis descensus averni*," and Marian said, "What does that mean, Bert?"

"The down grade is always easiest," said Bert, in free translation.

"We can take it leisurely," continued Uncle Tom, "for I wish you to see the memorial stones."

"What are they, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired.

"Blocks of marble set inside the monument; the gifts of States and nations, corporations and societies, and duly carved and inscribed," explained Uncle Tom.

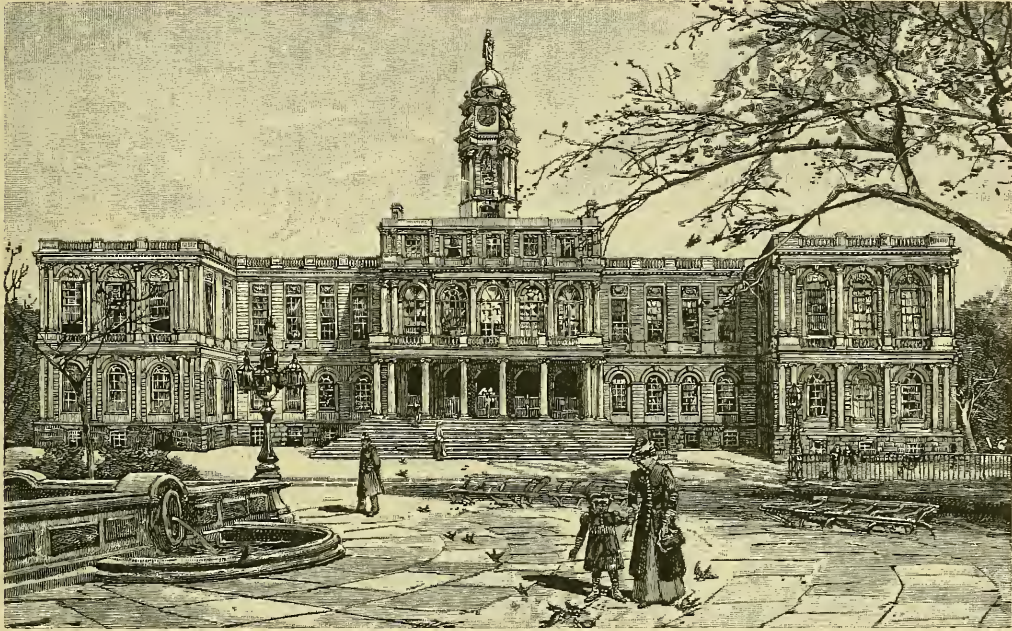
They saw and studied them all as they descended. There was the marble block from the ruins of the Parthenon sent by Greece, the stone from William Tell's chapel sent by Switzerland, the blocks from China and Japan, and the memorial blocks from forty States and Territories of the American Union.

"Well, all the world and his wife seem to have chipped in to help build this monument," declared Jack; and Uncle Tom responded, "That is so, Jack. I consider the inside of this great obelisk a capital object-lesson of the world's regard for the memory of George Washington."

As they sat beneath the shade of the trees that make the Mall, near the Smithsonian, so restful and attractive, Bert said musingly, "It seems to me, Uncle Tom, as if all those marble blocks set up inside the Washington

monument by the different States give a first-class reading of our national motto, 'Many in one,' do they not?"

"They do, indeed, Bert," his uncle responded. "And, more than that, they typify, for me, the very design of our republic—the union of States in



THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

a completed but ever-aspiring structure, towering far above all its surroundings. The American nation is liberty's memorial to the world's noblest desire—the freedom, the union, and the brotherhood of man."

"I don't know as I exactly understand about our forty-five States, Mr. Dunlap," said Roger. "They are separate commonwealths, I know; but just how were they made, and how is their governing separate from that of the nation they are joined together to form?"

"Well, it is rather a complex subject, Roger, but I'll try to explain it briefly," Mr. Dunlap replied. "To you young people a State, I suppose, is but a lot of people living in a greater or less area of ground, familiar to you by the colors and shapes you have studied on your maps at school—Maine, in outline like a grenadier's hat, leading the advance; Roger's Massachusetts, with bended arm and doubled fist 'squaring off at all creation,' as Dr. Holmes once said; Jack's New York, a giant wedge with the little end at Buffalo keeping Niagara Falls from tumbling all over the State; shield-shaped Ohio; purse-shaped Florida; and California, like a great sea-



THE NEW CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

lion, rearing itself to face the Pacific breakers. But a State is something more than a geography question, to be located, bounded, and 'capitalized.'

"Very good, Uncle Tom," said Jack, approvingly. "You're coming on, I see."

"A State," continued Uncle Tom, "is a certain stretch of country, limited to certain fixed boundaries and inhabited by a certain body of people, banded together for self-protection, self-government, and self-interest. But all these 'selves' are combined for the general good, upon the theory that the good of one is the good of all, and the good of all is the good of one."

“How is that different from the nation, Uncle Tom?” inquired Bert.

“Well, it is much the same idea,” replied his uncle. “The American Union is a State composed of States; it is a republic of republics; a commonwealth of commonwealths. But, as we are accustomed to use the word, a State is one of the units in our federal system. For each State in our Union is a separate and sovereign commonwealth, making its own laws, governing its own people and supreme within its own boundaries so far as its own affairs are concerned. But, being part of a federal nation, each State surrenders, to make that union a nation, certain of the rights that it would hold to tenaciously were it simply a nation by itself.”

“That’s just what I wanted to ask,” said Roger; “what rights does a State have in the Union, and what does it give up to the General Government?”

“I will answer your last question first, Roger,” Uncle Tom responded. “The States surrender to the nation the control of such matters as declaring war and making peace, military and naval affairs, treaties and relations with foreign nations, the postal service, foreign and domestic commerce, the coinage and the currency, patents and copyrights, Federal Courts of Justice, and taxation for general purposes. These are matters that affect all the citizens of all the States, but, as I once explained to you, it would make a terrible ‘mix-up’ if each State were permitted to regulate these affairs to suit itself. So, for the sake of harmonious regulation, the control of these matters is surrendered to the General Government, which thus exercises direct authority over every citizen.”

“But the State has a direct authority over every one of its citizens, too, does it not, Uncle Tom?” asked Bert.

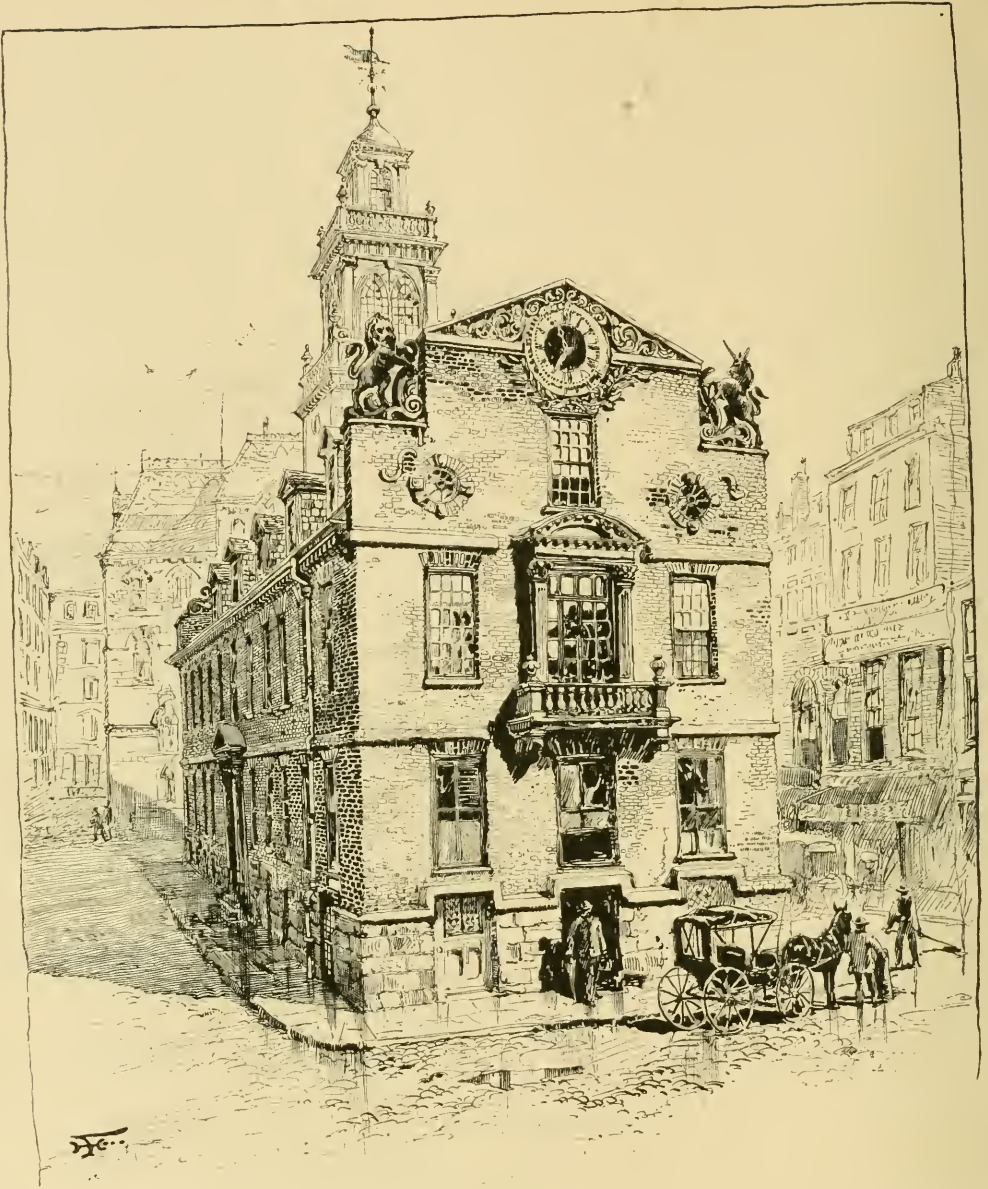
“Certainly, it has,” his uncle replied.

“Then I don’t see but he is a sort of divided citizen, is n’t he?”

“Not a divided citizen,” replied Uncle Tom, with a smile, “but a citizen with a double—in fact with a triple allegiance.”

“How do you make that out, Uncle Tom?” said Jack.

“Why, in this way,” said Uncle Tom: “I am an American citizen; the nation manages for me all matters set apart, as I named them, for national control; to the nation therefore I owe allegiance. I am a citizen of the State in which I live, which manages for me its State affairs, its public-school system, its institutions for the bad, the sick, the poor, and the unfortunate, and its extensive internal improvements; to the State therefore I owe allegiance. I am a citizen of the city and county in which I have my home and which manage for me the proper and necessary care of all matters affecting my home surroundings and calling for home care and expenditure; to my



OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

own town or city therefore I owe allegiance. Do you see now how I am really three citizens rolled into one?"

"My, though!" said Marian; "I don't know but I'm glad I am not a man"; and, "Gracious!" exclaimed Jack, "I think I'll stay a boy a little longer. That's more to attend to than I care for just now."

"It sounds a lot," said Roger, "but I don't really believe it is—is it, Mr. Dunlap?"

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "I believe it is computed that the average American citizen devotes just ten hours a year to public affairs. He pays his taxes, which cover the cost of his triple citizenship; he votes for the men he wishes to put into office, and there—for too many of us—the worry ends."

"But whom does he put into office, Uncle Tom?" asked Marian. "You have told us whom he sends to Congress and the White House; now, whom does he put in office in his State and city?"

"Is not the State Government planned out much the same as the General Government?" inquired Roger.

"Yes, there is a similarity of design," Uncle Tom responded; "only it was the nation that copied from the States, and not the States from the nation. It is, in fact, an Americanized edition of the old colonial governments with the people as the sovereign instead of the king of England."

"They took the best ideas, I suppose," said Bert, "and improved upon them, did n't they?"

"Yes," replied his uncle. "The power of the State is vested in an executive, a legislative, and a judiciary branch on much the same lines as the Government here at Washington. The State has a central city for its capital, where the laws are made for the State as they are here at the capital for the country. The State capitol building is generally called the State House—"

"They are fine buildings, too," Jack broke in; "the new Capitol at Albany is a grand affair."

"So is the State House in Boston," said Roger. "It has just been enlarged into a fine large building. I went through the new portion just before I came on."

"Yes, and some of the other States have equally fine buildings for their State Houses. The law-makers of the State are called the Legislature—"

"We call that in Massachusetts, sometimes, the Great and General Court," said Roger.

"That was its old title," said Uncle Tom. "But the Legislature is the name now given to the State legislative department. It consists of a Senate and an Assembly—which corresponds to the House of Representatives here—elected by the people. This Legislature looks after the civil and religious rights of the citizens; it also cares for the education of the people; it regulates the rights of voters; prescribes the marriage laws, and the relations of husbands and wives; of parents and children; it prescribes the powers of master and servant; of principal and agents in business arrangements; it regulates partnerships, the relations of debtor

and creditor, the formation of corporations, the care and disposal of property, the relations of trades and contracts, and makes and enforces all laws against criminals, except such as involve crimes against the United States, those on the high seas, and those against the laws of nations—these are looked after by the nation. So, you see, the State has a great many duties to perform, and is the mainstay of its citizens in the interest of law and order.”

“But are not some of these duties performed by the towns and cities?” asked Bert.

“In a more limited and local sense, yes,” replied his uncle. “The State is divided into counties, the counties into townships. Thus the town and the city—even the smallest village—has its officers who look after its guidance and government. The head man—or executive—of the State is called the governor; the head man of the city is the mayor, and the city has its local board of representative men, known as its common council, as the county has its board of supervisors, and the village its selectmen or trustees. In a word, we are governed in local, State, and national affairs by men whom we elect to serve us in such capacities. We have a constitution for the State as well as for the nation; and, as the latter is the law of the land, so the former is the law of just so much of the land as is included in the State, and both the National and the State Constitutions have been framed and followed for the benefit and welfare of all our citizens.”

“Well, I don’t see but that we are a much-governed people for all we call ourselves free,” said Jack.

“And yet we are free, my boy,” replied his uncle; “free, because we are so governed. For freedom is not letting men do as they please; liberty is not the absence of law. It is self-government that makes us free; it is law that gives us liberty. This is what the millions who come to make their home among us speedily discover, though they so often come with the insane idea that America is a land without laws, a country without checks. With us, power is of the people. But the people delegate that power to those who represent them in city councils, in legislative chambers, and in the halls of Congress. Liberty has open arms and welcoming hands; but her arm is a protecting power, her hand is strong to defend and swift to strike if the law is defied by lawlessness, or the right is menaced by crime. It is for you to remember that, boys and girls, when you count up the blessings that are so freely granted you, or when you hear, sometimes, of the punishment meted out to those, who, in high or low places, attempt to do as they please, to the hurt or harm of the public good. The State is a strong defender; the nation is a generous but a just parent.”

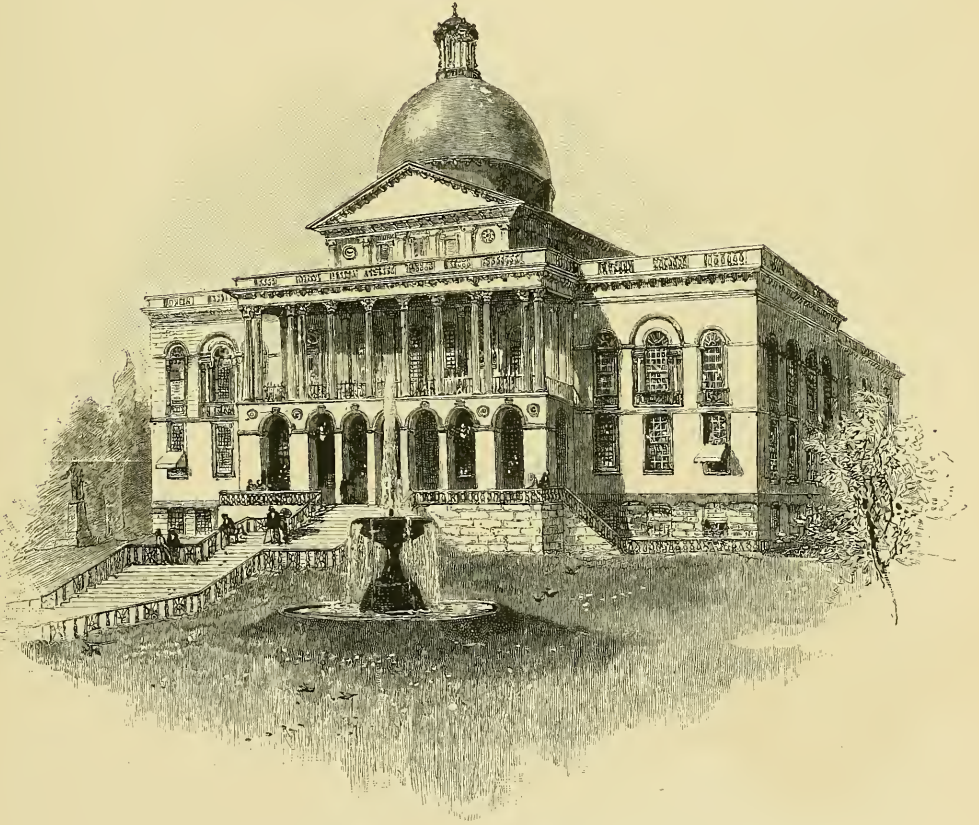
Whereupon Jack, patriotic to the core, broke out with strong and musical notes which awoke the echoes of the leafy Mall :

“The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none shall sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands
And the flag of our Union forever—”

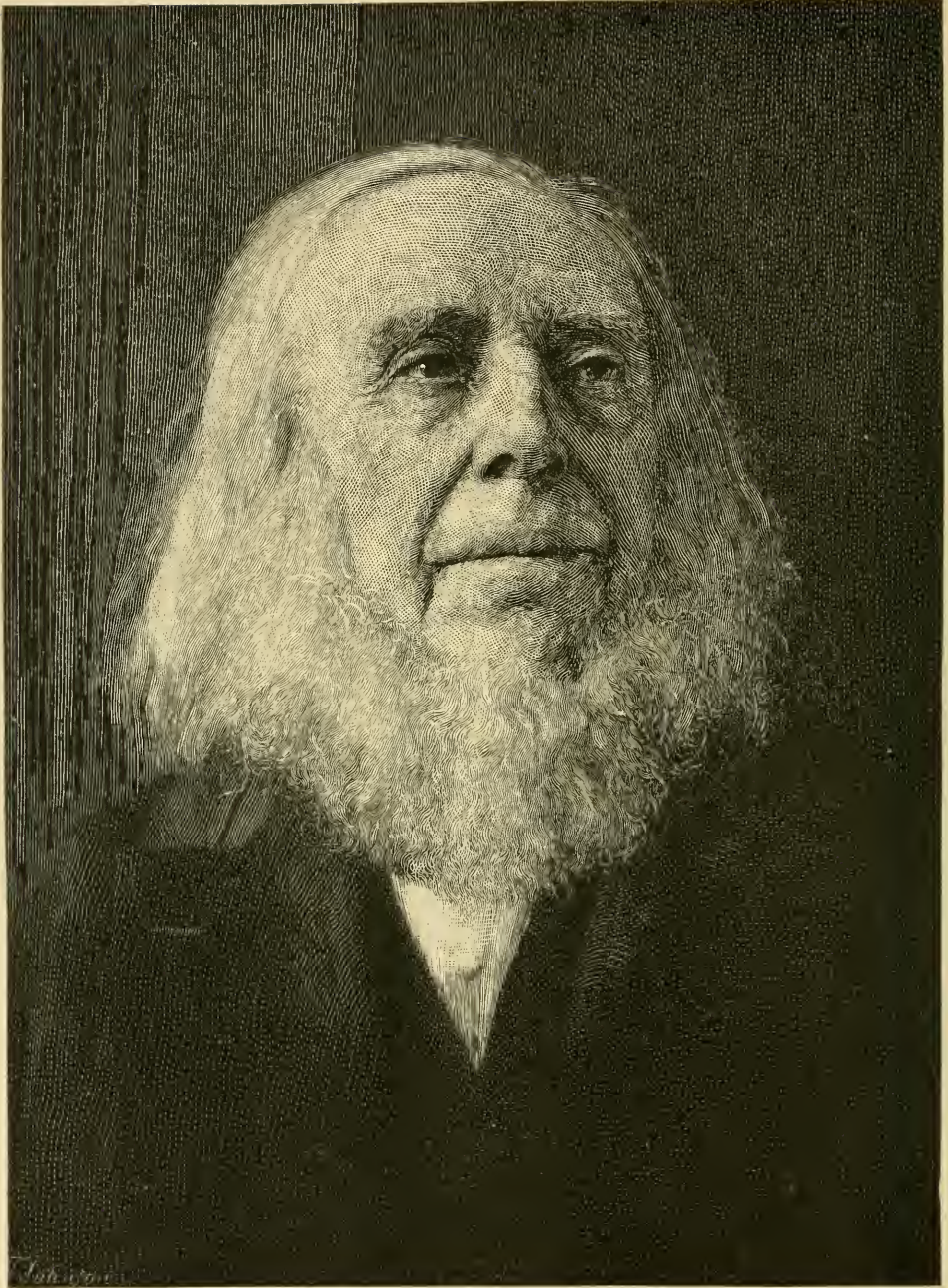
“and ever!”

sang all the tourists in chorus,

“The flag of our Union forever!”



PRESENT STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

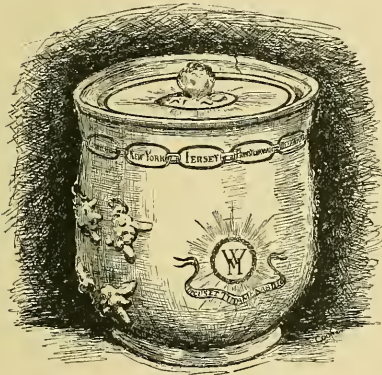


A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN, PETER COOPER OF NEW YORK. PHILANTHROPIST, PATRIOT, AND WORKING-MAN.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CITIZEN

A Talk on Citizenship—Voters and Citizens—Election-day methods—Citizens who help and Citizens who hinder—Natives and Naturalization—The best Government in the World.



SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO
MARTHA WASHINGTON BY GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

ENLIGHTENED, under the spreading trees of the Smithsonian grounds, by this talk, as to the kindred relations of city, State, and nation, the "tourists" continued their walk toward the Capitol. Drawn again to that noble building, alike by interest and desire, they spent several hours in the study of men and manners, both in the dignified Senate chamber and in the noisier but equally earnest Hall of the Representatives.

Even in the midst of what seemed sometimes childishness and often aggression, they heard words of wisdom and sentences of weight and moment, as in the House they listened to breezy exchanges of questions and answers, and in the Senate they heard from Northern and from Southern lips expressions of loyalty, of affection, and of devotion that made Uncle Tom thank God that the old shadow of discord was forever dispelled, and led the young people to see that the men who represent the people had faith in the real union of the States and were loyal to the principles for which States and nation shall forever stand.

As they left the Capitol by the broad west front, and, at the entrance to the Botanical Gardens, waited for the green "cables" that were to carry them to their hotel, Roger remarked to Jack :

"I say, Jack ; would n't you like to go to Congress?"

"Well, Roger, my son," replied Jack, "I think I should like to have just

a hack at things. I believe I could straighten out one or two of them quite as well as some of those fellows at work under the big dome."

"I 'm afraid it would be but a 'hack,' boy Jack," laughed Uncle Tom. "The well-balanced law-maker becomes so only through experience and growth. The newly-made congressman often comes here with just your desire,—to have a 'hack' at things,—and the man or the boy who 'hacks' very often gets his fingers cut. You might come here, as does he, honestly full of plans for the bettering of your fellow-citizens and the good of your country, but you would speedily find how little you really knew and how necessary it is, if one would accomplish good results, to work toward those results amid the hints that help and the hindrances that arouse one. For, you see, it needs alike the stirrup of opportunity and the spur of opposition to ride successfully in the race for leadership."



THE CITIZEN, ROBERT MORRIS, OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO PLEDGED HIS FORTUNE IN THE CAUSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"You talk as if it were some kind of a circus, Uncle Tom," said Marian, "in which the best rider gets the flag and the cheers."

"Well, in one way it is, Marian," her uncle replied. "Merit gets to the front here as in all the struggles of life. There comes our 'cable.' Get aboard, boys and girls. I'm as hungry as an office-seeker."

Their talk during dinner turned upon the men they had heard and seen that day in Congress, and Bert remarked:

"You say, Uncle Tom, that the choice of those legislators at the Capitol is one of the duties of citizenship. What is an American citizen?"

"A direct question, Bert," responded his uncle. "Come, Marian, tell us; what is an American citizen?"

"Oh—just a horrid man," the girl replied.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," Uncle Tom said, with a low bow, "I forgot your pronounced views. But I think you are wrong in this instance."

"Why, how can I be, Uncle Tom?" Marian exclaimed. "Surely a woman is not a citizen, is she?"

"Yes. I am a citizen; thou art a citizen; he is a citizen; we are all citizens," her uncle conjugated,— "all the men, women, and children who are American by birth, by adoption, or by law."

"Oh, see here, Uncle Tom, we've caught you napping now," cried Jack. "A citizen is a voter. Women and children cannot vote."

"Did I say they could?" returned Uncle Tom. "I refer you to the"

Constitution, Master Jack. The fourteenth amendment to that immortal document distinctly says: 'All persons'—mark the word, Jack—'all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.' You can't go back on the Constitution, now, can you?"

"But I thought only a voter was a citizen," said Christine.

"That is your mistake, my dear," replied Uncle Tom. "But it is a natural one. It lies in this—all voters are citizens, but all citizens are not voters. All persons, irrespective of age or sex, who are born or naturalized in the United States, have the *rights* of citizenship. But they do not all exercise the *duties* of citizenship."

"Well, if we have rights, I don't see why we should n't have duties," protested Marian. "I'm sure I should be willing to. If I have a right to be in any place, it is my duty to behave myself, and if—"

"Ah! kindly remember that, Miss, the next time you go into my room," observed her brother.

"And if so," continued Marian, unheeding Jack's interruption, "is it not my duty, also, to put things straight if they are out of order?" and she darted a triumphant look at disconcerted Jack.

"There's a Roland for your Oliver, Jack," laughed Uncle Tom.

"'Out of order'? Hear her!" cried Jack. "What she calls disorder is just my order."

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Uncle Tom, with an emphasis that Jack seemed to comprehend. "But Marian's case is well taken, though it does not precisely cover our point in dispute. She holds that being a citizen of her home it is her duty to keep that home in order—"

"Even if she upsets my room to do so," put in Jack.

"In one sense, perhaps," said Uncle Tom, "that is an invasion of the liberty of the individual. But, after all, rights and duties are not identical. In this matter of citizenship, for instance, the idea of voting sprang from fighting."

"From fighting?" exclaimed Christine.

"Yes—or rather from not fighting," replied Uncle Tom. "In the old days of blood and blows, the smaller or weaker party would sometimes decide by voice—in other words, by vote—whether to fight or not to fight. So, you see, only the fighters could be voters, and as all able-bodied men were fighters, or warriors, of course the suffrage—that is, the right to put down the broken piece of pottery that then stood for a vote—was given only to the men; and it has remained with them to this day."

"But not the broken piece of pottery, Uncle Tom," said Marian.

"No, that has changed," replied her uncle. "At one time, tiny balls were used, for which the Italian name was *ballotta*, or little balls. From this we get our word ballot, which now means a ticket used in voting. The latest and best form of such a ticket is what is called the Australian system of balloting, because its form came to us from the English colony of Australia. It is prepared in secret. The voter is supplied with a printed list of all candidates, arranged alphabetically. He takes this into a little stall or closet and with a lead-pencil marks a criss-cross (like **X** this) against his choice for the officers nominated. He folds the sheet over, slips it into the ballot-box, and his duty is done."

"But why do they need to be so secret and particular?" asked Christine.

"There are bad men everywhere, my dear," responded Uncle Tom—"men who abuse their privileges, do unmanly acts, and, from selfishness or greed, either buy or sell the right to vote which is given them by the Constitution. Even where men are not really bad, they are easily influenced, and so, to guard against all such possibilities, voting is made a personal and secret affair, while the 'machinery' employed runs things smoothly and quickly, and saves time."

"Then that, I suppose, is why voters must register before they can vote," said Bert.

"Yes," replied his uncle; "it saves time, guards against annoying delays, and, especially, prevents the crime of repeating, as it is called—that is, voting more than once for the sake of influencing the result."

"Why, do people ever do that?" asked Christine.

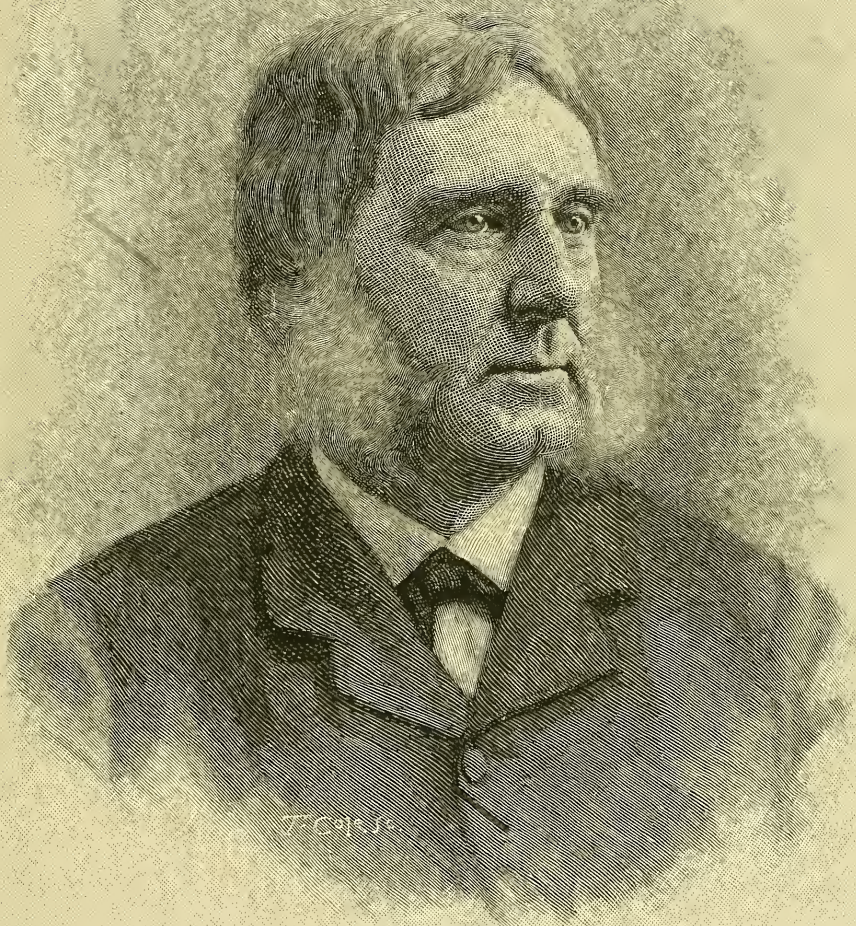
"Unfortunately some do, my dear," replied Uncle Tom; "for, as I told you, there are bad men or unprincipled men everywhere. A result secured by repeating is a living lie. It is our duty to build a barrier against evil in all its forms, and dishonesty in elections is one of the methods by which crime menaces liberty. To prevent what are called 'corrupt practices' in elections, every citizen entitled to vote is obliged to have his name—"

"*His*, not *her*, you notice, Miss Marian," Jack interlined. But Uncle Tom heard him.

"Yes, 'her' in some States," he said. "The 'citizen entitled to vote' means every male citizen over twenty-one years of age. But in certain States, for certain declared objects, and in at least four States and Territories for every object and office, the citizen-voter means men and women alike."

"I did n't know that," said Jack, a trifle disconcerted.

"Jack," said Marian, mischievously, "will you join with me in singing 'The Morning Light is Breaking'?"

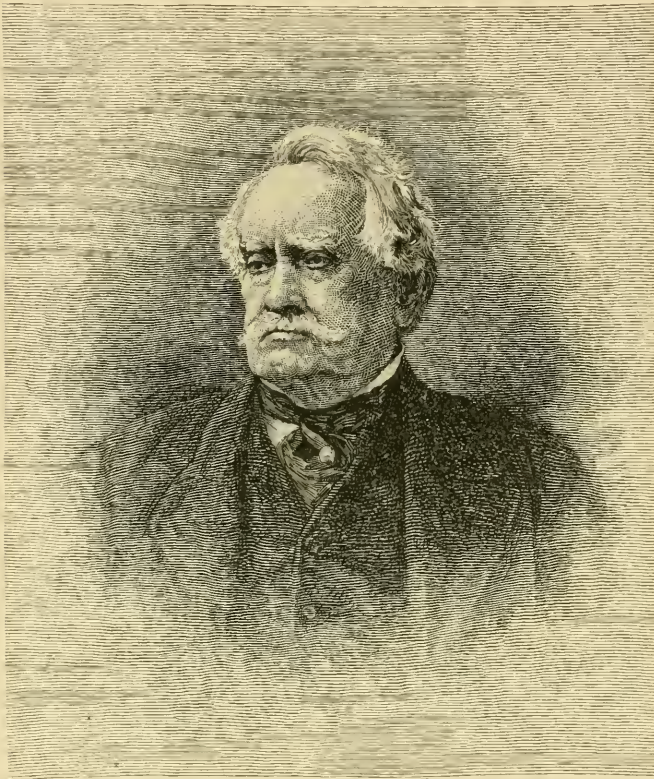


George William Curtis -

A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN, PATRIOT, ORATOR, AND MOLDER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

"Four, did you say, Mr. Dunlap?" inquired Christine, with interest.

"Four States and Territories now permit women to vote in all elections," replied Uncle Tom, "and nineteen States and Territories have, as it is termed,



A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN, WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, OF WASHINGTON,
WHO USED HIS WEALTH TO WISE AND HELPFUL ENDS.

'given them the suffrage' in certain specified cases — such as those that touch the public schools, the liquor traffic, and town improvement."

"Now, come back to the registration laws, please," said Bert, always "sticking to the question."

"That 's so; where was I?" said Uncle Tom.

"You said," prompted Bert, "that every citizen was obliged to have his name recorded."

"Oh, yes," Uncle Tom went on; "he is obliged to have his name, age, and residence put on record, so that, when election-day comes round,

the names of voters can be checked off as their owners appear at the ballot-box. This is but a safeguard that no honest man or woman can object to or hold to be an invasion of their personal liberty."

"Who has charge of the polls, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired.

"Officials specially appointed for the duty, and known as poll clerks and inspectors," his uncle replied. "They are selected, in equal numbers, from the two leading political parties, so as to insure fairness and squareness."

"But everything has all been made ready beforehand, has it not?" asked Roger.

"As far as the machinery of voting goes — yes," responded Uncle Tom. "The steps to an election are gradual; but a certain amount of machinery is necessary to avoid delays and complications. As election time approaches, the people talk over the men best fitted for the offices to be filled; but they do nothing until the leaders of each political organization summon what is

called a caucus, or primary meeting. This preliminary meeting of voters selects certain men to represent their sentiments in a nominating convention composed of delegates from the caucuses. The nominating convention meets and selects men whom it declares to be best fitted for the offices. Each political party holds a nominating convention, and thus candidates, belonging to the different parties, are presented to the people for their suffrages, as it is called. On election-day, the names of these candidates appear on the printed ballots, and the voters deposit in the ballot-box the slips containing the names they prefer. At a specified hour—generally at sunset—the voting stops; the polls are declared closed; the ballots are sorted and counted, and the men who have received the highest number of votes are declared to have been elected by the people to serve in the offices for which they were nominated.”

“That all sounds simple enough,” said Roger.

“Yes, it sounds simple enough,” responded Uncle Tom, “but there are many complications; and much political machinery is set in motion before a decision is reached. These details are really interesting; some of them are wise and just; some of them are unwise and questionable; but all of them are worth studying, and the selection and election of our rulers—who are also our public servants—are matters which all of you, boys and girls alike, will, I trust, study up and try to understand. For their selection is one of the chief duties of American citizens.”

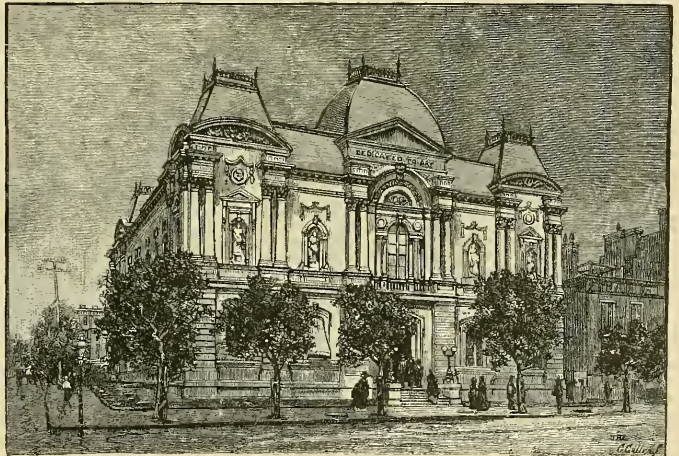
“That’s one of the things that will make me glad to be twenty-one,” declared Bert.

And Jack added, “Yes, it must make you feel really a man to have the right to say who shall be placed in power.”

“It does—or should, Jack—though too many of us do not fully appreciate our privileges as free-

men. Far too many American citizens fail to look upon voting as it should be considered—a sacred duty upon which the peace, the prosperity, and the welfare of our country depend.”

“That is what makes us the sovereign people, is it not?” Roger asked.



THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART IN WASHINGTON.

"Yes," said Uncle Tom; "for with us lies the power of choice and creation—the right of criticism and censure, of honor and approval. Election Day is the American day of reward. Then every man, rich or poor, high

AUTOGRAPH OF PETER COOPER.

or low, is equal; then the President and the porter, the senator and the farm-hand stand on the same footing, and the word or wish of one is no greater than that of the other."

"It makes me think of that poem

of Whittier's," said Roger. "What does he call it—'The Poor Voter on Election Day'?"

"Yes; can you repeat it, Roger?" Uncle Tom asked.

"I think I can remember it," said Roger, modestly. "I'll try," and the New England boy recalled the inspiring lines of the New England poet:

"The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

"Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

"To-day let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.

To-day shall simple manhood try
 The strength of gold and land;
 The wide world has not wealth to buy
 The power of my right hand!

“While there’s a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust,
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon’s vilest dust? —
 While there’s a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away —
 Up! clouted knee and ragged coat;
 A man’s a man to-day!”

“That’s fine, is n’t it?” cried Jack, who always appreciated good poetry.

“Fine, indeed,” responded Uncle Tom; “and a true picture, too, Jack—even if we cannot forget the wrong practices that bad men indulge in, the tricks and wiles of politicians, the indifference that makes shirkers of those who should be earnest, and the greed that leads thoughtless or un-American men into corruption and crime.”

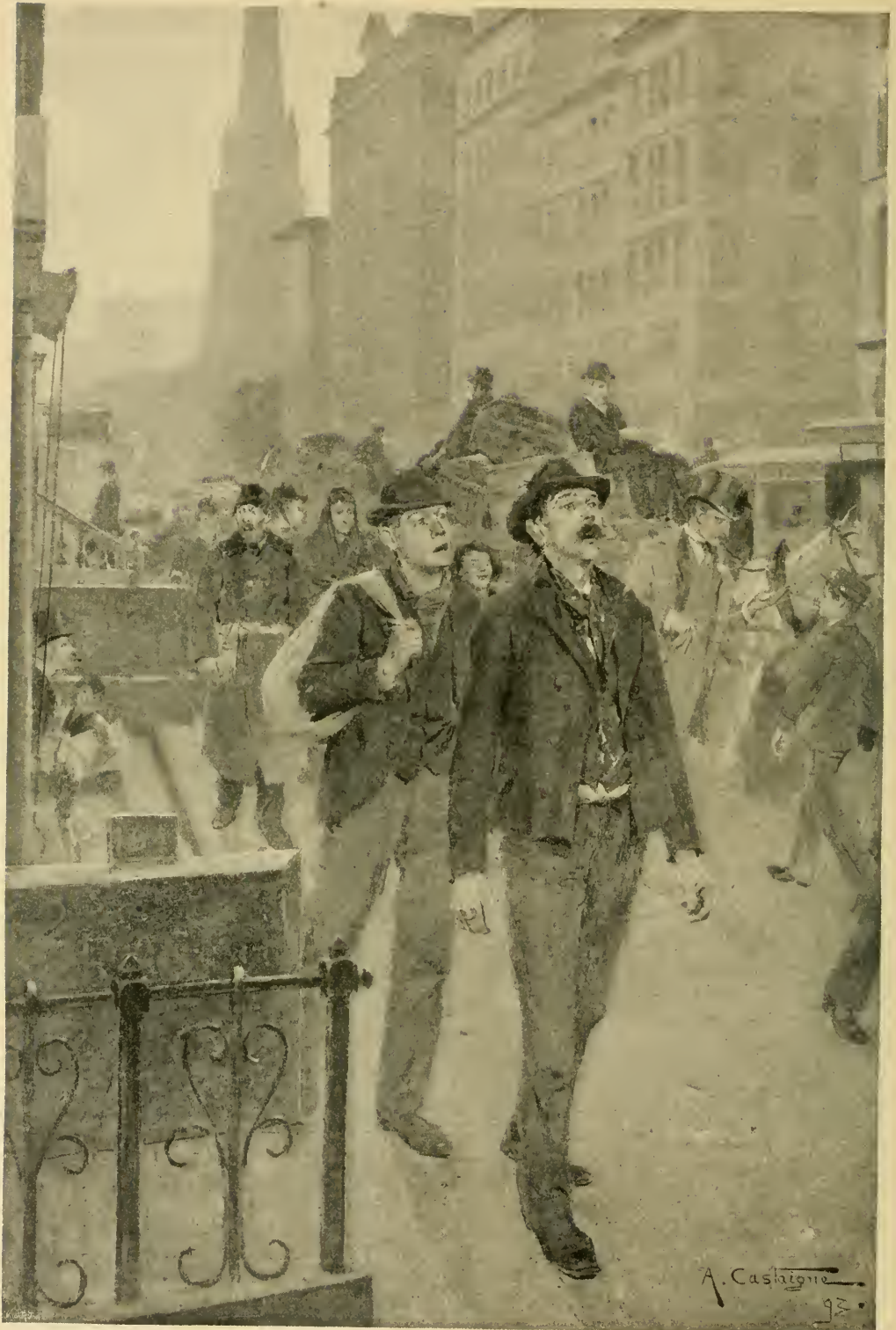
“And I suppose there are citizens,” said Bert, “who are just as helpful and public-spirited as possible, even though they are not President, congressman, department-chief, or office-holder?”

“Millions of them,” answered Uncle Tom. “It is this silent service and practical patriotism that make our Republic endure. The citizen has as great a duty and as much demand for courage laid upon him as any soldier



THE IMMIGRANTS' FIRST SIGHT OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

or sailor who has ever faced the foes of the Republic on land and sea. By practical work among his fellows, by shaping public opinion, by showing office-holders how they can be citizens rather than politicians, by willingly sacrificing when duty demands, by using the wealth or the powers that God has given him for the benefit, the advantage, the bettering, or the salvation



"THE IMMIGRANT, COMING TO THE LAND OF LIBERTY, IS FULL OF ANTICIPATION AND DESIRE."

of his fellow-men, the true American citizen has, since the foundation of the Republic, given endurance and permanence to the national fabric."

"Was not that Mr. Corcoran, who gave to Washington the splendid art-gallery in Pennsylvania Avenue that we visited the other day, what you call a public-spirited citizen?" asked Christine.

"Yes; William W. Corcoran by his gifts to the national capital made equal proof of his philanthropy and his public spirit," replied Uncle Tom. "So, too, did George Peabody, whose gifts to charity and education are world-famous; and of equal benefit to their native land were George W. Childs, the Philadelphia editor, and Peter Cooper, the New York merchant, neither of whom waited till death overtook them to make their names the synonyms of generosity, philanthropy, and patriotism. In other lines of action, but equally lavish of their gifts of wealth, eloquence, and brain power, stand such American citizens as Robert Morris, the financier, who backed the tottering cause of the American Revolution by pledging his entire fortune to its success, making the nation possible, and winning, for himself, an imperishable name; Starr King, who, literally working himself to death by voice and pen, saved California to the Union in the days of discord; Henry Ward Beecher, whose fearless words for justice and for right kept England neutral in those same threatening times; Horace Greeley, America's ablest editor, in whom, indeed, like the apostle of old, there was no guile: these and scores of just as self-sacrificing and just as loyal, though less famous men, have held our Republic firm to the principles it upholds, and kept it marching in the van of progress, purity, and freedom."

"Then they rule by force of example, don't they?" said Christine, "and should teach bad citizens to be good ones."

"I wonder, if women had all the privileges of men," mused Marian, "whether they would be led into the wrong-doing that the bad citizens are sometimes guilty of. I don't believe they would."

"You just wait, Maid Marian," said Jack. "Suppose you did vote and I should offer you a silk dress if you'd vote for me, and then Bert should bid higher and promise you a whole outfit if you'd vote for him—what would you do then?"

"What would I do then?" said Marian scornfully; "well, Mr. Jack, I'd just 'scratch'—is n't that what you call it, Uncle Tom?—both your names off my ballot—and vote for Roger."

"That is the voter's right, and Marian would be justified and upheld," said Uncle Tom.

"It is too bad, is n't it, that any American should be so unpatriotic as to be bought?" Christine declared.

"It is worse than unpatriotic, my dear; it is criminal," Uncle Tom replied. "But we must rejoice that, after all, the bad side of politics is but its cloudy fringe, and that most of us try to act according to conscience. For even a partizan may be conscientious. So fierce a politician as Jack, for instance,



TWO GOOD AMERICAN CITIZENS, GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN AND HIS BROTHER, SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN.

will, I know, act only from the best and purest motives when the time comes to him for decision and action."

"I shall certainly, Uncle Tom," Jack declared soberly. "With me it is going to be principles, not men."

"That is the only way to decide," said Uncle Tom. "We must remember what citizenship really means to us. It is twofold. It means allegiance and protection. You give your allegiance, and the State, in return, grants you full protection. It is for you to see that your allegiance is freely and gladly given; for the privileges of citizenship are great beyond calculation.

Do you not remember Paul's proud answer to the Roman captain—or tribune?"

"When they were going to scourge him at Jerusalem?" queried Christine, eagerly; "I do."

"Let us hear it, Christine," said Uncle Tom. "To me it has always seemed a most dramatic incident."

Whereupon Christine, who was a good Bible scholar, dipped into her memory: "And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, 'Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?' When the centurion heard that, he went and told the chief captain, saying, 'Take heed what thou doest; for this man is a Roman.' Then the chief captain came and said unto him, 'Tell me, art thou a Roman?' He said, 'Yea.' And the chief captain answered, 'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.' And Paul said, 'But I was free born!' Then straightway they departed from him which should have examined him; and the chief captain also was afraid, after he knew that he was a Roman, and because he had bound him."

"Well done, Christine," said Uncle Tom, while the other "tourists" nodded approvingly. "It was Paul's proud declaration that he had the birth-right of a Roman citizen that made those who were free only by purchase afraid to touch him. The privileges of free citizenship were prized in those days far above other possessions. To-day in free America they are mightier and nobler than were those of Rome. American citizenship gives us all the rights of freemen. We cannot lose them save by our own carelessness or crimes."

"What do those rights include, Uncle Tom?" asked Bert.

"Everything, Bert—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," his uncle declared. "American citizenship gives us civil and religious liberty; it gives us freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of the mails; it makes every man's home his castle, into which no one may enter uninvited; it gives us the rights of citizens and voters into whatever State in the Union we may remove seeking a new home; it secures to us the protection of the United States wherever in the wide world our feet may wander; and before the words, 'I am an American!' tyrants dare not tyrannize and oppression stays its hand. How precious, then, should be this birthright! How low, and mean, and base is it for any one of us to barter that heritage, as did Esau of old, for a mess of pottage—that is, to place personal wants, personal safety, personal comfort, and personal pride above this right of freedom which our fathers fought to secure, to establish, and to maintain."

"But there are lots of people in America now whose fathers did n't fight

to make the nation free," said Jack. "How can they be expected to make good citizens?"

"You mean our naturalized citizens, I suppose, or their fathers," said Uncle Tom.

"Yes, sir," assented Jack.

"What does it mean to be 'naturalized'?" inquired Marian.

"To be placed on the same footing as a natural citizen," Uncle Tom answered. "A foreigner, after living here five years, can say that he does not wish to be any longer a citizen or subject of the land of his birth, but does desire to be a citizen of the United States. So he goes before a judge and takes an oath to be true and loyal to the Government of the United States. This makes him a citizen, and makes citizens of his wife and all his children who are not yet twenty-one years old, giving them all the privileges that a natural-born American has, *save* one."

"And that is?" queried Bert.

"He can never be President of the United States," Uncle Tom replied.

"Right enough," said Jack. "'Put none but Americans on guard to-night,' so somebody said once, and I say 'amen' to that."

"Do not be selfishly American, Jack," returned his uncle. "We give all men a chance in the Republic. But in this matter of the presidency we cannot be too particular. Our Chief Magistrate must be an American to the core, and not all foreign-born citizens are this. The old loves and the old attachments formed in boyhood in the homes beyond the sea often grow stronger or come back again as men grow older. The emigrant in the crowded steerage coming to the land of liberty is full of anticipation and desire; but, even when success and station have been reached by him, he is, in the new home he has made, ever longing for his old home, and, forgetful of the land where his labor has brought him comfort and competence, he cannot part from his presence the memories and associations of the past. Our President must have no past save that of an American."

"I demand the previous question, Mr. Speaker," insisted Jack. "How can foreign-born citizens be expected to make good Americans, anyhow?"

"By the very composition of the Republic that welcomes them, shelters them, and makes free men of them," replied his uncle, "and by the force of our examples, Jack — yours and mine, and that of every native American who can say with Paul, 'I was free born.' The Government of the United States is based upon the equality of all men before the law. To prevent this equality from being turned to wrong ends by designing men, or lost through dissension and ignorance, is our chief duty as American citizens. A free and a fair ballot is the best means to this end. For, though our Government

may make mistakes, as is often the case when too many cooks take a hand at making the broth, we have the ability and the right to correct mistakes and to change or criticize our cooks. With all our shortcomings, with all our differences of opinion, with all our selfishness, and with all our boasting, it is still true that we have the best government in the world —”

“Hear, hear!” said Jack, in his energetic whisper; and Uncle Tom went on without a break :

“—the most wise, the most conservative, the most progressive, the most permanent. It will lead all the world our way at last, if but you, boys and girls, and those who are with you, will be, when you grow up, loyal, true, devoted, earnest, and patriotic American citizens.”

“‘Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,’” quoted Jack.

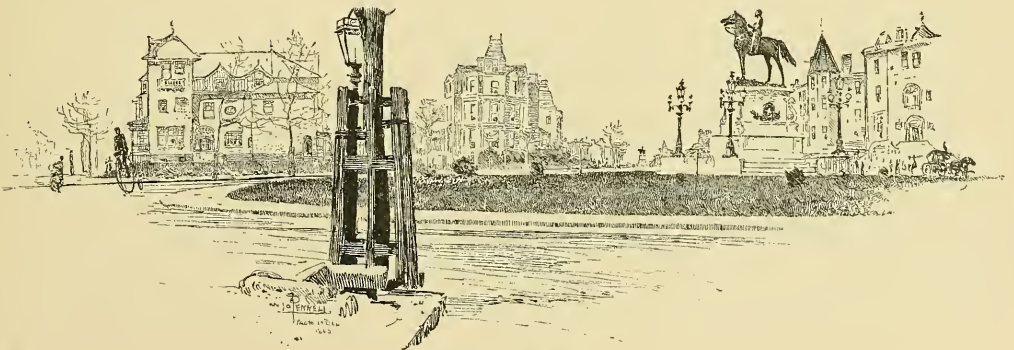
“It is, indeed,” said his uncle; “and patriotism means doing one’s best toward making his country worth the loving and worth the living in, by helping it to become better in every way—broad, noble, Christian, imperial, progressive, free. Do you but work, as you all can, toward this end and you will help to hasten the fulfilment of the poet’s dream when he

‘Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.’

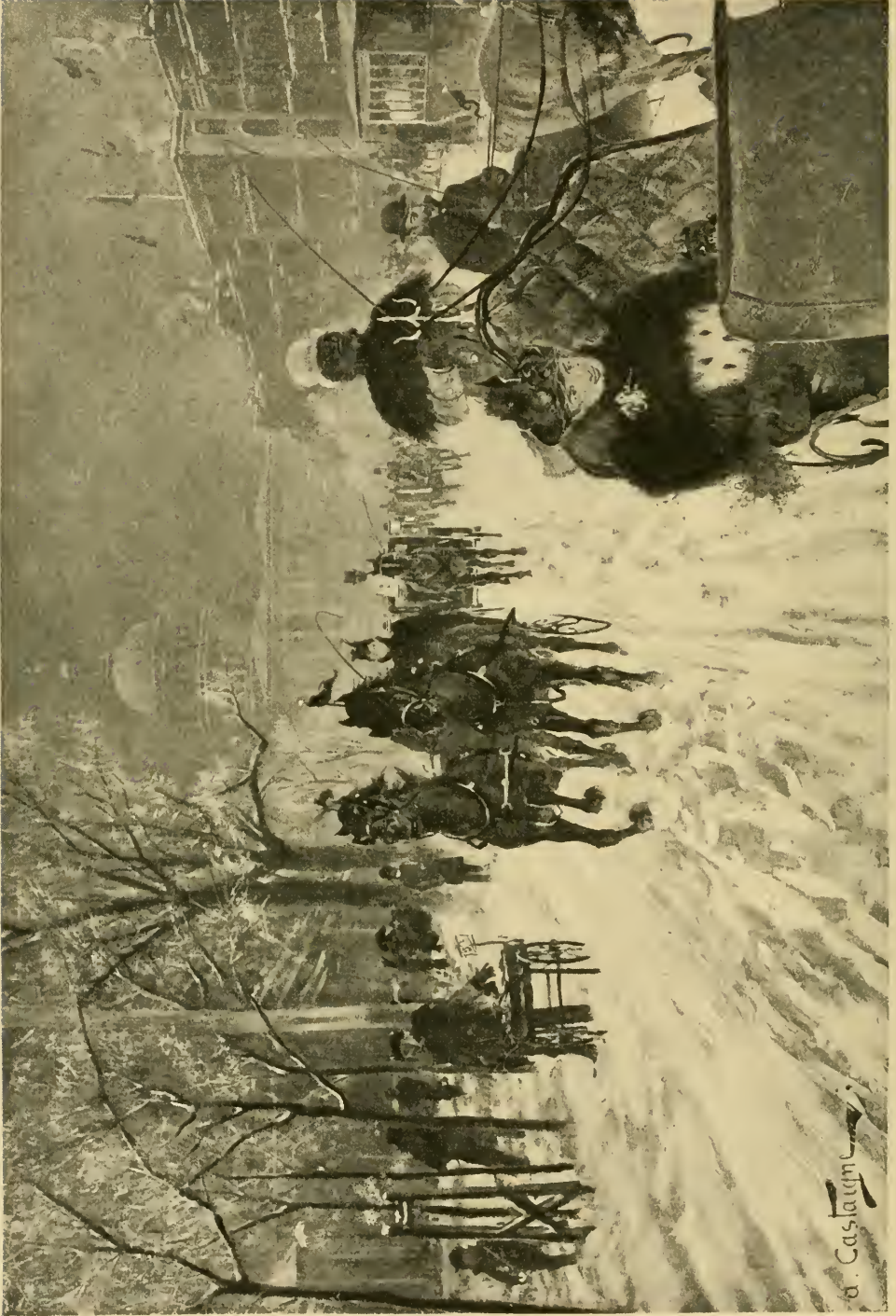
For he saw what you can help to bring about—the reign of universal peace, universal brotherhood, and universal law, when

‘The war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of Men, the Federation of the World.’

That Federation is coming some day, and the dream of universal brotherhood must be realized. Well, have you finished your ice-cream? My coffee has grown cold with talking. Waiter! bring me a cup of hot black coffee, please. There; now, boys and girls, let us take a stroll as far as Thomas Circle.”



THOMAS CIRCLE.



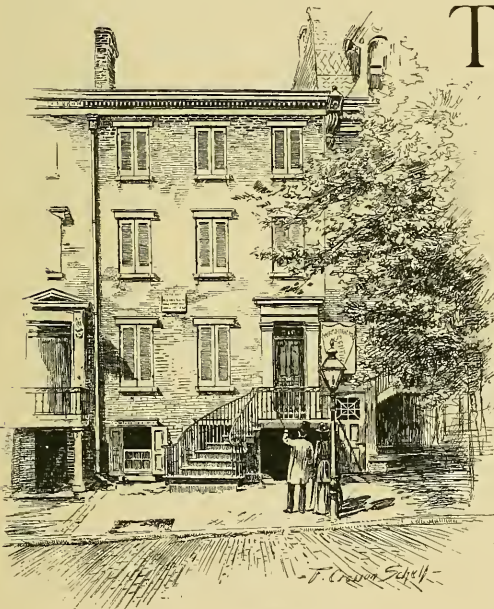
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE IN MIDWINTER.

a. Castaigne

CHAPTER XV

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

“You can't see everything,” says Uncle Tom—What his Tourists had seen in Washington—What Washington is and why it exists—A unique town—Who dreamed it, who planned it, and how it grew—Our Show City and an historic one.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED.

THE day of departure drew near. “Uncle Tom’s tourists,” personally conducted and capitably ciceroned, had seen Washington thoroughly, intelligently, and delightfully.

“Not that you could expect to see everything here,” Uncle Tom remarked. “That, I neither hoped nor intended. You have, I suppose, skipped many things, places, and persons notably worth seeing. There are hundreds of details in government work and methods that might be studied to advantage; there are countless things, both curious and entertaining, I should like to hunt up for you in library, museum, safe, and alcove;

there are reams of really historic documents worth investigating that are filed and docketed in department bureaus, closets, and pigeon-holes; there are many creative shops and workrooms that might yet be inspected, where government belongings, from cannons and cartridges to pulp and postage-stamps, are made; there are places of minor interest really worth visiting, if only one could see all and know all. But one can't. Life is too short; feet will get tired; brains will get to buzzing; there is a limit even to the endurance of wide-awake boys and girls. And you have fathers and mothers at home,

to whom I am responsible for your health and happiness. So, as the end must come, it may as well come speedily. To-morrow we say good-by to Washington. But you have seen a great deal."



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

They certainly had. . They had delved in vaults and crypts; they had climbed into domes and monuments. They had "done" the departments, "covered" the Capitol, and "seen" the city. They had sailed the Potomac, climbed the heights of Arlington, roamed the grounds of Mount Vernon, and, afoot, awheel, or "a-cable," as Marian said, they had seen the squares and gardens, the streets and suburbs of the National Capital.

In the splendid National Museum, crammed with relics and wonders, they had feasted their eyes on historic or beautiful things; in its near neighbor, the Smithsonian Institution,—the gift of an English gentleman to the American Republic,—they had seen many a marvel, and studied hundreds of rare and curious things. They had seen the workmen "jacketing a gun" in the Naval Gun Factory; at the Marine Barracks they had witnessed the morning guard mount, and heard a morning concert of the famous Marine Band. They were familiar with the President's grounds and the Capitol grounds; they had seen all the fine monuments to soldiers and sailors, statesmen and patriots that adorn the city squares and circles. They had seen where Lincoln was assassinated, the mean little house in which he died, and the spot where Garfield fell. They had seen the store

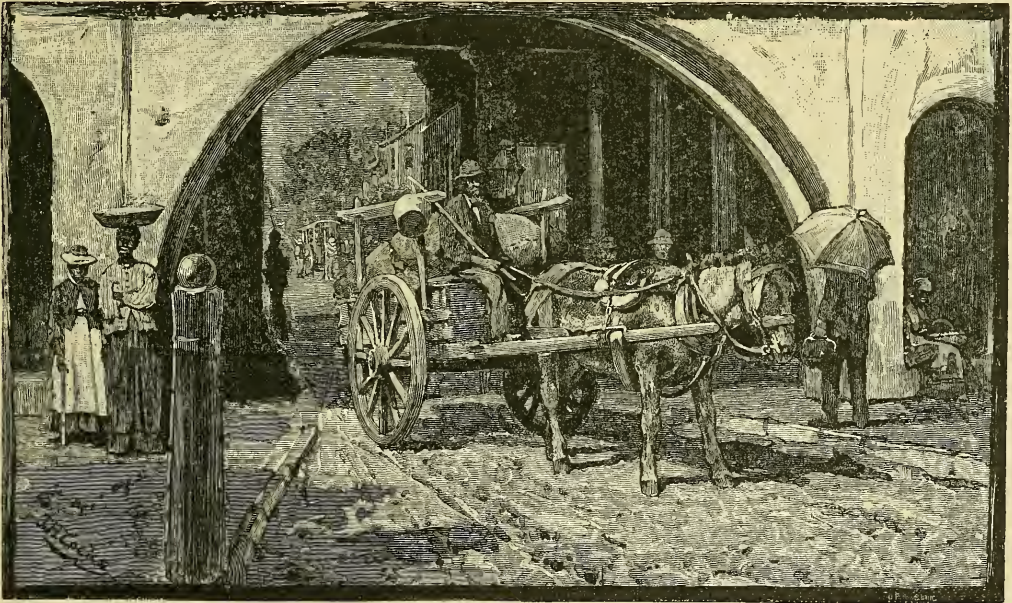
of books in the departmental and special libraries, and had visited the future home of the mighty collection of a million books and pamphlets—the splendid new Library of Congress, facing, with its golden dome, the east front of the great Capitol.

They were fascinated, impressed, almost awed by the grandeur of the buildings, the beauty of the “environment,” the air of greatness and of power that make the capital city of the nation its pride, its glory, and its central point.

Sated with sight-seeing, they wished now to know just how and why the city came to be.

Uncle Tom was bombarded with questions, and on this last day in the capital, as they all sat in their favorite haven of rest and shade beneath the big trees of Lafayette Park, he endeavored to give arrangement and form to his reply.

“Every nation, you know,” he said, “must have its seat of government—a place where king, council, or president resides and dispenses justice as the head of the nation. Such a place is called the national capital.”



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.

“From *caput*, the head, because it is the head or chief city of the nation, I suppose,” put in Bert.

“But Washington is not the chief city of our nation,” objected Roger.

“Not by a long chalk,” echoed Jack. — “What do you call New York?”

“West Brooklyn — so I have heard it called, since so many people moved across the big bridge,” said Roger.

“I call it the place where mother lives,” said Christine, with just the shadow of a sigh. For Christine was described by her friends as “a real



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

mother-girl,” and, so Marian declared, would have been homesick even in Washington if she had not been too busy to indulge in such luxuries.

But Jack scorned both the gibe and the sentiment.

“No, sir,” he said. “New York is the metropolis of America.”

“And second to Boston—the seat of learning, intelligence, and culture, and the hub of the universe,” asserted Roger.

“Huh! Boston!” cried Jack.

“Huh! New York!” retorted Roger.

Whereupon the respective champions of size and culture would have fought out their case most doughtily had not Uncle Tom dropped down as umpire.

“Cry ‘quits!’ boys, or give Chicago and Philadelphia a chance,” he said. “It should be a fair field and no favor when the Knights of Civic Pride couch lances in honor of the Queen City—whichever she may be. But that is not the question now before the house. Whichever American city stands at the top, Washington is the capital of the nation, and to her we must all doff hats in salute. You know her now. Is there one of you who will not sturdily maintain that she is worthy such salute? From the hem of her green gown, trailing in Potomac’s waters, to her crown and diadem of the great white dome, she sits an empress—and yet lives enslaved.”

“Oh, see here, Uncle Tom; go easy; go easy, do!” protested practical Jack. “You reel it off like a poet; but, when you talk of her being enslaved, I call it—well—to put it mildly—poet’s license.”

“Well, perhaps I was just a trifle rhetorical,” Uncle Tom admitted. “And yet I spoke the truth. The city of Washington presents to the world the singular spectacle of the capital of a great republic governed by an absolute monarchy.”

“No! is that so?” cried Bert.

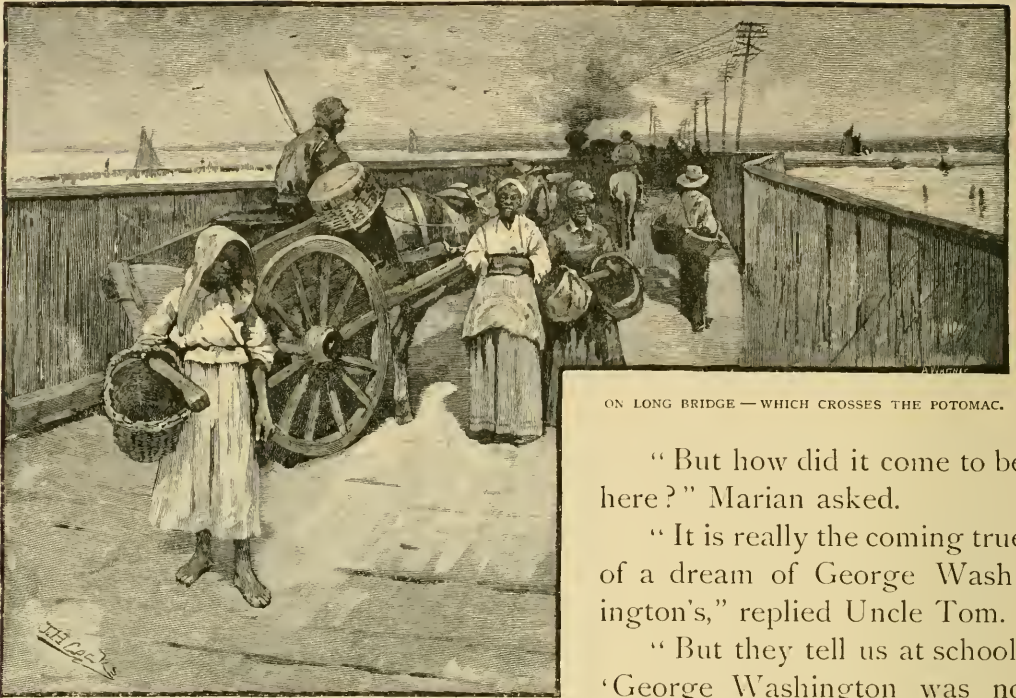
“A monarchy!” exclaimed unbelieving Jack. “Then who’s the king?”

“Congress is king; the American people is king,” replied Uncle Tom. “Washington, the national capital, is the creature of the National Government. Its inhabitants are practically disfranchised, for they have no voice in the management of affairs. They have absolutely no vote either on national or local questions. Congress collects the taxes, Congress pays the bills, Congress makes the laws. The schools, the streets, the parks, the affairs, and the people of Washington are ‘run’ by Congress and administered by a board of three commissioners appointed by the President.”

“But is n’t that most un-American, Uncle Tom?” asked Bert, still greatly astonished at what he heard.

“Why, that’s just what our forefathers ‘kicked’ against,” said Jack. “It’s taxation without representation.”

“At first sight it might seem, as Bert says, un-American,” Uncle Tom admitted. “But remember—Washington is the seat of government; its affairs are matters in which the Government, for whose convenience it exists, is more directly concerned than any one else. It is therefore, as I told you, the creature and protégé of the Federal Government, and it exists for the people of the whole country; they really govern it through their representatives in Congress.”



ON LONG BRIDGE — WHICH CROSSES THE POTOMAC.

“But how did it come to be here?” Marian asked.

“It is really the coming true of a dream of George Washington’s,” replied Uncle Tom.

“But they tell us at school, ‘George Washington was no dreamer,’” put in Jack.

“Sometimes, Master Jack, you are altogether too practical,” Uncle Tom declared, just a bit nonplussed. “When I called it a dream I meant, of course, a well-conceived and admirable plan.”

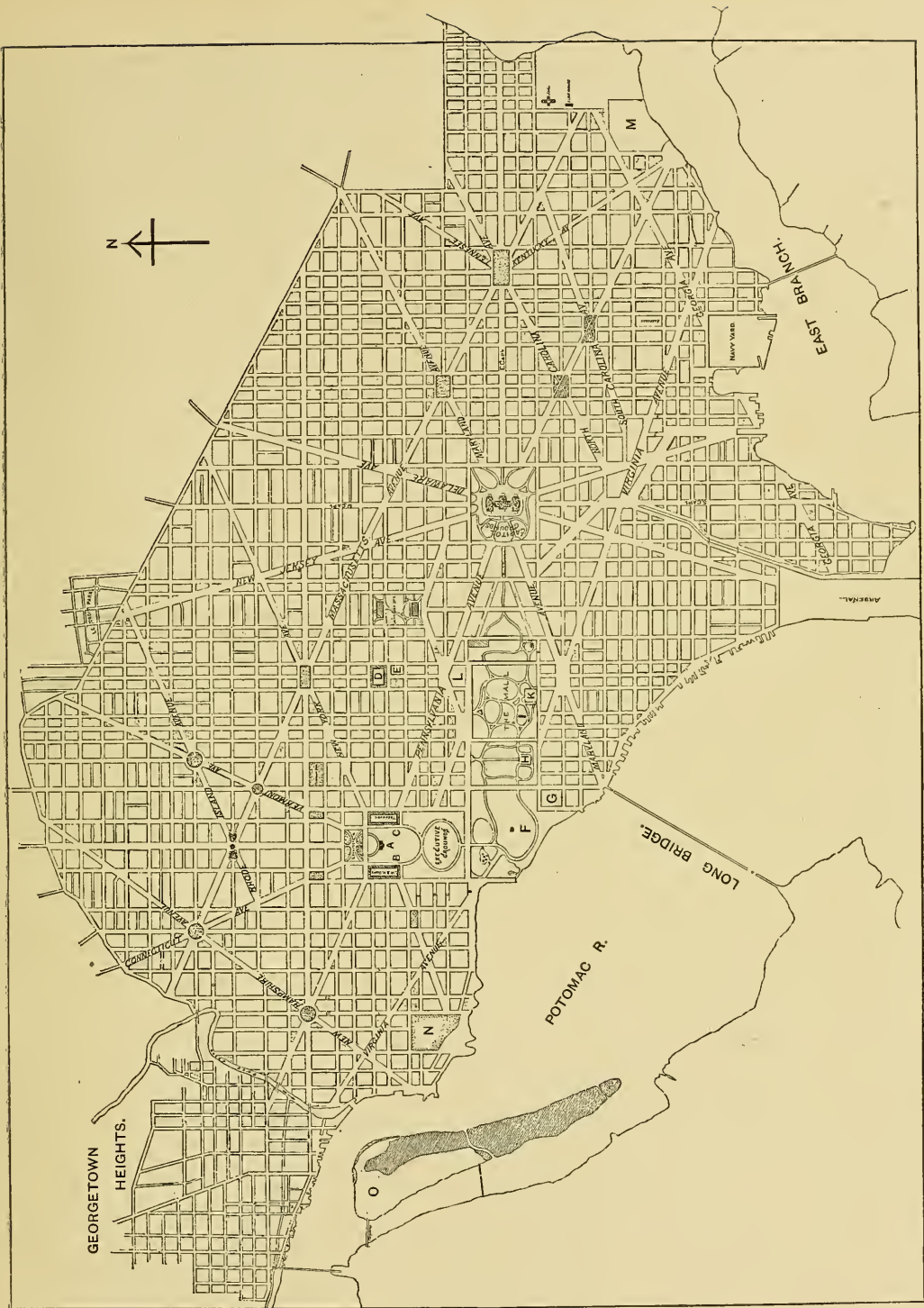
“And you can dream a plan, Jack Dunlap,” said Marian, with conviction.

“It has been said of the city of Washington,” went on Uncle Tom, “that it is a city planned and built solely for the purposes of government, named after the one man in American history who himself seemed likewise planned and built solely for the purposes of government. In fact, this same shrewd observer declares that the plan of Washington the city reminds one of the face of Washington the man; for it has large, quiet features, calm symmetry, and singularly unobtrusive individuality. We have no other city like it, as we have had no other man just like the great patriot from whom it takes its name.”

“Now I wonder,” mused Jack, “just what city you look like, Bert? Perhaps Cork—you’re so light, you know!”

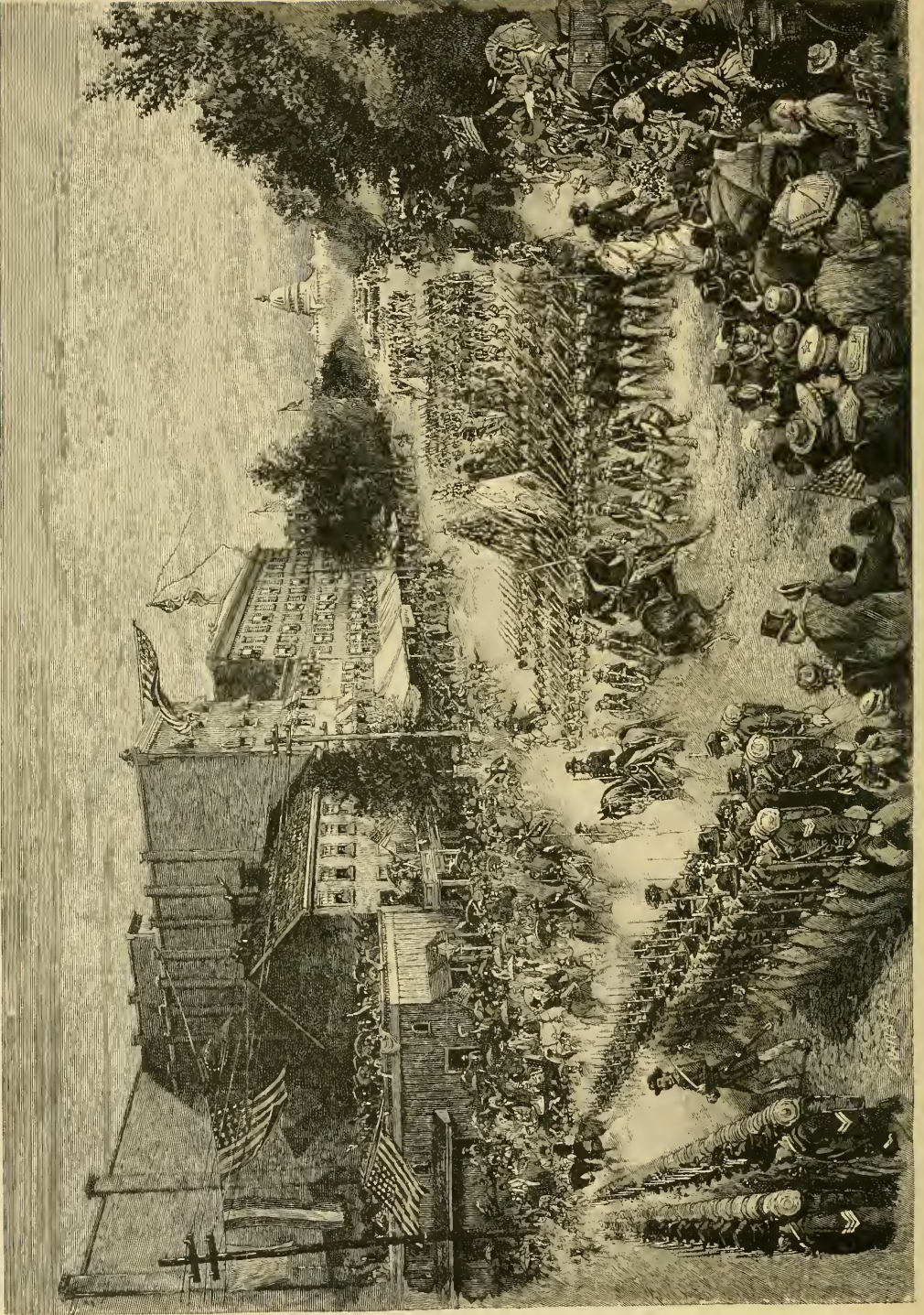
“And you are so fresh, dear boy,” retorted Bert, politely but pertinently, “that I should say you were like London in the days of the Puritans—you need a psalter.”

When sufficiently recovered from the full weight of this retort, Jack asked his uncle:



PLAN OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

A. Executive Mansion. B. State, War, and Navy Department Building. C. Treasury. D. Patent Office. E. Post-office Department. F. Washington Monument. G. Bureau of Engraving and Printing. H. Department of Agriculture. I. Smithsonian Institution. K. National Museum. L. Market. M. Congressional Cemetery. N. Washington Observatory. O. Anacostan Island.



THE GRAND REVIEW OF UNION TROOPS IN WASHINGTON AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

“Well, how did the dream materialize, Uncle Tom?”

“In the opening years of the national existence,” replied his uncle, “Congress was like the Arab—a wanderer. It met in various places, and no one town or city could really be called the seat of government until the year 1800. The question of just where the national capital should be was almost serious. There were rivalries among the States; for each one wished the honor of having within its borders the capital city, and all were jealous lest the preference of location should give to the State determined upon an importance that would make it ‘stuck up’ and arrogant. Many places, some now almost unknown, had the honor of being offered as the permanent seat of government; New York, for instance, presented the town of Kingston as entitled to consideration; Morrisania, the home of the Morrises, was also offered. Maryland supported the claims of Annapolis, and of Charlestown, at the head of Chesapeake Bay; New Jersey’s legislature offered the township of Nottingham, Elizabeth, Trenton, or Princeton. Williamsburg, then Virginia’s capital, and Germantown, Philadelphia’s ‘annex,’ also presented their claims. Other places were offered, and very liberal were the inducements tendered by each. I remember one—Princeton, I think—where Congress was assured that the comfort of the ‘inner man’ would be especially looked after, and ‘fish, crabs, and lobsters at least three days in the week—the lobsters and crabs to be brought to Princeton alive’—were temptingly hinted at in the event of that place being selected. Washington knew that men and States were apt to be selfish; he foresaw the difficulty of selection, and he felt that the only solution of the problem lay in compromise. He advocated the setting aside of a tract of land as a ‘neutral territory,’ that should belong to no State in particular, but to all the States in general. After much discussion and considerable ‘back talk,’ as you boys say, this decision was taken and the offer of Maryland and Virginia to cede to the Federal Government a certain section of land on the Potomac was accepted. The Federal territory, known for a long time afterward as the Territory of Columbia and nowadays as the District of Columbia, was ceded to the Government, and, in the very region over which Washington as boy and youth had hunted, fished, trapped, and surveyed, a city was laid out and built to order. To this city was given the name of the one man whom all Americans united to honor, and the capital of the nation was called the city of Washington. Washington himself, however, as modest as he was great, never associated his own name with it, but in speaking and in writing he always called it The Federal City.”

“Was it really built to order, like St. Petersburg, Mr. Dunlap?” asked Christine.

“Perhaps not quite so autocratically, but quite as deliberately and with as definite a design,” Uncle Tom replied. “As a matter of fact the city grew slowly. A Frenchman who had fought for American freedom, and whom Washington regarded as a man of ability, planned out the new city. The scale upon which he proceeded was so generous, so colossal, and, apparently, so impossible that men laughed while they admired, and ridiculed even while they approved. In his plan, L’Enfant —”

“L’Enfant—the infant? Was that the Frenchman’s name, Uncle Tom? How funny!” cried Marian.

“I think it most appropriate,” said Bert. “The city was an infant at the start—the same as the nation it represented. And look at it now!” and he swept a comprehensive hand, as if to embrace the whole city in his observation.

“Just so; it was quite in the nature of a prophecy,” Uncle Tom admitted. “Well, L’Enfant took Capitol Hill as the center of his scheme. This was to be the hub of his wheel, and from it the streets and avenues were to radiate like the spokes of a wheel, intersected by cross streets. So we get the avenues, with some of which you are so familiar. Pennsylvania (called here, you know, The Avenue), Massachusetts, New York, Louisiana are some of the spokes of the wheel. But, as I told you, the city grew slowly. In 1800, when the Government took possession of its capital, the unfinished White House stood at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the uncompleted Capitol at the other. And this splendid Pennsylvania Avenue was only a muddy roadway cut through an underbrush of alders. The town then, and for years after, was simply a straggling, Southern village, without beauty, finish, comfort, convenience, or society. I wonder if I cannot recall Thomas Moore’s poetical sneer —”

“What, the Moore’s Melodies man?” asked Jack.

“Yes,” replied Uncle Tom; “he visited America at the beginning of the century, and his sneer at our capital city, with its unkempt streets, its huts of houses, its unfinished public buildings, and its general frontier-like appearance, was but an expression of the world’s ridicule of what it appeared to be—like the Republic itself—a pretentious impossibility. Moore described Washington, which he saw in 1804, as —

‘An embryo capital where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Where second-sighted seers the plain adorn
With fanes unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn,
Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see
Where streets should run and sages ought to be.’”

has splendid public buildings, and a society that is said to be delightful by those who know it, though it is largely what we call 'cosmopolitan'—that is, of all grades, sorts, and conditions—

"And therefore American," put in Jack.



IN DIPLOMATIC SOCIETY.

"And therefore American," Uncle Tom repeated; "from the reception at the White House to the literary club at the professor's; from the social party at the bureau clerk's to the grand dinner at the legation; and from the cake-walk in the southeast section to the five-o'clock tea at the Senator's."

"All kinds, are n't there?" commented Bert.

"I speak for the dinner at the legation," said Marian.

"I choose a look at that cake-walk," said Jack.

"I think I'd like to be the girl who gives the five-o'clock tea," said Christine.

"The Senator's daughter, eh?" said Jack. "Well, you 're modest, ma'am."

"I 'm sure my father would make as good a senator as any of them," Christine declared loyally.

"Oh, better, better, I 'm sure," cried Jack. "Send me a card for the tea, won't you? If it were yours, of course, I should like it better than the cake-walk."

"I don't see but that the Frenchman's 'infant,'" said Marian, "has grown into a very healthy and promising child, Uncle Tom."

"That is just what it is, my dear," said her uncle,— "the child of the Government, brought up by hand, perhaps, but grown at last into an elegant young person who invites all the world to her five-o'clock tea. She is a delightful and most attractive hostess, as finished as the towering monument in her back yard, and as graceful as the great Liberty poised on the superb dome at her front door. I think that, as Americans, we may well be proud of our central city — our nation's capital."

"But it is n't exactly our central city, is it?" asked Bert.

"No; not as related to the geographical centers of population or position," said Uncle Tom. "But it does stand midway between North and South, and so my adjective is, at least, allowable. As regards distance, Washington is about two hundred and thirty miles from New York, four hundred and fifty from Boston, six hundred and seventy-three from Savannah, eleven hundred from New Orleans, five hundred and fifty from Cincinnati, eight hundred from Chicago, nine hundred from St. Louis, eighteen hundred from Denver, thirty-one hundred from San Francisco, thirteen hundred and fifty from Key West in Florida, and forty-five hundred from Sitka in Alaska."

"That 's a good way to show our size, is n't it?" said Jack. "It makes me think of a song I remember — I don't know who wrote it:

' See our prairies, sky-surrounded!
 See our sunlit mountain-chains!
 See our waving woods, unbounded,
 And our cities on the plains!
 See the oceans kiss our strand,
 Oceans stretched from pole to pole!
 See our mighty lakes expand,
 And our giant rivers roll!
 Such a land, and such alone,
 Should be leader in the van,
 As the nations sweep along
 To fulfil the hopes of man!"



"FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA AT THE SENATOR'S."

“Well, this is where they have helped to fulfil them — right in Washington here,” said Uncle Tom. “There is something in association that even so practical a people as we Americans take pride in, and these associations live here in the national capital. For it is the city that Washington founded and Lincoln saved, and in whose halls have spoken or in whose streets have walked such historic figures as Adams and Jefferson and Jackson, Marshall and Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Douglas and Sumner, Davis and Phillips, Benton and Greeley, Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston and Sheridan, Farragut and Porter, Stanton and Seward, Chase, Bancroft, Bayard, and Blaine. To these vast buildings that we have visited are linked the names of famous men whose lives and deeds are part of our nation’s history; within their walls have worked thousands of men and women, spending lives of quiet industry in the business of the nation. In this beautiful city have occurred events that have won a fadeless place in the annals of the world, and to it, to-day, come people from every part of our broad land, proud to be Americans, proud to call so attractive a city ‘our’ national capital, proud to feel that they and their sons and daughters are and will be citizens of the United States of America. This pride, I know, is yours; but if, with it, you will also feel and recognize the duties it demands and the responsibilities it entails, you will go back to your homes better boys and girls, better citizens of the republic, better Americans. Seeing is believing. You have seen for yourselves; now, believe for yourselves, and not because I say so, that upon you depend the future of your native land and the success of America’s experiment in free government. Come, let us go to the hotel and pack up. We take the morning train. To-morrow night you will be telling your adventures and detailing the wonders you have seen to all the dear ones at home.”

And soon the tourists were struggling with hotel bureau-drawers, and puzzling over the problems of trunks and valises — wondering “how under the sun Mother did it so easily!”



WASHINGTON, FROM THE POTOMAC RIVER.

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICA'S MARVELS AND AMERICA'S STATION

The same goddess—The dinner-party at Jack's home—A new kind of game—Material and intellectual marvels—What patriotism is—America's growth and station—Good night and good-by.



BARTHOLDI'S "LIBERTY."
(NEW YORK HARBOR.)

"FROM goddess to goddess and yet the same goddess! My, though!" exclaimed Jack. "But would n't that just have been a riddle for the old puzzle-solvers of Greece and Rome?"

"Ædipus and the Sphinx simply would n't have been in it, alongside of you, Jack," said Bert. "What is it? Read us your riddle, won't you?"

"There it stands, that he who runs—or he who rides in a Pullman—may read," said Jack. "We left Liberty perched on the dome of the Capitol just six hours ago, and behold! here she is, calmly enlightening the world and New York harbor to boot."

Their train had swept across the long reach of the Newark Bay, and, parting the low hills on the eastern shore, had come into full view of the noble harbor and the metropolis flanked by its two broad rivers.

"That is funny, is n't it!" said Marian. "The goddess of liberty was the last thing we saw as we left Washington. She is the first thing we see as we reach New York."

"It beats 'Sheridan's ride' all hollow," said Jack. "Mrs. Liberty would seem to be—what do you call it, Uncle Tom?—ubiquitous."

"It is a good omen to greet us on our return from Liberty's central office, Jack," observed Uncle Tom. "God hasten the day when liberty shall indeed be ubiquitous. For that means—what, Bert?"

"Existing everywhere," translated Bert.

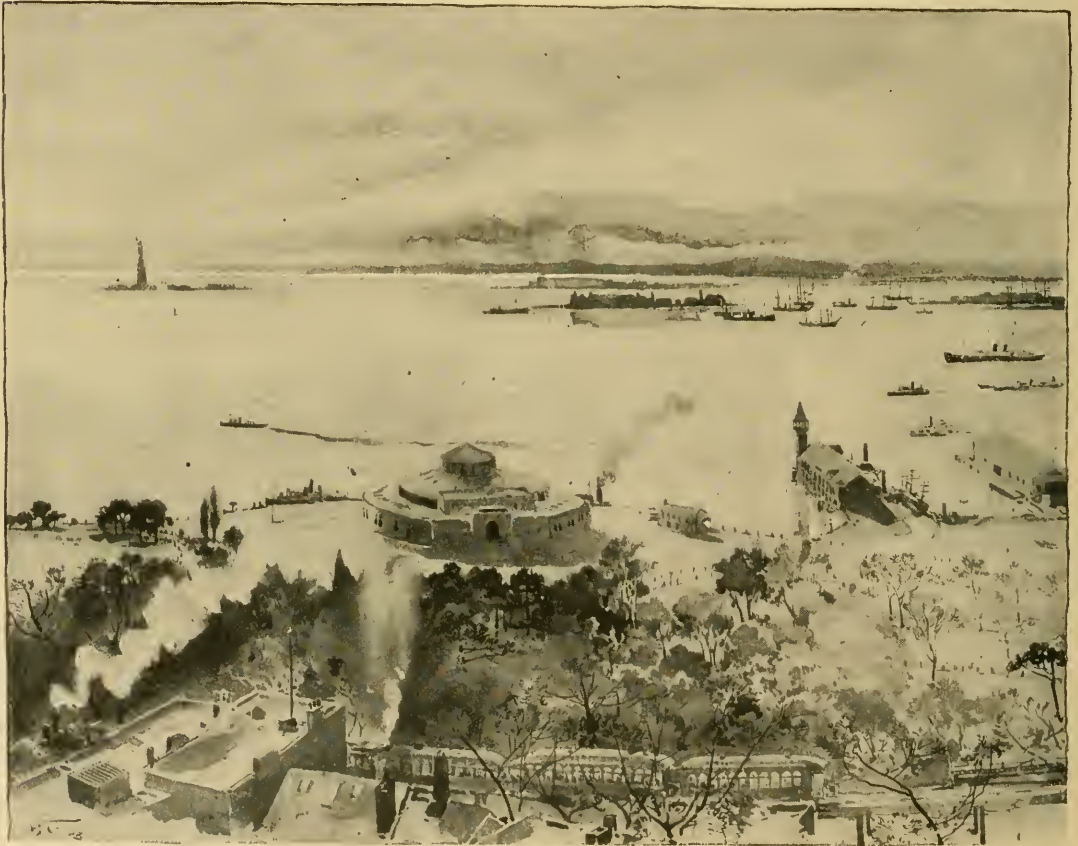
Then, as their train ran into the Jersey City station, the tourists gathered up their traps, took the ferry-boat across the Hudson, and before long were

dispensing kisses and handclasps in their own dear homes. Their "tour through government" was over.

The day after their arrival Jack's father and mother gave a dinner-party to the "tourists" to fitly celebrate their return.

It was a jolly affair. All the fathers and mothers were there—even Roger's parents coming over from Boston to be at the gathering and hear a comparison of notes and experiences.

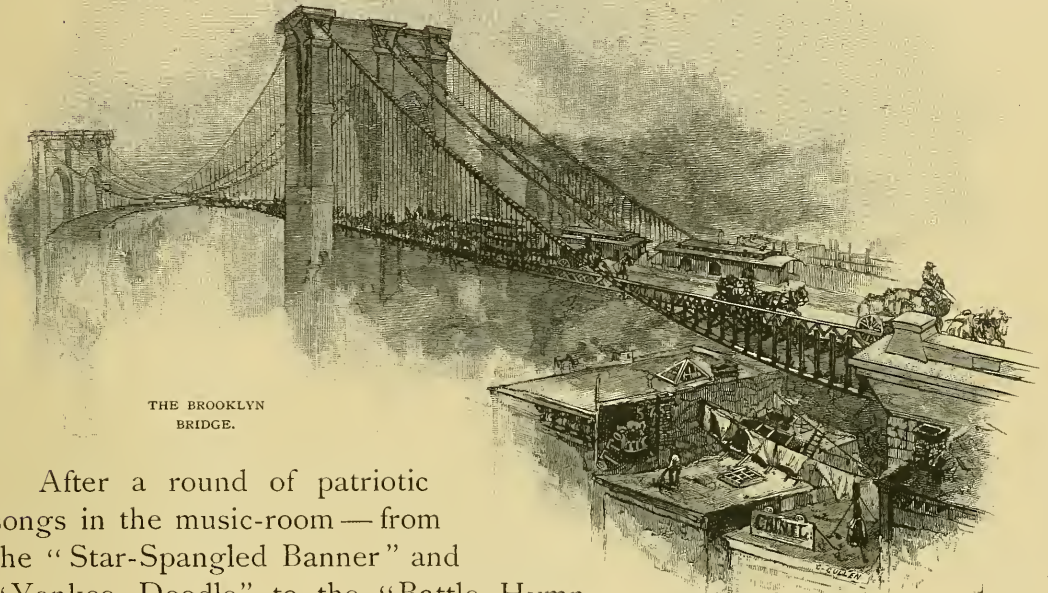
A fine dinner was served—"It really, Mother, compares favorably, don't you know, with our hotel *menu*," pronounced Jack, patronizingly, as one who had become quite a critic in gastronomy. There were toasts and speeches, in which latter Jack extended the thanks of the "tourists" to their "guide, philosopher, and friend" Uncle Tom Dunlap, for his excellence, his eloquence,



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and his erudition—that last word came hard, but emphatically—as the conductor of the party. He also, "on behalf of his colleagues," made acknowledgment for favors to the several Secretaries of the Treasury (otherwise

the fathers) who had made the expedition possible, and to the Secretaries of the Interior (otherwise the mothers) who had so well stocked the tourists, as he expressed it, with suitable equipments and acres of good advice.



THE BROOKLYN
BRIDGE.

After a round of patriotic songs in the music-room — from the “Star-Spangled Banner” and “Yankee Doodle” to the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” and “America”—the party settled down in Mr. Dunlap’s pleasant library to talk over their experiences;—as if they had done anything else since their return!

How those five tongues clattered!—six, in fact, for Uncle Tom was as talkative as his tourists,—while the fathers and mothers listened and laughed, applauded and criticized, and concluded that they had done a wise and practical thing when they allowed their boys and girls to make that personally conducted trip to Washington.

“I am glad to notice one thing,” said Mr. Dunlap; “the trip has really educated the taste for intelligent investigation so well begun by some of you at the World’s Fair at Chicago. Uncle Tom has surely proved himself the prince of cicerones — who knows what that is?”

“A fellow who Ciceroes, I suppose,” said Jack. “That is, one who spouts well, is n’t it?”

“Why, Uncle Tom did n’t spout so much,” Marian declared. “When

he had anything to say, he said it — and in such a way that we understood all about what he was trying to show us or teach us.”

“Well, Cicero did that, did n't he?” said Bert. “I suppose that, as Jack suggested, cicerone did really come from Cicero and means — a man who knows it all and knows just how to tell it.”



NIAGARA FALLS.

“That 's about it, Bert,” said Mr. Dunlap. “I only wish Uncle Tom could show you over the whole country in the same way he helped you ‘do’ Washington.”

“Oh, how delightful that would be, would n't it?” cried Christine.

“Oh, can't you, Uncle Tom?” came the inquiry in chorus.

“Can't do it, fellow-citizens; Economy is the duty of the hour,” said Uncle Tom. “We 've got to pay the National Debt, you know.”

“But would n't such a trip put just so much money into circulation and help pay the Debt?” asked Bert.

“Well, my young social economist, it might,” replied Uncle Tom. “To trot you all over the country would be a big contract, though. And yet I suppose it could be done — with so bright a lot of boys and girls, and such capital travelers as I took to Washington.”

“Just think what a lot of things and places there are to see in America,”

said Roger. "The trouble would be, I suppose, to pick out just where to go and just what to see."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dunlap; "America has many marvels — alike of man's invention and God's handiwork."

"And all of them would interest us?" asked Marian.

"Surely, my dear," her father replied. "Under proper direction you would, I am certain, get just as much entertainment and instruction from the Brooklyn Bridge, the Eads Jetties at New Orleans, the Pennsylvania oil and coal mining industries, and the lofty Masonic Temple at Chicago, as from the Great Geysers, Niagara Falls, or the Yosemite Valley."

"Well, almost every section of our country has some marvel to show — some wonder of creation or some freak of nature," Uncle Tom remarked. "I remember how greatly I enjoyed my trip through the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, with its domes and chasms, its sunless lakes and its eyeless fish, its subterranean river and its crystal grottoes that make one keep repeating those opening lines of one of Coleridge's poems :

'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.'

"Br-r-r!" cried Jack; "don't that sound nice and spooky?"

"Oh, would n't I like to see it!" exclaimed Marian.

"Which? Xanadu or Mammoth Cave?" queried Bert.

"Oh, home sights are best — especially the eyeless fish," said Marian.

"Besides, Uncle Tom would show me Mammoth Cave, and I'm not acquainted with Mr. Kubla Khan — whoever he may be."

"Bayard Taylor declared the Mammoth Cave to be the greatest natural curiosity he ever visited," remarked Mr. Dunlap; "but there are others in America equally marvelous. I don't know which was the greater revelation to me — Niagara Falls or the Mountain of the Holy Cross in Colorado — the one with its torrent of water, the other with its great snow-filled ravines armed and glittering in the sun like Constantine's vision of the Cross. But



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, MAMMOTH CAVE.

do you know, boys and girls, that Niagara, instead of making me feel small and insignificant beside its rush of water, always sets me to thinking, as Shakespeare puts it, 'how wonderful a thing is man'; for he can control the mightiest



THE STYX, MAMMOTH CAVE.

forces of nature and by brain and hand drive even such a resistless cataract as Niagara in harness, to work his will and give employment to his fellow-men."

"That's it," cried Uncle Tom. "Man, after all, is the mightiest of nature's forces; think how American ingenuity has tunneled our mountains, spanned our chasms, bridged our rivers, and made what seemed obstacles and hindrances only so many helps and instruments toward union, growth, and progress. Why, I believe that for every natural marvel that you can point out in America, I could give you an intellectual one quite as great."

"Such comparisons are not always easy," said Mr. Dunlap, "and I think I could set you a task. America is a wonderland."

"I know it — and in every sense of the word," said Uncle Tom. "That is why I propose the test."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Marian; "do try it, Papa."

"Well," said her father, "let us see. I'll give you, first, our giant peaks — such as St. Elias and Wrangell in Alaska, Tacoma (or Rainier) in Washington, Shasta in California and Pike's Peak in Colorado, beside which even the Alps have to stand tiptoe to touch shoulders, and the White Mountains and the Catskills are but foot-hills."

"Good, father! Now, Uncle Tom!" cried Jack — just as if, so said Marian, he was "setting them on."

"I'll match those cloud-capped summits," replied Uncle Tom, "with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States — the highest points ever attained by man in human freedom and civil liberty."

"That's good!" cried Bert; and "Matched him there!" exclaimed Jack.

"Go on, Papa," prompted Marian.

"The Mammoth Cave," said her father, "a perfect marvel of darkness and devious underground turnings."

"The Emancipation Proclamation," responded Uncle Tom, "a perfect marvel of light and a flashing highway toward liberty."

"That was Slavery's mammoth cave, was n't it?" chuckled Jack; "she just slumped right in after that."

"More," cried Marian.

"Niagara Falls," said Mr. Dunlap, "the world's greatest cataract."

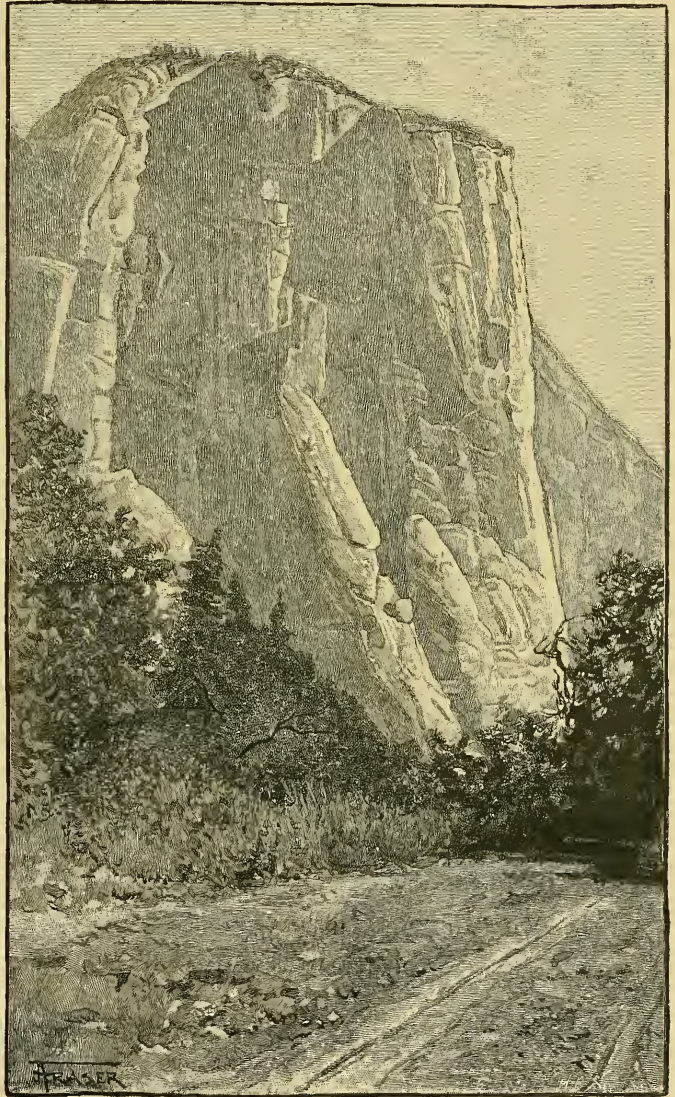
"The telegraph and the telephone," retorted Uncle Tom, "which act quicker than Niagara and save time where that wastes water."

"The Yellowstone Park," came Mr. Dunlap's next offer, "a museum as big as the State of Connecticut and packed full of wonders."

"The sewing-machine, smaller than a trunk, but capable of wonders in the way of work," returned Uncle Tom.

"The Great Lakes," said Mr. Dunlap, "one fourth of all the fresh water on the globe bunched together in the heart of a continent."

"Ericsson's Monitor," Uncle Tom responded, "a little cheese-box on a raft, that turned the world's wooden navies into iron ones, and gave America the fastest armored cruisers in the world."



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

“Hurrah for you, Uncle Tom; you get there every time!” cried Jack, while the others were roused to enthusiasm over this new game.

“The Mississippi River,” said Mr. Dunlap, “one of the mightiest of the world’s waterways.”



CATHEDRAL ROCKS, YOSEMITE VALLEY—2660 FEET HIGH.

“The Pacific Railway,” returned Uncle Tom, “the world’s longest and speediest highway.”

“The Yosemite Valley—a marvelous mile-long chasm, unequaled in the world,” said Mr. Dunlap.

“Our public-school system, that bridges the deepest chasms of ignorance and floods with sunlight the darkest caverns of crime.”

“I’m afraid you’ll get the booby prize, Papa; Uncle Tom’s too much for you,” Marian said.

“Just see what an effect our society has had upon him,” observed Jack. “He’s as up-and-coming as one o’clock.”

“I see he has n’t been able to put the brakes on your reckless language, Jack, my boy,” said Mr. Dunlap; “I had hoped that the task of studying government would have rather sobered your slang into sense; but I am afraid it will take a special proclamation, martial law, and the riot act to bring your tongue into harness.”

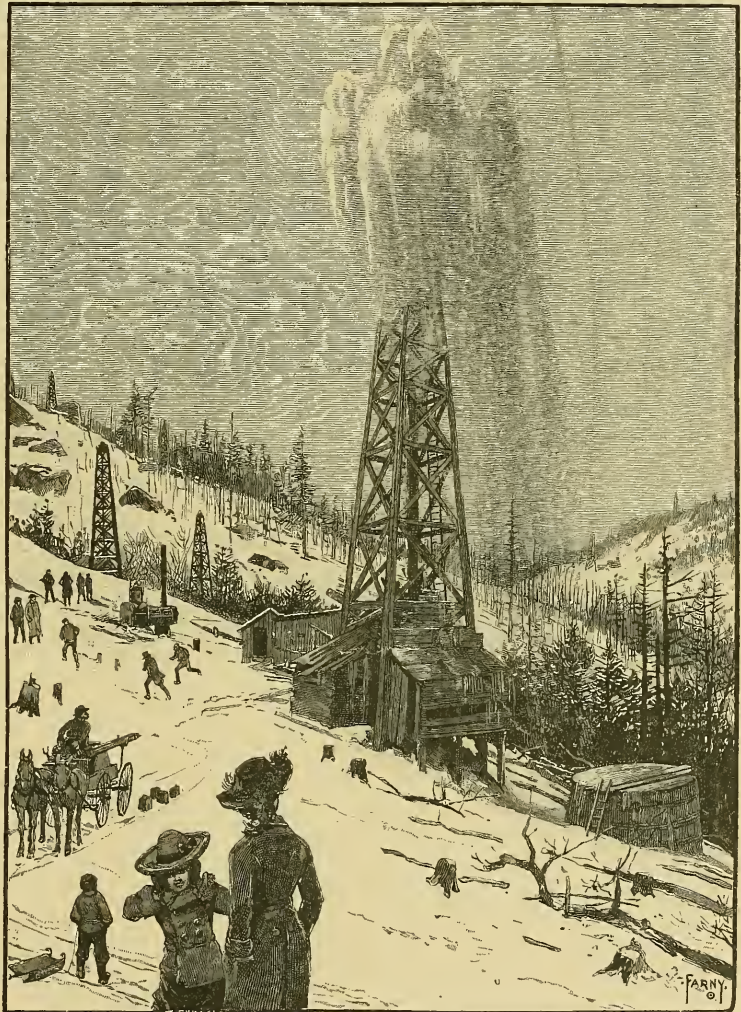
"Therein, I suppose, he does but display his Americanism," remarked Uncle Tom. "Slang, extravagance in talk, recklessness in speculation, and a tendency to rush to extremes, alike in effort and action, are, it seems to me, the things that need the brake here in America, and too often, I think, we rather pride ourselves upon them as native American qualities, and falsely call them patriotism."

"You are right there, Tom," his brother assented. "I would like to set these young people, who are now so full of the national glory, on the right track toward real patriotism and true Americanism."

"Why, father!" Jack exclaimed, "are n't we patriotic? Did n't you hear us sing 'America,' just now?"

"That 's just it, Jack," said his father; "we sing and shout and wave our hats and think we've done it all. But that is n't patriotism. Patriotism does n't consist in making the eagle scream, in flaunting flags and raising a great hullo on holidays. Bragging and boasting are not patriotism; even eloquence is not patriotism any more than are mere promises of devotion or avowals of love and affection for the

Union and the flag. Patriotism is performance. It is to do when it costs to do, to assert when plain speaking is dangerous, to stand firm when yielding



SHOOTING AN OIL-WELL.



WITHIN THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

would be so much easier; it is doing one's duty always. Patriotism is love of country put to a practical end. It is to do our best for our land in whatever direction effort may lie. This alike the lowest and the highest in the land can do, from street-sweeper to President. Patriotism is action; patriotism is thought; patriotism is life. So think and act and live that you may be real patriots and therefore true Americans."

"After what we saw in Washington," said Bert, "it would seem to me we could not help being true Americans."

"You certainly have a country worthy your love and loyalty," said Mr. Dunlap. "I said boasting was not patriotism; but even boasting is better than the criticism which is forever unfavorably comparing America with Europe and which, as I heard Senator Lodge once say, 'looks scornfully on the Sierras because they are not the Alps.'"

"Those are the fellows who try my patience, too," said Uncle Tom. "Sometimes I think we do not estimate our country highly enough. Indifference is the bog in which, too often, we flounder and sink. In fact, I should like to establish in our colleges a professorship of enthusiasm to teach young men and women to be energetic Americans. And the first lesson in the course of study should be to learn by heart, and recite standing beneath the flag, that sonnet of Professor Woodberry's. You know it, Jack. I suggested it to you for your Washington's Birthday exercises at school."

"What, do you mean 'Our First Century,' Uncle Tom? Oh, yes, I remember it." And Jack, always ready to 'elocute,' recited that spur to patriotism, Woodberry's noble sonnet:

"It cannot be that men who are the seed
Of Washington should miss fame's true applause;
Franklin did plan us; Marshall gave us laws;
And slow the broad scroll grew a people's creed—
One land and free! Thus, at our dangerous need,
Time's challenge coming, Lincoln gave it pause,
Upheld the double pillars of the cause
And, dying, left them whole—our crowning deed.

Such was the fathering race that made all fast,
Who founded us, and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And built for man this refuge from his past—
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered; shamed were we,
Failing the stature that such sires forecast!"

"'Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered' — that 's great, is n't it?" cried Roger.

“That ’s the highest kind of freedom, is n’t it?” said Bert, “and that is America!”

“Why should n’t we grow up to the stature our sires forecast?” demanded Jack. “Nothing is too big a contract for true Americans.”



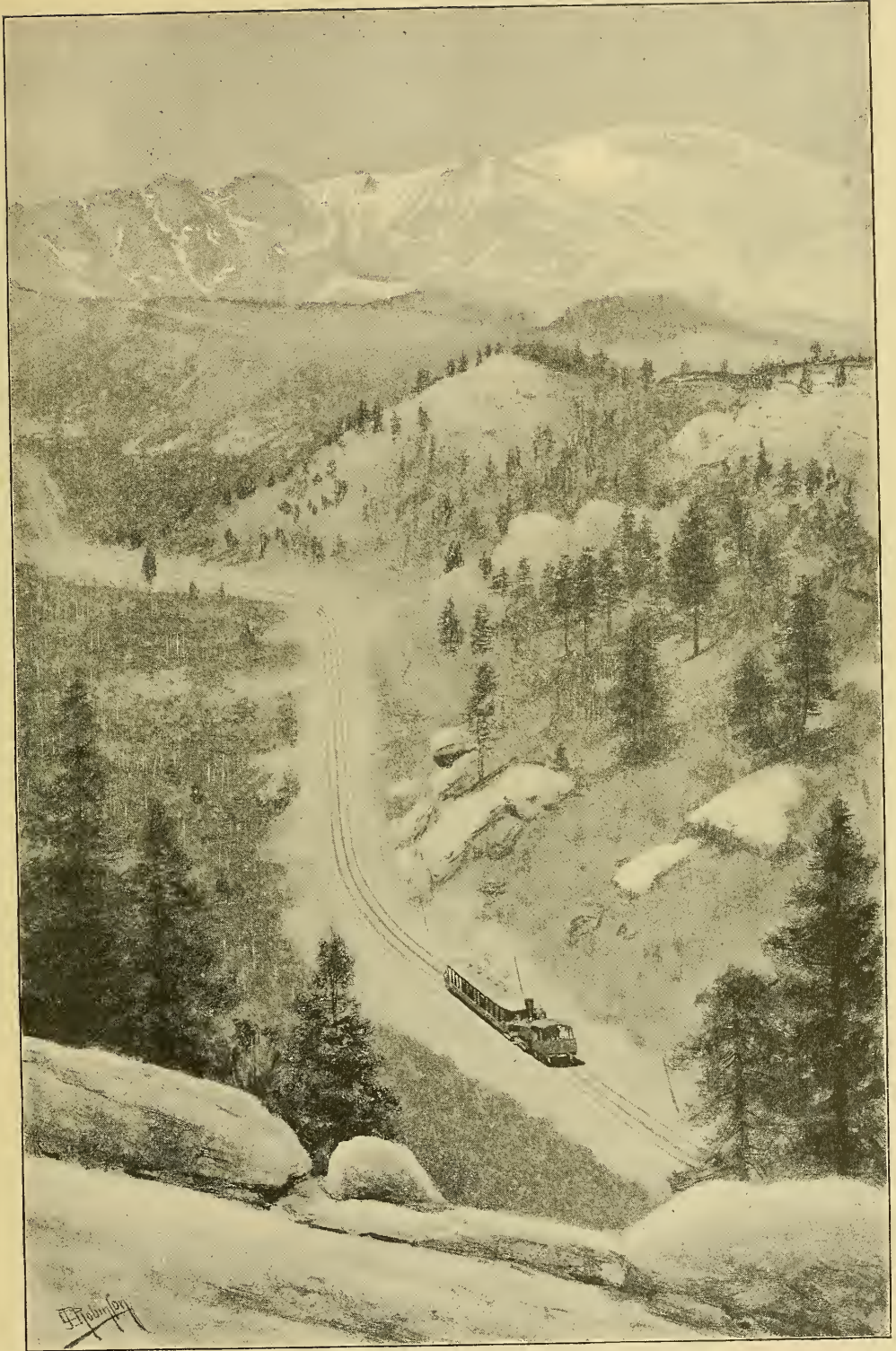
ONE OF CHICAGO'S TALL BUILDINGS — THE WOMAN'S TEMPLE.

“I told you that there was enough in our history to create enthusiasm,” said Uncle Tom. “And you have the spirit in you, I know from experience. Just see what is America’s station in the world to-day. When this century opened, the United States had but a little more than five millions of inhabitants; to-day they number sixty-seven millions. Our possessions, then, extended only from Maine to Georgia and from the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi; westward, beyond the great river, all was unexplored and almost unknown. The total area of the United States in 1800 was less than eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles; to-day the great Republic incloses an area of more than three and a half million square miles;

her helmet-top is white with Arctic snows; upon her sandals break the warm ripples of the tropic seas. The unexplored region of 1800 has been carved into great and growing States. Our original thirteen to-day are forty-five; we lead the world in many departments of production and trade, of intelligence and ingenuity, in natural advantages, in freedom, in energy, and in ability to do. Within one hundred years of life we have first conquered and then saved a continent and added to the world’s hero-roll the names of Washington and Lincoln.”

“What shall we do in the next hundred years, I wonder?” queried Bert.

“Think how much, boys and girls, the answer to Bert’s question depends upon you,” Mr. Dunlap said. “The future of America is in your hands. To-day there are in this Republic twenty million boys and girls. They are to be the citizens of the new America in the new century fast coming on. If they will but study aright the lesson of liberty and know that it can be held only at the price of eternal vigilance, all will be well. Since 1820 eighteen



ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

millions of foreigners have found a home in these United States. Millions more will come. They bring hard problems for us to solve, but we can solve them — you will solve them, boys and girls, if you will but teach those newcomers, by your lives and actions, the real meaning of liberty, and show



GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

them that the very spirit of unrest they bring and which fills the world today is really the best possible groundpoint from which liberty can work, if her sons will but recognize the truth and grandeur of the Golden Rule."

The party broke up at last. But, as they separated, Uncle Tom asked for a final statement by each of the tourists as to what had most impressed him or her at Washington.

The answers were as varied as their natures. Roger replied unhesitatingly: the Capitol and the hundred thousand dollars he held for a second

in the Treasury vaults. Marian declared the Washington Monument and the phantom eyes that glowered at her above the glass panels of the White House doors. Bert picked out the Supreme Court and the ceaseless purr of the cable on Pennsylvania Avenue, and Jack decided for the President and the glee club of the musical herdic-drivers in Lafayette Park.

As for Christine, she hesitated. Then she said, "Why, Uncle Tom — oh, excuse me, I mean Mr. Dunlap —"

"That 's all right, Christine," laughed Uncle Tom; "I 'm glad you have admitted me to relationship at last."

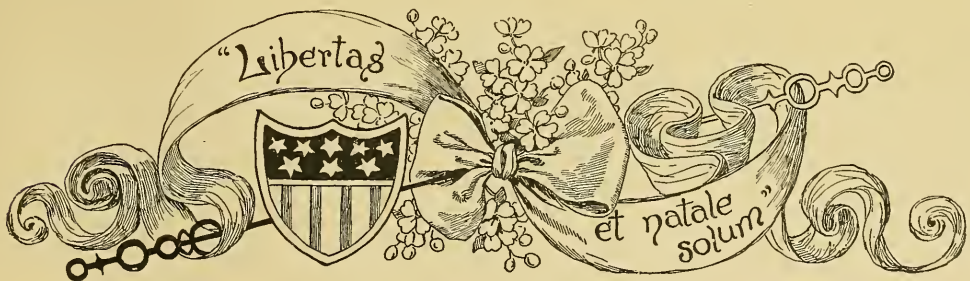
"I suppose I should say," continued Christine, "everything impressed me. Everything did. But, do you know, I think I shall remember, as long as I live, the bird's nest in Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon."

"A bird's nest?" queried Mr. Dunlap.

"Yes, sir," Christine explained. "It was built right across a corner of the old tablet just above Washington's sarcophagus. There were four little birds in it, and the straws of the nest trailed over the inscription: 'I am the resurrection and the life.' I don't believe I shall ever forget that. It gave me such a queer feeling — almost as if it were a prophecy."

"It was," said Uncle Tom. "Out of the ashes of the great may spring new life and effort. And the wings of a young bird — they mean growth in freedom! Do not forget your bird's nest, my dear. It may serve as an excellent text for your life as a true American woman."

Then, amid a chorus of good nights and good-bys, the tourists separated. Their personally conducted trip was at an end. But its good times, its sights, its experiences, and its lessons remain with them as pleasant and enduring memories, cementing friendships and making our girls and boys, as time goes on, the very best kind of American citizens.



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